JANUARY 1955

COMMENTARY

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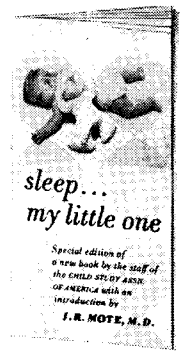

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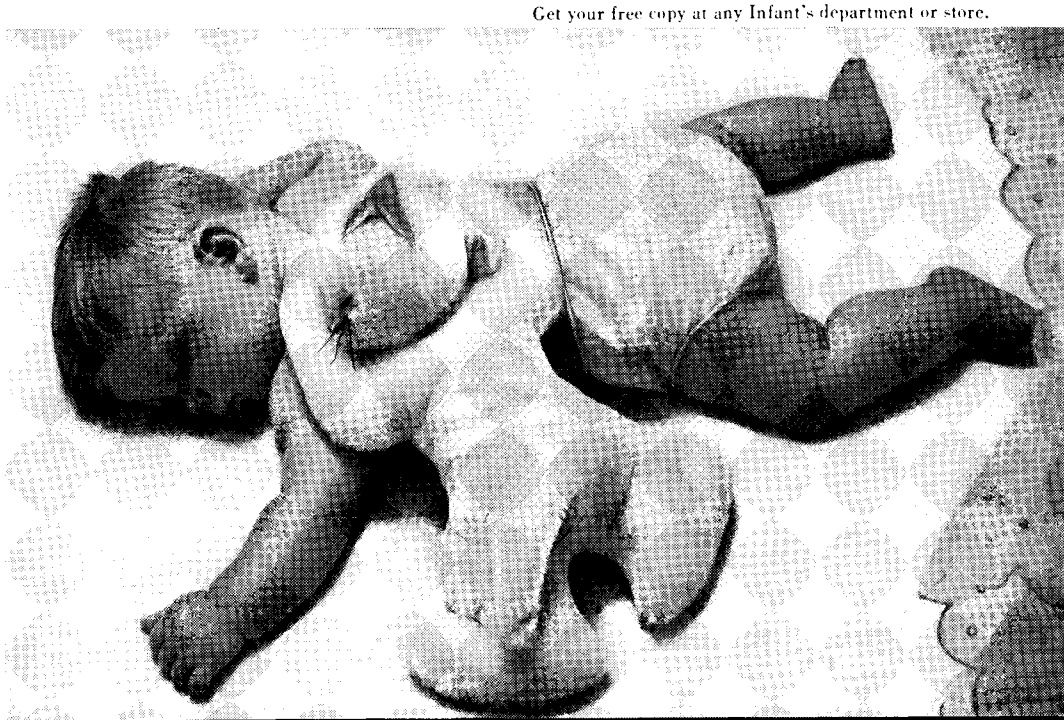

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

Germany: All Against All *Fritz Stern*

After a stay in Germany, a historian reflects on the unhappy present and the uncertain future of a country that, for all its aggressive nationalism, has never fully brought itself into being as a nation.

Jewish Missionaries? *Jakob J. Petuchowski*

Can a religion which is also a people, and which does not claim to possess the exclusive key to salvation, offer its message in the market place of religious beliefs and seek to gain converts? Rabbi Petuchowski analyzes the historical and theological problems which surround the question of an active Jewish missionary effort.

Equal in Paris *James Baldwin*

Held for eight days in a French prison as a "receiver of stolen goods," a young Negro makes a frightening discovery of the obverse face of an old and great civilization. A disturbing memoir by one of America's leading younger novelists.

Bolshevik Man, His Motivations *Daniel Bell*

An appraisal of Nathan Leites's *A Study of Bolshevism*, the fullest and perhaps most authoritative social scientific study to date of how the Communist behaves, and the psychological drives behind his behavior.

The Rise of Gertrude Berg *Morris Freedman*

For twenty-five years on radio, the stage, and television, "The Goldbergs" have presented a continuing saga of American Jewish family life. In the changes which have come over the Goldbergs, Mr. Freedman finds evidence of the changing character of Jewish life and the "Jewish audience."

The Kidnap *Joseph Papaleo*

Mr. Mauro's business was doing well, and one day a letter came: "Bring five hundred dollars to the corner of Arthur Street . . . or we will kidnap your children." A story of Italian American life.

Our Frustrated Playwrights *John Beaufort*

A favorite explanation of the continuing dullness of the American theater is that no producer dares put on a "controversial" play. The drama critic of the *Christian Science Monitor* suggests that the playwrights' faults may lie not in the political stars. . . .

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COMMENTARY

LIBERTARIAN PRECEPTS AND SUBVERSIVE REALITIES

Some Lessons Learned in the School of Experience

ALAN F. WESTIN

"[Consider] *the futility of a moral aspiration that cannot make its account with brute fact.*"—GEORGE SABINE, commenting on More's *Utopia.*

A NEW feeling of confidence about civil liberties is in the air, an invigorating sense that we are emerging from a dark alley and can see the familiar, well-lighted streets just ahead. Several related developments have brought this about.

There was the Senate's condemnation of McCarthy, by which the accredited spokesmen for American conservatism, after far too long a silence, re-pledged their allegiance to Constitutional morality. There were the 1954 Congressional elections, in which the victories of Senators Clifford Case, James Murray, and Joseph O'Mahoney, and the defeat of Representative Kit Clardy, seemed to indicate that the injection of a "Red issue" can no longer send the electorate into a frightened stampede. At the community level, concern has spread that our civil freedoms may have been manhandled these past years; this concern is typified by the League of Women Voters' sponsorship of Freedom Agenda, a project for the discussion of civil liberties in thousands of local communities across the nation. Finally, with the relaxation of international tension and the need to reshape our foreign policy for the long-haul, there has also come a feeling that at home, too, we might reconsider the crash-program concept of internal security and consider a longer-haul analysis.

Already this psychology has been reflected at the government level. President Eisenhower has announced that the Federal security risk program is under review, and that he is considering the appointment of a

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Now that McCarthy seems to be on the run, it is more necessary than ever that "civil libertarians" evaluate the wisdom of their course to date. For it seems clear, contends ALAN F. WESTIN, that the strategy of the defenders of civil liberties has not been notably successful, and has indeed often boomeranged, giving aid and comfort to "McCarthyism." Mr. Westin, as readers of COMMENTARY have reason to know, has made himself an outstanding expert on the state of civil liberties in the struggle against Communist subversion. His three previous articles on that subject in these pages over the past two years ("Our Freedom—and the Rights of Communists," July 1952; "Do Silent Witnesses Defend Civil Liberties?" June 1953; "Winning the Fight Against McCarthy," July 1954) are still being discussed and quoted. The present article was delivered, in somewhat different form, as a paper before the panel on Individual Freedom and National Security at the American Political Science Association convention in September 1954. A graduate of the University of Florida, Mr. Westin is now a member of the department of government at Harvard.

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national commission on internal security. Congress is scheduled to debate a code of fair procedure for investigating committees. While these hopeful signs do not mean that we have seen an end to outrages committed in the name of security, it does seem to mean that the nation now, at least, seeks the voice of reason and moderation.

At this promising moment, it would be well to pause and look back over the events of recent years to see how those most ardent in defense of our civil liberties rose to the challenge of Communist activity as such. To many staunch and decent civil libertarians, this will seem a peculiar and needless thing to do just now. To them, the recent turn of events seems proof that they were right all along—right about Martin Dies and Joe McCarthy, right about loyalty programs and the Fifth Amendment controversy. This may be so, but there still remain a number of provocative questions raised by the internal security drama of recent years. Have the "defeats" of civil liberties been simply the results of national hysteria as exploited by cynical Know-Nothing elements? Have the modifications of our "traditional" pattern of civil liberties been departures from basic principle that should be undone as soon as the political climate permits? How do their present positions compare with the theories which libertarians offered the nation in 1945 or 1947, and in what direction is libertarian doctrine moving now? A searching exploration of these questions, far from being an unnecessary exercise, may be the most important thing for libertarians to do, or have done, right now if they want to implement the "new awareness" and prevent a revival of McCarthyite strength. For that purpose, and in that spirit, the following critique of classic libertarian theory has been written.

THE civil liberties tradition in the United States has not been wedded to any political party, or any social class, or even to particular positions taken by the American Civil Liberties Union—whose official suggestions usually reflect the factual conceptions and emotional impulses which underlie the reactions of most of us to "civil liberties issues." Though virtually every ideological faction in our country can be found at some time or other relying on the Constitutional guarantees we call civil liberties, there is nevertheless a group I would term the "libertarians" that adopts civil liberties as its special concern. While members of this group may disagree over issues of economics or foreign policy, they have a common conception of Constitutional rights that is a blend of the Enlightenment faith of a Jefferson and the skeptical relativism of a Holmes.

In 1945, the libertarians by and large had a firm, agreed-upon "credo" for defense of our open society. They hoped for progress through the competition of ideas, believed that government should make no law abridging the rights of free speech, press, or association, and demanded fair procedures in every forum as essential to ordered liberty. They understood what they were opposed to —punishment of thoughts rather than deeds, test oaths, investigations of "loyalty," blacklists for "un-American" activities, etc., etc. Libertarians were *active*, too, in defending and advancing this position. For they had marked well Thomas Paine's warning that "those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must, like men, undergo the fatigue of supporting it."

Despite the apparent soundness of their principles, the luster of their letterheads, and the energy of their supporters, the years since 1945 have marked one defeat after another for the libertarians in the struggle over internal security measures. The first issue, which sharpened between 1945 and 1947, had to do with the nature of the threat that the Communist party posed to American society. Civil liberties theory maintained that domestic Communists belonged to the left fringe of American social protest, and to a radical political party that, though objectionable, was no worse than, if as bad as, the Silver Shirts or Bundists. The correct way to deal with Communists, the argument ran, was to expose their errors of theory and their

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shady practices, while solidifying our own theory and practice of democracy. This argument was washed away in the flood of facts that came to light after 1945, as evidence from the Canadian Royal Commission, the FBI, and Congressional committees revealed the existence in the United States of a well-organized "conspiratorial center" manipulated from the Soviet Union and engaged in espionage, the fomenting of political strikes in defense plants, and the infiltration of sensitive positions in American public and private life.

Thus the libertarian side was defeated in its characterization of the American Communist party and its effort to define the "political rights" of Communists in keeping with that characterization. The second round of the great debate over security opened after 1947. This involved the question of whether Communist infiltration of government was peripheral or serious and, especially, how extensive it had been under the New Deal. With a sigh of relief, harried spokesmen for civil liberties turned away from their qualified defenses of clouded figures like Carl Marzani and Harold Christoffel, to close ranks behind Alger Hiss, almost the personification of the talented government official under New Deal liberalism. Here was a man of breeding and character being attacked by a self-confessed spy and former Communist who spoke from the rostrum of the nation's "Star Chamber." Certainly the Hiss case would turn the tide, and decency be reasserted. But after the facts of the Harold Ware cell in Washington had been bared, after the Bentley-Chambers-Weyl testimony had gone unrefuted, and after two successive trials had shaken even Hiss's last supporters, a second line of defense was abandoned in stunned disorder.

Professor Owen Lattimore provided a third rallying point. Here was a man outside government service under criticism for his "pro-Communism" and his "influence" over American foreign policy. He was not a member of the Communist party, nor had he passed government secrets; internal security surely did not require the infringement of academic freedom and of the right to express bold opinions, however wrong or right. But the hearings on the Institute of Pacific Relations held by the McCarran Internal Security Subcommittee showed how Communists and fellow-travelers had succeeded to a large extent in manipulating an organization whose membership included high government, press, and university figures—an organization, moreover, that had exerted a powerful influence on our Far Eastern policy. After these disclosures, the slogan of "ordeal by slander" fell on unsympathetic ears in the nation.

WHAT these defeats suggested was *not* that every Communist had committed espionage, or that the New Deal had had many people like Hiss behind it, or that Owen Lattimore was a Yenan agent. Nor did it mean that the wild charges and inferences made by the McCarthyites became any the truer, or their conduct became any less immoral. What was shown, it seems to me, was that libertarians could be found, again and again, relying on the *wrong history* or the *wrong facts* to defend as *praiseworthy,* or at least *innocuous,* men and movements that proved after public debate to be indefensible *on those grounds.* True, important questions of civil liberties had been raised. The House Committee on Un-American Activities and the McCarran judiciary subcommittee had often used procedures repugnant to our basic notions of fairness, just as the indictment of Professor Lattimore for perjury in denying before the McCarran subcommittee that he was a "pro-Communist" was a shocking and indefensible action. But these offenses did not touch the prime reality at issue in these controversies: security and subversion; and it was here that libertarians found, too late, that their case was faulty. . . .

Rather than rest so serious a criticism of the libertarian side on such an impressionistic account as this alone, we might consider three instances of the libertarian response to the security problem: the positions taken on loyalty programs, guilt by association, and the self-incrimination controversy.

Classic libertarian theory was invoked to

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oppose the creation of a Federal loyalty program in 1947, and to criticize its continuation since that time. Convinced that the threat of disloyalty was overstated and part of a "drive for conformity" by the Dies-Rankin forces, many libertarians argued that government investigation was justified only in regard to unlawful conduct, not in regard to the "political and social beliefs" held by millions of government employees. The danger of espionage, these libertarians stated, could be met by counter-espionage; FBI surveillance under existing laws or executive orders (such as those against treason, the disclosure of government secrets, etc., etc.) was declared to be adequate protection for the government. That this would entail risks, the libertarian freely admitted, but he felt that such risks were of the kind that a free society should be willing to run in order to avoid the excesses of a James I or the diabolism of a Dr. Goebbels. With varying degrees of emphasis, this line of argument was advanced by Alan Barth, the Public Affairs Round Table on Loyalty, Carey McWilliams, and others.

It seems to me that this argument sidestepped the really difficult question: is a loyalty program, despite its risks, necessary in the *first* place to protect our governmental process from Communist infiltration? The libertarian found it easy to parody the speeches of a John Rankin or to quote the "I hold in my hand. . . ." proclamations of a McCarthy, but only by averting serious attention from such facts as the delivery of government secrets to Soviet agents by the Harry Golds, Judith Coplons, and Elizabeth Bentleys; the organized infiltration of government service by units like the Harold Ware group; and the general pattern of Communist-sympathizer activity in the civil services of Canada, the United States, Great Britain, and other countries. While some of the items in this pattern are open to disagreement, one does not really dispose of it by citing the charges made by businessmen in 1896 against the loyalty of the Populists, or by urging that we redouble our efforts to eliminate Negro segregation.

Nor does the libertarian argument that the existing laws were adequate for the control of subversion seem entirely convincing. The problem raised by the operations of Communists in government is not covered by acts forbidding the advocacy of overthrow of the government, or by legislation punishing acts of disloyalty after they have been committed. The critical question is how to screen government employees in order to detect as many disloyal persons as possible before they can commit security violations—and to do this without setting up a process that works against the unorthodox or the dissenter. A system of screening government employees is required that must be based upon data on the operations of Communist groups and on the kinds of non-Communists they have been successful in misleading or blackmailing into Communist service.

The suggestion that the FBI keep surveillance over Federal personnel under existing laws seems equally futile, for it evades the problem of establishing criteria of loyalty in the first place, and of providing non-FBI agents to evaluate the FBI's raw data, and of establishing a hearing procedure to make the subsequent verdicts as fair as possible. Of course, a system that deals in such slippery entities as "loyalty" and "potentiality," and measures them in administrative hearings, is not part of Jefferson's America and will present a host of knotty problems. But how responsible is the conclusion, as one critic put it, that loyalty programs are fundamentally wrong because "no one has suggested a way of conducting an inquiry without at least some undesirable features"?*

Consider, for example, what would have happened if the Truman Loyalty Order had not been proclaimed and "existing measures" had been left as our sole safeguards after 1948. In view of the Soviet Union's stepped-up aggressiveness and its intensified espionage and infiltration efforts, the probable re-

*For a discussion of the failings of the loyalty program and needed reforms, see this same writer's *The Constitution and Loyalty Programs*, The Carrie Chapman Catt Foundation, New York, 1954.

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sult would have been the stretching of such legislative decrees as the Foreign Agent Registration Law of 1940; wholesale dismissals of suspected employees under the cover of "suitability" rules like those in the Lloyd-LaFollette Act of 1911; and the transfer to the FBI of evaluative and policy functions. Such measures would not only have been haphazard in dealing with the loyalty problem, but would also have offered a greater threat to civil liberties and government job security than the loyalty program at its worst —which worst includes the headlong incompetence of a Scott McLeod. Actually, what would have been more likely had the Executive taken no action on loyalty was legislation by an angry Congress that would have set up less sensible loyalty regulations and taken the controls out of Executive hands, where they belong.

It is to be doubted whether any government in a society based upon majority rule, and faced with the task of uniting its people against external danger, could have ignored the country-wide concern over Communists in government—a concern known by the administration to be justified by actual cases. The concept of security, after all, has two aspects: it covers both the fact of danger and the public's apprehension of danger. This is not to suggest for a moment that innocent persons should be branded disloyal to soothe public opinion; but that in coping with real Communists and a real loyalty problem, the public mood is not irrelevant to security analysis, and cannot be waved away with a reference to the mood at Salem. To restore public confidence in government, a comprehensive system had to be framed, and it had to be framed quickly. Had this not been done, either an impatient Congress would have stepped into the vacuum of responsibility, or demagogues aware of the public's dissatisfaction with counsels of inaction would have had a plausible invitation to challenge Constitutional processes as a whole.

In urging that no loyalty program was, or is, necessary, libertarians will be seen to resemble their Manchester forebears, who opposed the English Poor Laws at the beginning of the 19th century by stating, "Unhappily, no knowledge is so rare as the knowledge when to do nothing. It requires an acquaintance with general principles, a confidence in their truth, and a patience in the gradual process by which obstacles are steadily but slowly surmounted." History suggests that if libertarians approach the loyalty problem during a cold war in the same way that James Mill approached factory legislation, and Herbert Hoover depression, their efforts will be just as ineffectual because their response to the felt needs of society will have been just as inadequate.

A SECOND example of the libertarian response revolves around the self-incrimination clause in the Fifth Amendment. It is a classic libertarian principle that anyone accused of a crime is presumed innocent until proved guilty; this means that when the question of guilt or innocence hangs in exact balance the addition of this presumption drops the scale in the direction of innocence. When applied to the case of a person charged with Communist or subversive activities who has been called before a Congressional committee and has invoked the Fifth Amendment, libertarians apply the presumption of innocence as follows:

"Y has been called before a Congressional committee. He was asked whether he now is or ever was a member of the Communist party. He refuses to answer that question on the ground that his answer might tend to incriminate him. Since Y should be presumed innocent until proved guilty, and since the privilege against self-incrimination is a Constitutional right, no guilt should be inferred from his claim of the Fifth Amendment, just as no guilt should be inferred from a defendant's refusal to testify in a trial involving murder or bank-robbery."*

If one examines this argument closely, it seems to me that it will be found wanting, not because its underlying principles are wrong, but because they are applied mechan-

*See, for example, Franz and Redlich: "Does Silence Mean Guilt?" the *Nation*, June 6, 1953.

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ically to the specific problem, and the essential *intermediate* questions are ignored. The notion that since *guilt* has not been *properly proved* against Y, one should not draw any *inference that he is guilty,* fails to ask, much less consider, these important questions:

—For what purpose is the inference (even "no inference possible") required in Y's case? To weigh Y's loyalty as a government servant? To decide upon the Communist or non-Communist character of a union? To determine Y's fitness as a teacher? To assess Y's role in some movement or event? Or perhaps to evaluate Y's ideas?

—Who is being called upon to make the inference? State government? A private employer? A political grouping such as a party? Or the community at large?

—What does an inference of "guilt" signify in this situation? That Y acted *unlawfully? Reprehensibly? Compromisingly? Unwisely?* Or what?

—What degree of proof does the question of Y's guilt in this situation require? Proof by the courtroom standards for criminal conviction? Proof acceptable to a reasonable man? Proof by damaging evidence left unexplained by Y?

CLEARLY, these questions should be at the forefront of every analysis of Fifth Amendment cases. Take the first one, for example. If Y is called before a committee and accused of holding Party Card No. 475, and he is a proofreader in the Government Printing Office with access to important government documents, secret and otherwise, his silence under invocation of the self-incrimination clause should be, I submit, sufficient ground for discharging him. On the same evidence, if Y is the head of a United Electrical Workers local, I think that the government is justified—even aside from the anti-Communist provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act—in refusing Y clearance in a defense contract industry—and Y's silence raises in any case a serious question about the nature of his local.

If Y is a teacher in a private university, then I think it is the duty of his university's administration to obtain a transcript of the hearings, make an examination of Y's career, and call Y before a faculty or administrative committee where he will have full opportunity to explain in private his reason for invoking the Fifth Amendment, and to clarify his present status as regards Communist party membership. His university's obligation to decide the question of Y's sincerity and probity without the benefit of legal process, and with the possibility of error, is really not different from its obligation to make an inquiry when a charge is presented with plausible documentation that Y is engaged in personally immoral conduct jeopardizing his usefulness as a teacher and the good name of the institution. A charge by a Congressional committee should be treated simply as the raising of a "rebuttable" presumption, but the university administration must then fulfill its duty to students, faculty, and the community by weighing the Congressional committee's supporting data against Y's explanation and his record.

A case known to this writer may illustrate the point. A Congressional committee called Professor F. before it and asked him certain questions; to avoid replying to these he invoked the Fifth Amendment. When the president of his university called the Congressional committee's chairman and asked what evidence he had to support the questions he had posed, the reply was that the evidence lay in Professor F.'s failure to reply! The president, quite rightly, refused to fire his professor. However, unless a university is willing to make its own decision as to F's or Y's qualification, and to defend not only its right to do so, but its reasons for its decision, nothing is more certain than the fact that the decision will soon be taken out of its hands.

Such are the complicated intermediate questions surrounding the inferences to be drawn in the cases of Fifth Amendment witnesses. Yet libertarian theory, leaping straight from A to Z, has concluded that no

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inferences should be drawn by anyone. As with the problem of loyalty in government service, libertarians are found urging suspended animation—which in many cases may really amount to a judgment that Y is innocent. However, questions large in the public eye, whether they are Communist conspiracy, underworld conspiracy, or business conspiracy (to name the most spectacular areas of Congressional investigation in recent years), cannot be left suspended in mid-air. If libertarians do not provide the necessary distinctions for judgment, then the vacuum will be filled with the ready explanations of those to whom all conspiracies are black-and-white matters; and the public will be forced to choose between the extreme alternatives of Y as a "willing tool of Moscow" and Y as a "victim of the witch-hunt."

MUCH the same situation seems present where the problem is that of drawing inferences from a person's associations. It is another classic libertarian principle that, under Anglo-American jurisprudence, guilt is personal and not collective, and proof of an individual's contact with guilty persons will not usually constitute proof of *his* guilt. Applied to the current problem of "guilt by association," this principle results in this position: "X is shown to belong to, or to have belonged to, Communist or Communist-front organizations. But we cannot know how far X subscribed to the doctrine of the organization in question, or knew its real purposes, or was willing to act upon them. Furthermore, the characterization of a group as Communist or a Communist front is an uncertain matter fraught with danger of errors and likely to infringe on the freedom of other, non-Communist organizations. Because of this, no judgments about X should be inferred from his associations, but, if he *must* be judged, it should be on a personal basis alone.* So the libertarians state the principle, and its implications.

In this question, besides the problems of the purpose of an inference, the nature of the evaluator, and the significance of guilt, we are brought face to face with the problem of "association" in its present Communist setting, which is actually a new setting.

It is true, of course, that the word "association" covers a wide variety of relationships. It can range from association in order to oppose Communism (Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. debating a Communist speaker before Harvard's John Reed Club); to accidental contact (serving in an alumni organization that has Communists in it); to unknowing membership in a Communist front (an immigrant who joins a Communist-dominated Polish American society); to active participation in front groups (which may mean participation in folk-singing); to leadership in front groups (which may be "honorary," or may be "control" leadership); to actual membership, participation, or leadership in the Communist party itself. In addition, there is the question of when such association took place—1925, 1935, 1945, or 1955? There is also the question of how long the association continued, how many parallel associations X maintained, and a host of related inquiries.

SOMEWHERE along the scale, however, it seems clear that responsibility must be incurred, and that such responsibility can involve the individual's loyalty, or his credibility, or his community respectability. Yet faced by difficulty in distinguishing between and dealing with the variety of shades of responsibility, libertarians list the injustices that inferences from association have caused, and assert that, until a Solomon comes to judgment, "innocence" is the inference *always* to be drawn. The McCarthys, of course, demand that association with Communists—in which they likewise refuse to recognize varied degrees of responsibility—should be taken *always* and invariably as proof of complete guilt. So the battle rages between white and black, with middle positions condemned as either cowardice or surrender.

One threatening possibility of this battle which is generally overlooked is that, if

*See, for example, H. S. Commager, *Freedom, Loyalty, Dissent,* Oxford University Press, 1954.

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libertarians maintain their rigid conceptions in this matter of guilt by association, the McCarthy apologists may succeed in convincing the public that they, the libertarians, do not really mean their professions of rationality and moral responsibility, and are simply special pleaders. As one leading supporter of the Wisconsin Senator wrote, Senator McCarthy pays reason the supreme compliment by ascribing to the intellectual "a serious impact on society" and taking seriously man's "inseparable responsibility for the positions he takes, including wrong ones," while intellectuals, he contends, "invoke for themselves . . . a kind of license to philander through the moral order." While McCarthy's reading of error and his assignment of responsibility are hardly acceptable, an absolutist framework that forbids libertarians on principle to infer anything about a defendant, for any purpose, at any point short of courtroom proof of illegal action, leaves society without the means of making necessary judgments and distinctions in coping with the formidable problem offered by the agents, conscious and otherwise, of a hostile foreign power.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT once observed that "nine-tenths of wisdom consists of being wise in time." It seems to me that the libertarians have been late time after time in coming to grips with "brute fact" and realities insofar as they relate to problems of internal security, and that they tend to meet each new security crisis with the last status quo.

Several reasons can be offered to explain this delayed-reflex tendency. First of all, libertarians during the past few decades have been in the habit of laying civil liberties problems before the Supreme Court in the expectation that that body will strike down departures from classic principles under a "preferred place" doctrine. Compromises, if necessary, have been made in the judicial decisions, but *not* by the libertarians, who feel they have to uphold the pure doctrine if only as a counterweight to reactionary forces. This court-seeking psychology, possible when concern with security was small, turned out to be a flight from responsibility when serious situations arose that required modification of libertarian principles not unlike those that Jefferson and Lincoln had made in past emergencies. With the libertarians unwilling to make the necessary compromises themselves—and thus to deal with and take responsibility for the political process—the security-firsters took over, with *their* prescriptions. For somebody had to do something. And the public began to lose confidence in the power of the libertarian tradition to cope with a world no longer amenable to coffee-house rationalism.

Moreover, libertarians have tended to exalt procedure to a point where it often dwarfs substantive considerations. It is certainly true, as Justice Felix Frankfurter has observed, that "the history of liberty has largely been the history of observance of procedural safeguards," and libertarians deserve honor from the nation for their vigilance in guarding due process, and in defending the privilege against self-incrimination. But fair procedure, it should be recalled, though the right of every individual under our Constitution, is not a *substitute for the ascertaining of the truth,* but a means of doing so. When wire-tapping is criticized but Judith Coplon's guilt seems to go unnoticed, or when their justified anger at persecution through Congressional committee procedure blinds libertarians to the actual facts about Communist activity uncovered by these committees, then part of the task of defending and asserting the truth against falsehood is left to other hands.

LIBERTARIANS have been off balance and have been reacting instinctively rather than rationally ever since the security problem emerged. Partly, this is a question of cultural lag: libertarians shifted their aim from Martin Dies to Joe McCarthy without becoming aware of the new balance which had to be struck because of the facts disclosed by more responsible people than Dies or McCarthy. Partly, it is a question of politics: libertarians included within their ranks many

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people about whom a security question of one sort or another arose. This led, naturally but not always wisely, to a posture of automatic defense. But the case of Alger Hiss showed that the "brute facts" did not always fit the automatically generous reaction.

Last but not least, many libertarians still avoid facing the revolutionary character of our age. Such persons are like those isolationists who yearn for the "simpler America" of McKinley, and want to undo the "errors" of the past fifty years—all of them made by wicked conspirators. The libertarian cites the Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798, repression in the South on the eve of the Civil War, and the Palmer raids of the 1920's as evidence that America has gone witch-hunting in the past and has had later, to our national shame, to acknowledge the false nature of the threat they were reacting to. While the libertarian usually did not discount the menace of Nazi subversion and understood the necessity for the McCormack Committee's investigation of Nazi-American activities in the 1930's, he continues to see the Communist problem in terms of "cycles" and "moments of hysteria," and in the back of his mind he assumes that it will be possible, if only the country can be made to return to our traditional principles, to restore, even with the existence of the Soviet Union and Red China, the "freer atmosphere" of the 1920's and 1930's.

Yet no swing of the pendulum can bring back the days of Thoreau, just as no *deus ex machina* can descend to conjure away Communists, subversion, aggression, and the other solid realities of the cold war. Ours remains a world in which plots thicken and armies march; where men who seem to be heroes are tumbled, and distasteful fellows, and sometimes even villains, may stumble on the truth; where frictions and tensions promise to survive no matter which penetrating quotation from Oliver Wendell Holmes is produced. That this world is not of our making and not to our liking does not make it any the less real. . . .

IT SHOULD be obvious that this criticism of the civil libertarians has been directed at the application of principles and not at the principles themselves. That our freedoms to speak and write and organize remain the heart of our system, the very reason for our seeking internal security, and our best hope for survival, I believe firmly. And I also believe that the growing reaction against the cynical disregard of our civil liberties is to be encouraged by every means. What I am concerned about, however, is lest libertarians congratulate themselves for having taught *non*-libertarians the Constitutional catechism, instead of recognizing that they, as the champions of "pure" liberty in a Stalinist age, also have received a lesson in the real meaning of Constitutional liberty. As in so many other areas where democratic policy must be made, the true enemy remains, as Nehru once said, "those virgin minds which have not been soiled or violated by thought's assault."

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"...ONLY THE VERY BEST CHRISTIAN CLIENTELE"

Discrimination in Hotels and Resorts: U.S.A., 1955

CHARLES ABRAMS

AN OLD rule of the common law is that an innkeeper may not arbitrarily refuse a traveler shelter. If the wayfarer is behaved and willing to pay, he may not be relegated to the manger when there is room at the inn. The rule was originally a product less of Christian ethics than of British convenience. It was extended to include the hostelries that replaced inns in the burgeoning cities, became part of the common law in America, and was implemented by penal statutes in a number of states. After the Civil War, the provision of the common law was enacted into Federal law but voided by the Supreme Court as an invasion of states' rights.

Subsequently, nineteen states north and west of the Mason-Dixon line enacted legislation providing, generally, for "full and equal" accommodation, regardless of race or religion, in such public places as bath houses, swimming pools, shooting galleries, as well as hotels and resorts. Ten states prohibit discriminatory advertising – Colorado, Illinois, Massachusetts, Maine, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin—but of these New Hampshire and Maine do not forbid discrimination itself. New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Connecticut have state commissions which hear complaints of discrimination of one kind or another and may enjoin the practice by administrative action. And, of course, the common law still serves theoretically as the basis for suit anywhere.

Despite statutes, custom, and common law, discrimination in hotels and resorts of all grades is common today. Negroes are discriminated against in most hotels and resorts. Jews are likely to be barred from many resorts. Discrimination against Chinese, Indians, Japanese, Mexicans, and other minorities is frequent, varying with the place.

Exclusion from hotels means more than an inconvenience or hurt feelings. It can curtail a man's chances to make a living. No matter how competent, a Negro may find it impossible to hold a job that requires extensive travel—discrimination thus helps bar him from, for example, many sales and technological positions for which he is qualified. If his job is important enough to involve attendance at conventions and business conferences, he may be kept out of meeting rooms, banquet halls, and restaurants. And in many places where he is admitted on sufferance, so to speak, his family or associates are not. Such practices continue among the most serious remaining barriers to a leveling of economic and social differences.

The ordinary worker suffers, too. The Negro who moves to a strange city in search of a job must first find a bed. Inability to get temporary shelter may force him to give up,

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THAT irritating nuisance, discrimination in hotels and resorts—rare in England and Europe (even in prewar Germany)—still operates in the United States against "undesirable groups," i.e., Jews and Negroes. CHARLES ABRAMS, leading authority on housing, neighborhood living patterns, and civil rights issues, reports on the present state of the problem and gives ground for his conviction that it is something more than an irritating nuisance. Mr. Abrams, one of COMMENTARY'S frequent contributors, has just returned from an extended tour of Turkey and the Gold Coast, West Africa, where he headed housing missions for the United Nations. This article is drawn from his forthcoming book, *Forbidden Neighbors*, which will be published by Harper in February. Mr. Abrams has just been appointed New York State Rent Administrator.

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whereas the white mechanic will be accepted at almost any hotel he chooses.

THE written rule of hotel practice is to refuse rooms to "undesirables." The unwritten rule includes as undesirables people of the wrong race or color. Refusing a guest is an art. It is simple to say, "There is no room." But a Negro may have a written confirmation of his reservation or he may decide to sit in the lobby and wait for a checkout. The standard practice on paper is:

Front Service Division—When undesirable persons attempt to register, they must not be just refused accommodations, but offered only the highest-priced rooms. If they agree to purchase the room at that rate, they must be given a room that sells regularly at that rate. (National Hotel Management Co., Standard Practice Manual for Hotel Operation, Harper, 1935.)

The Negro who is offered the de luxe suite at $30 a day is not apt to stay long.

To spare embarrassment to dignitaries from Haiti, Liberia, India, and other nations that do not conform to the American standard of whiteness, the State Department has often provided rooms in Blair House or Lee House, government establishments in Washington. In Boston, a young Haitian lawyer visiting the United States under State Department auspices was evicted from a hotel and forced to pay triple the rates charged whites in a second-rate rooming house. These incidents are common but they break into print only through the clumsiness of a desk clerk followed up by the orneriness of the visitor. President-elect Eisenhower was surprised to hear about them from a Negro delegation in December 1952. Six months later Winston Churchill told the House of Commons he would not change the site of the Bermuda Conference because there was "insufficient evidence" of discrimination against Jews by the Mid-Ocean Club where the conference was to be held.* Undoubtedly, their unawareness was a sign of isolation from the realities of discrimination, not unusual among persons who have never been snubbed by a room clerk.

NEW YORK, whose polyglot population has been fusing together for centuries, is one of the nation's most liberal cities. But when the Jehovah's Witnesses held their 1953 convention in New York City, a number of hotels declined to provide rooms because the sect has a sizable proportion of Negroes.

The policy of hotels in the Times Square district has become more liberal since the war, but such liberalism is far from uniform. One manager, a veteran of almost twenty-five years in the business, summarized the situation: "First-class hotels are choosy toward everybody, regardless of race, color, or previous conditions of servitude. They will, however, let in a famous Negro, such as Lena Horne." Third-class hotels will admit a few Negroes, especially if the manager is worried about too many empty rooms. One of these hotels reported three regular Negro tenants: a well-known actor, a night club singer, and a minister. The manager remarked that they were among his best patrons. "They are quiet and they pay their bills on time," he said. "I have never been cheated by a Negro."

The most discriminatory hotels, this manager declared, are those that rank just below the status of the Waldorf and the Pierre. Despite their precautions, they are occasionally caught when a registration has been confirmed and the registrant turns out to be a Negro. He may then be given a room for a single night or offered a costly room. These hotels rarely accept a Negro who appears without a reservation.

One liberal-minded hotelkeeper east of

*The evidence submitted was an acceptance of a reservation from a Vincent O'Connor and a simultaneous rejection of a reservation by a Jacob Goldberg. Discrimination was also charged by The Travel Agents Committee to Combat Discrimination in the Travel Industry. The Committee reported that the Club "has a policy of religious discrimination. It will not accept Jewish guests." The Club explained that its policy is to accept guests who "will be congenial to the members and will themselves be happy during their stay." (Anti-Defamation League release, June 12, 1953, published in New York *Herald Tribune*, June 24, 1953.)

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Times Square, catering to an intellectual and literary clientele, once decided to take all comers on the theory that his regular guests were opposed to discrimination or would not care. This was a pioneering move. The new policy soon became generally known and the hotel got increased applications from Negroes. Fearing the effects of a disproportionate balance, the hotel went back to the old policy of limited Negro registration. The fear may well have been groundless and certainly would have been if other hotels also had an open policy. Another Times Square hotel, seeing a business opportunity, now actually encourages Negro registration. Room clerks in other hotels regularly send Negro applicants to it.

ORDINARY arithmetic shows that practically speaking there is little reason today for hotel managers to worry about an inundation if they admit Negroes on the same basis as other applicants. Negroes form only a small percentage of the population, and proportionately fewer Negroes than whites can afford the normal rates of good hotels. If only a single hotel in a large city would accept Negro applicants, then there might be risk of many more Negroes choosing the one hostelry that would accommodate them. Today, Negro applicants in Northern cities may choose among as many as a dozen respectable hotels—particularly if they take the trouble to write or wire for reservations in advance.

In any case, there has been a perceptible improvement in recent years, despite the persistence of discriminatory practices. Assisting the process have been test suits, which have prompted hotel owners to give more regard to anti-bias laws and possible lawsuits. Labor unions have also helped to break down discriminatory policies. "The elevator operators are Negroes and they would squawk if we discriminated," one manager frankly explained.

The late A. H. Feller, when counsel to the United Nations, told the writer that the problem of accommodations for colored personnel and delegates had worried the secretariat. But the Waldorf agreed to accept UN guests and dignitaries without considering their complexions, if, in return, the UN promised to favor the Waldorf with its recommendations.

Negroes today fare better when attending conventions as delegates, but, by and large, only when the organizations are predominantly white. The hotels reckon that the presence of a few Negroes is not so damaging as the loss of several hundred reservations. The recent practice of many public-interest organizations in turning down convention cities where hotels discriminate has had a salutary effect.

But a no-discrimination commitment must be arranged well in advance. The National Municipal League scheduled its annual conference in Nashville several years ago and discovered when its members arrived that Negroes could not have rooms. Since then the League has held meetings in San Antonio, Texas, and Richmond, Virginia, without any hotel troubles. The National Association of Intergroup Relations Officials held its 1953 meeting in Washington. A number of its members are Negroes. Four first-class hotels were willing to house the conference and give Negroes both rooms and free use of hotel facilities. The organization chose the Hotel Willard as conference headquarters.

The improvement, however, has been far from uniform. In St. Louis, Walter Gordon, eminent California penal authority, his wife, and other delegates to the convention of the Congress of Correction were denied accommodations by the Statler Hotel because they were Negroes. The Statler manager explained that segregation was the rule at all St. Louis hotels and that the hotel had offered to obtain accommodations for the three Negroes at hotels "catering to members of that race."

New Orleans has made some concessions to South Americans of ambiguous color in order to compete as a port city with Miami. An American Negro professor returning from a trip to South America and stopping off at New Orleans told the writer that when he entered the airport bus for the ride to the

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city he was told to sit with the whites—because the driver had overheard him talking in Spanish.

IN RESORT hotels, the problem of discriminatory policies remains, of course, more widespread. This is true, in fact, of "semi-transient accommodations" generally, including the important category of resident hotels in the cities and suburbs.

The prevailing pattern has a long history. The writer was shown a letter dated May 8, 1897, from the proprietor of the Pocono Mountain House, Mount Pocono, Pennsylvania, to a Maryland bride-elect who had inquired about reservations for the honeymoon:

Dear Madam:

Replying to your esteemed favor of the 6th inst., would say we can accommodate you with one good double room to be occupied by two persons from $10 to $12.50 per week each person during June. You may also be pleased to learn that we do not cater to the patronage of hebrews. Trusting we may hear from you further, we remain,

Very respectfully yours,
E. E. Hooker

Fifty-seven years later, the Anti-Defamation League reported that Pocono's High Point Inn has mailed to various residents of Pennsylvania cards stating that the hotel caters "to a young Gentile clientele between 20 to 35 years of age."

The groups proscribed today and the rigidity of the restrictions vary. The resort belt from the Adirondacks to Bermuda and Nassau will turn a cold shoulder to Jews in some places and to Negroes and Orientals in most. The devices for keeping out the unwanted may be signs reading "No Jews allowed," "Christians only"—or the desk clerk may politely refuse the visitor accommodation. Most often the tip-off will be given through advertisements reading "Protestant church nearby," "Restricted clientele," "Discriminating clientele," "Our clientele is 100% Christian," "Admission through club membership only." The *Hotel Red Book* a passenger picks up on any train is punctuated with these tips, with the apparent accord of the railroads and the hotel associations—certainly without any recorded demurrer or protest.

In other cases, letters to applying guests make clear the character of the hotel's regular guests in advance. A resort owner in Falmouth, Massachusetts, for example, wrote: "Our clientele is Gentile and consists mostly of young people." Similar practices are pursued in Ulster and Warren counties, New York. A Wisconsin study in 1947-1948 listed more than a hundred hotels and resorts in that state which explicitly stated their policy on guests, either in brochures or letters. The information conveyed was by the blunt "Gentiles only" or by the more circuitous "Although we hold no prejudices, for the good of all concerned we must adhere as closely as possible to a restricted clientele policy. . . ."

Enactment in 1951 of a Wisconsin law barring the use of such advertising and the activities of a state commission on human rights may have bettered the situation somewhat, but the law is far from eliminating discriminatory practices in that state as yet. A survey made just prior to the law showed 39 out of 79 resorts had a restrictive policy; 14 had a questionable policy; 8 failed to answer; and only 18 indicated no discrimination. Some 6,500 resort and hotel operators were thereafter sent letters explaining the new law, and one member of the commission reported that almost all discriminatory signs and advertising had disappeared.

But some civic groups in Wisconsin report that actual discrimination, as distinguished from openly discriminatory signs and statements, shows little if any decrease. A survey by an American Veterans Committee post showed that five out of six resorts in one area still discriminate on the basis of religion. At the legislative hearings, J. W. Johnson, president of the National Resort Association and the Selected Resort Association, declared: "We do not intend to lose our right to choose our friends, associates, and companions." Other resort owners said that they only follow the prejudices of their guests and that they would lose their patronage if they changed their policy.

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In May 1952, Lyle Olson, a resort owner in Somo Lake, Wisconsin, who refused to discriminate, charged that he was visited by a belligerent group of Tomahawk citizens and threatened. "Minority groups ruined the country," he was told. His liquor license, he charged, was revoked on a technicality and his credit with liquor suppliers cut off. At a meeting of resort owners, the president of the Tomahawk Chamber of Commerce was reported as saying: "The Governor's office is 100 per cent behind us [in opposing acceptance of Jewish and Negro guests]. They all believe as we do but they're playing politics and have to keep it under the table." Governor Walter Kohler, Jr., called the statement "ridiculous."

THE chances of a guest with a Jewish name being accepted by a resort chosen from advertisements in the New York *Herald Tribune* are 27 per cent, 48 per cent in the New York *Times*. Persons with non-Jewish names, on the other hand, have about a 90 per cent chance.*

A survey by the Anti-Defamation League revealed 675 hotels in 21 states where prejudice is a matter of public record.† A survey in 1953 of 809 Florida resort hotels and real estate agencies showed that Jewish applicants were acceptable in only 28 per cent. Non-Jews applying for accommodations in the same hotels showed an acceptance rate of 62 per cent; presumably those Gentiles rejected were otherwise undesirable. One hotel wrote that it followed a restrictive policy with regard to "pets, children under 12 years of age, and the Hebrew Religion." Another said, "We have most denominations of churches with the exception of Jewish Synagogues"; a prominent realtor assured his clients that "We do not sell property to Miami Beach elements or their cousins from Brooklyn."

The survey showed that almost every resort center on Florida's east and west coast has establishments which bar Jews. Fort Lauderdale and Delray Beach are notorious for their discriminatory policies. In Fort Lauderdale, 56 per cent of hotels indicated discrimination against Jews in replies to requests for reservations, while another 4 per cent advertised with such phrases as "near churches." A spot check showed that 73 per cent displayed signs such as "Restricted Clientele" and "Selected Clientele."

Delray Beach openly boasts that it is "the only city in the East Coast fully restricted to Gentiles." Half the replies received in answer to a request by a Jewish applicant contained categorical discriminatory statements, the rest used subtler phraseology.

Even in Miami Beach there are hotels that discriminate against Jews. The American Jewish Committee filed a complaint with the New York State Commission Against Discrimination charging the New York City agents of the Coronado Hotel of Miami Beach with advertising the hotel as being "conveniently located near . . . Catholic and other Christian churches." In its complaint the AJC noted wryly that the Coronado Hotel is as conveniently located for Jewish worshipers as for Protestant: two Jewish synagogues, Congregation Agudath Israel and the North Shore Jewish Center, are in fact closer to the Coronado Hotel than the nearest Protestant church!

There is no discrimination against Jews in northern and central Florida. In St. Petersburg, where discrimination formerly existed, 90 per cent of resorts no longer discriminate, largely as the result of a vigorous anti-discrimination campaign over a long period.

Another Anti-Defamation League survey showed that 40 per cent of resorts in Maine follow a discriminatory policy. A bill to outlaw discrimination was defeated after opposition by hotel owners. When a similar bill was introduced in New Hampshire, the Concord *Monitor* opposed the measure editorially: "Why run the risk of losing a lot of recreation dollars furnished by vacationers who refuse to sleep under the same roof with Jews? It is a matter of business, nothing else, with the proprietors." Counsel for the Maine

*Ruth G. Weintraub, *How Secure These Rights?* (Doubleday, 1949).

†Benjamin Epstein and Arnold Foster, *The Troublemakers* (Doubleday, 1952).

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Hotelmen's Association opposed the measure and came to the hearings armed with photostats of the *Monitor* editorial. Despite support by other newspapers, the bill was defeated.

IN THE view of the hotel profession, the exclusiveness which has become part of the stock in trade of the resort hotels costs nothing and may enhance prestige. Indicating that a hotel tries not to take Jews constitutes a kind of advertisement to the world of the care with which it selects its clientele. In actual practice, of course, anti-Jewish discrimination means no such thing. The hotel which has a blanket rule barring the "right kind" as well as the "wrong kind" of Jew has no such simple formula for keeping out the "obnoxious" Gentile. And it is significant that policies of exclusion are directed almost always against Negroes and Jews, rarely against any white Gentile group.

One of the principal supports of the segregation policy is the travel and tourist agency. The agencies have instructions from resorts throughout the world and they gear themselves to the biases of each hotel in parceling out accommodations. A memorandum to travel agencies by the Jug End Barn, Inc., in the Berkshires, for example, reads: "We rely on you to 'screen' any prospective guests and to send us only those who will fit in with our high type Gentile following."

When a customer applies to one of the major travel agencies for accommodations, the clerk will size up the applicant, then refer to a code on an index card which tells him what kind of people are accepted at a particular place. He will then suggest the hotel where the customer should go. Some agents have even stopped recommending to their general clientele hotels which cater to Jewish customers, believing they are thus doing their Gentile clients a favor.

THE *technique* of travel agencies in culling applicants for exclusive resorts is illustrated by this letter from the Male Travel Bureau, 274 Madison Avenue, New York, to a traveler with a suspicious name who had asked in October 1953 for reservations at a Nassau hotel:

> Thank you for your letter of October 26 and your deposit of $50 to cover reservations at Balmoral Club, Nassau.
>
> The text matter in the Balmoral folder is not a routine matter. The hotel is operated on a club basis and all of its members must provide proper references before arrival. While it is true that the acceptance of your deposit will permit you to register, the hotel places the onus on this agency to provide the type of client they will accept.
>
> Before sending your deposit to the hotel, would you kindly send the writer the name of your golf club and its address. Should you not be a member of a golf club, the name of a church group would do. Any good reference will help. Please do not think we are stickey [*sic*] about this as it is for the protection of all.
>
> Thank you very much for your patronage.
>
> Very truly yours,
> Elmer W. Grimes

A few weeks later another person telephoned the same agency and asked for a reservation at the same hotel ($48 a day for two persons, including breakfast, dinner, and bath). "Will there be any problem about references?" the caller asked. "Not with a name like Crosby," was the reply.

Not all travel agents go along with the policy of exclusion without protest. The American Society of Travel Agents has officially condemned it, and a Travel Agents Committee to Combat Discrimination in the Travel Industry has pledged itself to defeat it. The American Automobile Association has removed discriminatory phraseology from its directory of hotels and resorts. But discrimination is so widespread that many agents say they might have to go out of business if they refused to follow the practice.

Travel agents in the Southwest say 90 per cent of the first-class resorts in Arizona discriminate, 50 per cent in Palm Springs, and 90 per cent in Laguna Beach, California. Cook's had indicated that some 50 per cent of the resorts in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine are restricted. Hotel owners say that if they opened their doors to Jews their Gentile guests would leave and the resort would soon become all Jewish, a fear hardly

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based on the facts. The vast majority of predominantly Jewish hotels began as such, in order to accommodate a Jewish clientele. (Jewish hotels themselves, of course, frequently offer no less obvious marks of identification in their advertising, with such phrases as "Dietary Laws Observed." But the intent here is to inform—tests conducted by the American Jewish Committee have shown that such hotels do not turn away Gentile applicants.)

IF THERE is hope that discrimination will ultimately dwindle to insignificance in America, it is because one must believe that in the long view people cannot be made to go on believing what their own experience controverts. The problem is to provide opportunities for such experience, which will demonstrate that prejudice has no foundation in truth. The Ashfords and the Prentisses, exposed to Jewish guests at their summer hotel for the first time, will, in practice, find nothing more objectionable in them than in the Baylors and McBridges and other members of the old crowd. Why should they feel any more challenged by the presence of Jews in a hotel than on an ocean liner? Discriminatory hotels in the United States need to weigh the examples of England and France, where hotels do not discriminate, and seem not to encounter any of the feared problems of our exclusive hotels.

Apologists for discrimination cite the almost solidly Jewish hotels of Miami Beach, the Catskills, and Lakewood, New Jersey, as examples of what would happen if hotels and resorts in other places opened their doors to Jews. The existence of these Jewish vacation centers, established partly because of the closed-door policy, but largely—as noted before—because some Jews prefer Jewish hotels, in fact supplies another argument against the fear that Jewish guests would inundate the non-Jewish resorts. There are literally hundreds of resort areas in the United States. Yet the Jewish demand for resort space adds up to so small a volume compared to the total that only a few areas have been heavily occupied by Jews. And Miami Beach and the other Jewish vacation centers will surely remain in business even when the Gentile hotels finally open their doors—there is something about the associations (not to speak of the food, desirable marriage partners, and Hadassah fund-raising activities) to maintain their attractiveness for large numbers of Jews.

A number of resort communities still exclude Jews and other minorities. On Fire Island, L. I., one new community used the name "Swejon" ("No Jews" in reverse) to signal its policy. Another, known as Point O' Woods, has a gate at its entrance attended by a uniformed guard who sees to it that none but the few hundred Gentile residents enter. The inhabitants, however, are not barred from the adjoining communities and their services, amenities, and enjoyments, which they partake of freely. These "reservations" with free entry for the elite and a no-trespass sign for the less desirable are becoming a familiar scene throughout the resort belts.

The hotels' exclusion policies have thus taken a toll greater than the frustrations and indignities experienced by transients. A growing by-product is the encouragement of residential segregation. Resort centers have become popular as permanent settlements, and developers have tended to extend the discriminatory patterns of the resorts into the new neighborhoods. "When I first came to Laguna Beach," wrote the publisher of the *South Coast News,* "I soon discovered that the town harbored a considerable sum of racial prejudices, including anti-Semitism. There exists an unwritten law against selling property to Jews. In the case of one of the most prominent subdivisions, it is a written law." Fort Lauderdale and Delray Beach, mentioned above, are two other cases in point, as are those resident hotels whose clientele settle for more than a vacation season.

ALTHOUGH there are laws against discrimination, the problem is not one to be solved purely by enforcement of the statutes. Establishments determined to follow restric-

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tive practices develop all kinds of subterfuges.* But one step, at least, in any present effort to improve the situation is to apply the laws, not especially difficult since they are easily enforceable and public opinion on the whole supports enforcement. Public opinion, generally, is likely to be more effective in the long run than legal action alone: there is no question that progress depends as much on a maturing public attitude towards the problem as on passing laws and instituting suits based on them.

When the policies of resort hotels are finally relaxed, a more varied distribution of their guests should take place. There will of course still be those preferring to spend their vacations with their own "kind," whether that be in terms of religion, manners, age, marital prospects, or other common interests. The Miamis and anti-Miamis will continue to flourish without challenge by one to the other. But there are also many people who find homogeneity a bore, whether the guests are Jews only, Catholics only, or Quakers only. Those who are limited at home in the range of their acquaintances are by no means unanimous in their desire to make their vacation diet more of the same. Heterogeneity, not homogeneity, is what makes cities like New York and Paris fascinating.

But be that as it may, there seems little justification for the persistence of practices which, at least as far as public accommodations are concerned, violate the law, and fly in the face of that hospitable spirit which was a hallmark of America's earlier days and toward which, in this past decade of increasing consideration for the rights of all "minorities," we have been trying to find our way back.

* A popular current device is to set up a resort as a "private club" limiting reservations to "members"; membership is conferred simply on the basis of not being Jewish or Negro. The American Jewish Committee has prepared a memorandum arguing the point that a resort offering *public* accommodations, as determined by certain objective criteria, cannot pretend to be a private club immune to the law. The AJC successfully pressed just such a case before the New York State Committee Against Discrimination involving a Catskill hotel.

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FREE INDO-CHINA FIGHTS AGAINST TIME

Vietnam's Winding, Rocky Road

PETER SCHMID

OUTSIDE Hué, the old imperial capital of Annam, stand empty palaces each of which encloses the tomb of an emperor. Neither in style nor conception are these edifices native to Annam; their real models exist in Peking, just as the model of Frederick the Great's Sans Souci palace outside Berlin exists in Versailles.

"That's the tragedy of our country," explained the very intelligent caretaker accompanying me on my visit to one of these palatial tombs. "All her expressions are borrowed. A few years ago, when Unesco invited all the nations of the world to list what they considered their highest contribution to world culture, Vietnam sent back a humble and self-humiliating answer: we know of no such contribution on our part. Just like every stone in this wall, our morality and our whole social structure bear the stamp of China. All our traditional ideas come from Confucius, and our public life was founded on the Chinese mandarin system.

"That system was wonderful because it offered the poorest youth a way to highest office, if he could demonstrate under examination an exceptional knowledge of Chinese literature and elegance in using the traditional flowery phrases. But the mandarin system was frightful, too, because it created a governing class that lacked the confidence engendered by noble birth and was cut off, by its arrogant snobbery towards those below it and servility to those above it, from the mass of people from which it had come. These rigid old Chinese forms were laid on our souls like straitjackets. We aren't Chinese, and their this-worldly, pragmatic outlook left us deeply dissatisfied.

"That was the big chance for the French. The Christian missionaries, who came here first, stilled the Annamites' hunger for a mystic religion, their yearning for a father figure. In the villages the Catholic priest became that. But at the same time France brought us a newer form of alienation from ourselves to replace the Chinese one: Descartes instead of Confucius. 'Our ancestors, the Gauls, ate raw fish,' our children recited in school from French primers. Western individualism, with its anti-authoritarian, critical spirit, broke down the cosmic harmony of Confucianism, which granted the individual no role except that of will-less conformity. Once again this wasn't the clothing our souls yearned for. In the 1920's a wave of suicides swept our young people; it was the protest of the powerless individual against an existence that had become unendurable. Other young men chose revolt, which led them to death and prison; despair was the soil out of which even our fight for freedom sprang. We had only one hope: to be allowed finally to become what we are, no longer to live in a zone of intersection, borrowing alien forms from alien powers."

THE West's recent defeat in Indo-China is far from being a closed chapter. In 1956 a plebiscite will be held in Vietnam to determine its final form of government. But events have not halted meanwhile; rather, as PETER SCHMID shows us here, the situation in free Indo-China deteriorates at an even faster rate than before, as the factions, the cliques, and the sects continue their internecine struggles under the shadow of the looming Communist threat from the Vietminh in the north. Mr. Schmid, a Swiss, is one of the world's outstanding roving correspondents, and this marks his third appearance in COMMENTARY's pages (his first was with "Indonesia Sips the Wine of Independence" in June 1951, his second with "The Germans' Present Conservatism" in November 1953). Born in 1916, he was editor of the famous Zurich *Weltwoche* until 1947, since when he has traveled throughout Europe, all non-Communist Asia, South America, and this country. Mr. Schmid is also the author of several books, the first of which was a study of Georg Büchner, the German dramatist, which appeared in 1940. The present article was translated from the German by Irving Pfefferblit.

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It was Annam that furnished the cadres for the national liberation movement in Indo-China. Not as close to China as the Tonkin delta, not as subject to French penetration as Cochin China, in the cultivated, traditionalist atmosphere of the court at Hué the will to live an independent existence was felt more strongly than anywhere else. Pham Van Dong, the foreign minister of the Vietminh; Giap, its commanding general; Ngo Dinh Diem, South Vietnam's Nationalist president—they all come from this area. And today South Annam has become the scene of the most exciting experiment yet to take place in Indo-China's process of self-recollection.

With the loss of the North after Geneva, it is all too easy to forget that the Communists had to make certain concessions in return. Below the 17th Parallel, the coasts and high plateaus of the Annamite mountain country as far south as Nhatrang are emerging into freedom after eight years of Communist occupation. While my colleagues were watching the tragedy of Hanoi, I obtained permission from the Vietnamese general staff in Hué to visit the district of Tam Ky, reoccupied two months ago by the Nationalist army.

Eight years! After eight years Hitler had tamed his Germans enough to risk leading them into war. In eight years boys grow to be young men. How did the young men of Tam Ky receive the representatives of a world they had been taught to hate? Had the seed of Communism taken root in their souls? A remark of Ho Chi Minh's came to my mind. "The Vietnamese people," he wrote in Moscow in 1927, "do not understand what Communism is, and they never will."

Thirty kilometers south of Tourane was where the old fighting front had begun. It had not been a fixed line. When we were still kilometers away from the Thu Bou River, we saw watchtowers, shot-up bunkers, and troop installations. The bridge over the river had been blown up and a ferry set our jeep down on the other side. After another kilometer, the road became a weed-grown bed of stones that no vehicle could negotiate. My guide was a native newspaperman who knew the area well. He had come over from the Vietminh to the Nationalists in 1952, and before that had toured these same villages to collect and record folksongs on his lute for the Vietminh.

"With its inferior weapons the Vietminh could never have held up a motorized army along the coast," he told me. "The only way it could try was by destroying and depopulating the whole coastal zone. You'll see what it did in Tam Ky: not one stone is left on another in the old center of town, and it's that way everywhere, in all the towns. Wherever there was a roof that could shelter a Vietnam unit it was blown up. The roads were torn up with picks and shovels, and the inhabitants were deported to the mountains."

Under normal conditions we would have reached Tam Ky in under an hour, but now we were forced to make a long detour. Since the road had proved to be unrepairable, the army had transformed the railroad farther inland into a highway. Even then there were difficulties. Blown-up bridges forced us to jolt our way down to fords that we crossed with the water up to our hub caps. During the rains, when the water rises, all traffic comes to a standstill.

It was uncanny how systematically everything had been destroyed. When, after dozens of kilometers, we regained the old road, our car still bounced around as if on a roller-coaster. Even here, where they could not blow up whole kilometers, the Reds had dug deep ditches across the road between every hamlet and village; these had been only hastily filled in with dirt and debris. We stopped again and again at barriers guarded by lounging soldiers. Our chauffeur would jump out and let them study our passes. Other soldiers were playing with children in front of the houses—as if they had been here on leave for months.

Before 1945, Tam Ky had been a little town of 6,000 people. In 1946 French bombs had destroyed half its houses. Vietminh's scorched-earth tactic had completed this work of destruction in 1947. The first thing we saw was a company barracks rising over the ruins of a pagoda, with the flag of the national Vietnam, three horizontal bars on a gold ground, fluttering above it. All around was a new town inhabited by 8,000 people, who had streamed in from every quarter of the compass and were still streaming in. Houses, or rather huts, were easy to build in these latitudes. The materials could be found in the jungle, and even when you had to

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pay to have them transported, it came to no more than 3,000 piasters, or about sixty dollars per house.

The major in command of the three battalions garrisoning Tam Ky had chosen the courtyard of the Catholic church for his headquarters and put his tent up there. The old priest there had remained at his post all through the Vietminh occupation. I tried to talk to him, but he was nearly deaf and had withdrawn into his senility as though it were a fortress. Because he had expected to be liberated by French troops he had covered the walls of his church with moral maxims in French. One of them stuck in my memory as especially apt: "It is harder to rule oneself than others."

But Tam Ky had not been liberated by the old French colonial troops. We had hardly entered Tam Ky when my Vietnamese companion began talking English to me. "The people here are not used to seeing white men any more, and we have to avoid the impression that those who do turn up here are French colonists." There were no French soldiers in the liberated territory, no French flags waved in the wind. At most there were a few Engineering Corps specialists; the Vietnamese needed them, but they had to *steal* through the neighborhood repairing bridges.

THE commandant was an old inhabitant of the district. Major Chau Tran Ngoc came from an old mandarin family of Hué. His grandfather had been a prime minister, and his father, too, had grown old in government service. Ngoc in 1945 had given up his architectural studies and fled to the Vietminh military school in the jungle. Until 1948 he had been commandant in Tam Ky, exactly as he was today, only on the other side. His old familiarity with Tam Ky had made Major Ngoc's task much easier. And every day deserters who had served under him on the other side would stick their heads into his tent: "Do you still remember me, Major?"

In the beginning he had felt himself faced with an almost impossible task. How would these people, who had been so intensively indoctrinated for almost a decade, receive the Nationalist troops? In the first villages these troops were greeted with hostile, closed, anxious faces. The Communists had drummed it into the inhabitants that they would be overrun by an undisciplined and vindictive horde, and had added the warning that within less than two years they would return, and then all those who had worked with the enemy would be called to strict account. Secret agents had been left behind in every village. Communists who had made themselves conspicuous in official positions were sent to other villages where no one knew about their background, and underground executioner squads had been left behind to dispose of Nationalist collaborators. Moreover, the Reds had put up high white walls in every village before leaving, and covered these with peace doves and the clauses of the Geneva agreement.

In many places disturbances had occurred. In one especially refractory village an agitator had attacked a sentry, screaming, "The Geneva treaty forbids you to use weapons!" He had tried to choke the soldier, who could have shot him down, but merely shook him off. For the Vietnam slogan was "mildness." On the second day of liberation there was already less shyness, on the third day still less. The people of Tam Ky began to show their sympathy openly in spite of the secret death squads. Where they knew of Red agents, they denounced them. Were these agents locked up? No, the Geneva treaty forbade that. They would be summoned to the command post and told: "We know what's up. Watch yourself." Then they would be let loose, and only if they tried to agitate their fellow citizens, in violation of the treaty, were real steps taken against them.

For the time being, little was being changed in the reoccupied territories. The old notables remained in their jobs, including the schoolmasters who had had to indoctrinate the young under the Vietminh. Civil commissions consisting of men who had fled their villages before the Communist terror were appointed to investigate individual cases and choose new officials where necessary.

The major took me by jeep to a village picturesquely situated in the low foothills near Tam Ky. On the way we saw troops of peasant women streaming down from their hamlets to market at Tam Ky with baskets of fruit over their shoulders. Their burdens gave them a curious waddling walk that Annamite women retain even when not

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carrying anything. It was a rich district. On both sides of the road the rice stood high, and here and there we saw groups of laborers bent over their work. Everyone waved at us amiably. It was as if this peaceful existence had been theirs for decades.

CAY COC was a village like countless others, with thatched huts in front of which dozens of half-naked children were playing. We stopped at the command post set up by the garrison, which was a battalion strong. The national flag floated over us in the moist air. I talked to Pham Ty, one of the officials newly installed by Cay Coc's civil commission.

He came from a distinguished family. His father had belonged to the local council of elders, and on his death in 1944 Ty had inherited his position. Then came the Communists. They had spared him at first, because he owned little land and lived by his own efforts. Those with larger holdings—though there were no really big estates near Cay Coc—were the ones who suffered. They had to kneel before the assembled common folk of the village and beg their pardon for the exploitation they or their parents had inflicted on them. Their land was divided up among the have-nots—who included the laziest or most improvident people in the community—and they themselves had been driven from their communal posts. As a tradesman Ty was allowed at first to retain his office and rank, but after a year he shared the fate of the others. Every step he took was spied on, and his freedom of movement was restricted. His business shrank, and he had to support his eight children by working his own land. After liberation the old dignitaries were restored to their posts, and those who had replaced them were demoted. Naturally, these latter still secretly sympathized with the Communists, but they did not amount to more than 30 per cent of the population, perhaps less.

These same elements were anxious about the expropriated property they had acquired and which they had not yet been forced to return. Their anxiety was justified. The old rich and the returning refugees, now again on top, were eager to bring back the good old days and regain their lands. It was a difficult problem if no injustices were to be done. "Provisionally, no decision has been made yet," Ngoc explained to me, "until the harvest is over. The new owners will have to give part of their crop to the old proprietors. Then Saigon will have to decide what happens to the land itself; after all, the regime there has itself come out for land reform and cannot simply restore the old status quo. Probably we shall take a middle course and give the old proprietors half their land back, even if it brings us the enmity of the have-nots. We cannot leave those who have been loyal to us unrewarded for the sake of those who betrayed us."

"How many Communists did you have in this village?" I asked Ty. "I mean how many left it in order to escape the Nationalist troops?"

"Two," he answered, "and they left their families behind because they knew nothing would happen to them under the Nationalists." "What?" I said in surprise. "You mean that two people were able to terrorize the whole community?" Ty nodded, almost in embarrassment. Two determined men who knew what they wanted had led the whole village around like a flock of sheep!

In the market place the prefect of the district had just arrived with his aides, and called the inhabitants together. They crouched there, old and young, to listen to an important announcement. Their money, all that they had saved under the Vietminh regime, would not be honored by the new authorities. The prefect pressed a few Ho Chi Minh piasters into my hands, hundred- and thousand-piaster notes crudely printed on a kind of toilet paper, with the usual Communist emblems: workers swinging hammers, singing peasants with sickles on their backs marching to work. A child could counterfeit these notes, and indeed enormous quantities of counterfeit Vietminh money were now in circulation. The Communists in the North refused to honor Vietnamese money, though one Bank of Indo-China piaster got thirty-five Vietminh piasters in Hanoi, a hundred and fifty in Tam Ky. The only way the inhabitants of the liberated areas could get rid of this worthless money was to travel south to the district of Binh Dinh, which was still Communist, buy provisions there, and bring them back. For the time being the Communists had no objection to this because they did not want to antagonize people who trusted them to that

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extent. Moreover, food was cheaper in their territory, whereas so many people had poured into the country around Tam Ky, many of them utter newcomers, that the price of food had risen considerably there.

Phan Thiep, a man in his forties, was a former high school teacher who spoke exceptionally good French. He, too, had belonged to the Vietminh for a few years and taught school in the jungle. Until the same thing happened to him as to all the others: he found he could no longer stand the iron discipline and the constant spying. "I couldn't breathe any more," he told me. So he had fled to Tourane, taught there for a while, then entered a government school. Now he was acting as an administrative delegate in the newly occupied territory, a post corresponding to that of prefect. Of the one hundred and fifty villages liberated two months before, he had already combed through half and appointed new town councillors. In many villages, he told me, a great many of the Vietminh functionaries were allowed to stay in office because they had supported the Reds not as Communists, but as fighters for national freedom. Today, of course, no one was a Communist.

AT THE time of my visit to South Annam, the Nationalist army was no longer meeting unfriendly glances or passive resistance as it advanced. The people who were the last to be delivered from the Communists greeted it with open arms and demonstrations of sympathy. For the Nationalists brought with them consumer goods, of which there had been a bitter lack under the Communists. Case after case of merchandise was lined up in front of the straw houses of Tam Ky, containing flashlights, needles and thread, soap—and, above all, huge quantities of beer which the Vietminh had condemned as shameful luxury. All this was bringing money into circulation, and prosperity. Every day, a woman storekeeper told me, brought a larger turnover.

Towards evening a company of soldiers played football around a large tent in the square of Tam Ky. This was a so-called propaganda company. These formations had been created only during the past year, and their mission was psychological warfare. This company was commanded by an Adjutant Canh, who told me that he visited five to six villages a day where he conducted communal discussions. Among the troops under his command were skilled nurses who distributed medicines, and mechanics who helped the peasants make necessary repairs. "Let's have no illusions," Adjutant Canh said to me. "Those who profited from the Communists, the have-nots, still sympathize with them. They offer no resistance—how could they? But they're only waiting for the wind to turn again. The only way we can really get rid of Communism is to outbid their social achievements and offer even the poor a better life."

Captain Giai, who was head of the psychological warfare section of the Vietnam general staff and, in spite of his subordinate rank, one of the most influential officers in the army, had already explained to me his plans for transforming the whole army, now that its combat task was at an end, into one great propaganda battalion. It all sounded very fine, yet I could not suppress certain doubts. Adjutant Canh agreed: "In general, there is too much talk." But it was not only that: at bottom these propagandists had no message.

THE Nationalist regime, for all its talk of social reform, is by its very nature an old regime that must base itself on traditional forces. Its reoccupation of Central Vietnam has been a success precisely because the older forms of society in that region have remained almost untouched by colonial penetration. There, the old village society was a kind of communal social security system that provided for everybody, including the poor, with a minimum ration from community land. And this society has remained largely intact. Communism could attempt to change it only by wanton destruction, and the present return to the old order is to a certain degree the restoration of an organic one.

Things are different in the South, however. In Cochin China colonial enterprise has cleared rice fields and plantations out of swamp and jungle. These new estates belonged to French companies or rich Vietnamese, and here an agrarian proletariat, a revolutionary mass, has been created. In this region Ho Chi Minh, in spite of the Geneva treaty, is still master, and the Vietnamese authorities lead a shadowy existence, for most of the people continue to obey the cells

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and secret courts of the Vietminh. And here the observer is made painfully aware of how little the Nationalist regime has to set in place of the prestige of this Vietminh.

Everything it can promise, the Reds can promise with greater conviction and stricter logic. Nationalism? The Nationalists can never rid themselves of a secret inferiority complex, the feeling that at bottom the Vietminh has a more legitimate claim to the prestige of liberator. Today they cling almost despairingly to the argument that the Vietminh has betrayed nationalism because it has reopened the gates to Chinese influence, that age-old arch-enemy. But this charge is hard to sustain in view of the fact that the Nationalists themselves cannot do without the French expeditionary corps and American help.

Nor was I ever able, in talking to deserters from the Vietminh, whether it was my companion on the trip to Tam Ky or the major, to find out exactly what prompted their action. The answer was always a mysterious smile, a muttering about the intolerable discipline and regimentation. It was never that Damascus experience, that moment of positive recognition, that change of heart, which defines the European and American ex-Communist. It was just nicer and easier on the Nationalist side. But that is exactly the weakness of that side: the Vietminh could never have won its victory had it not subjected its followers to such inhuman discipline. One is almost tempted to speak of a counter-offensive of Confucian collectivism against French individualism, of a new version of the old struggle for the Vietnamese soul. To be sure, the Communist variety of Confucianism has jettisoned the old spiritual superstructure and replaced it with a materialist philosophy of history; and it is not the family, but the state, that now requires the sacrifice of the individual. But it demands no less a sacrifice for that.

I could never suppress the feeling, in conversation with those who had come over from the Vietminh, that at bottom their individualism lacked the counterweight of a higher sense of the community. The political scene in Saigon in all its anarchy is an unmistakable symptom of this. Bandits, religious sects with private armies, a rebellious army, the anemic regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem—all factions and parties are so inextricably involved in mutual hostility as to paralyze themselves for the purposes of constructive political action.

II

About a hundred kilometers northwest of Saigon, in the plain of Cochin China, an extraordinary mountain rears its truncated conical mass over a green carpet of rice fields and palms through which slow rivers meander. There are no other mountains near it. It is not a volcano, although it looks very much like one. Hundreds of years ago folk-piety accounted for its existence with the Buddhistic legend of a "black maiden," and a temple of pilgrimage was raised to her on Nui Ba Den's summit. Today the temple lies in ruins, and no pious foot ventures on the path leading up to it: isolated bands of Vietminh still make the heights unsafe.

But around the feet of Nui Ba Den spreads a paradise, a kingdom of God in the midst of the profane confusion of dismembered Indo-China. And this Garden of Eden is governed by a kind of priestly state with an army that has for years successfully defended the peace of its capital, Tay Minh, which is the Vatican of the new religion of Cao Dai.

As you walk through simple straw-thatched huts towards a large building that rises out of their midst like a peacock in a henyard, you rub your eyes in astonishment. Is it a Buddhist pagoda or a Christian church? It has borrowed from the latter its long ground plan and its division into middle and side aisles, choir, nave, and gallery. But grinning dragons twine around the columns of its portal; the typical Buddhist guardian couple, the grim warrior and the kindly one, flank its doors; the fabled creatures of Oriental mythology—the unicorn, the tortoise, the phoenix, and the dragon again—creep and fly on its roof. And from the choir, inside, gleams the Hindu trinity of Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu. All the religions of the world seem to have a rendezvous here.

"Actually, ours is a Eurasian religion," explains my guide, a tall white-clad priest. "You see, we don't believe in a single true and uniquely sanctifying belief. The Creator has scattered the seeds of truth over the centuries and over the continents of the earth. Jesus or Buddha or Laotse: their message is at bottom only a form of the great divine truth; in their depths all religions coincide."

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The new religion was revealed less than thirty years ago. A group of Vietnamese officials of the French administration, whose souls were starving behind their stacks of documents, had joined together to seek metaphysical consolation in spiritualism. At first they had tried table-rapping, but this had proved tedious and a waste of time, so they turned to a quicker and more practical instrument called the "beaked basket." Two men, who had shown gifts as mediums, held this basket upside down with its beak, which projected from its rim like the neck of a violin, resting on a freshly waxed table. The beak began straightway to write characters on the table top with such astonishing speed that those deciphering them could hardly keep up with it. Finally in November 1926, God himself, under the name of Cao Dai, condescended to reveal his presence to the faithful in the combined person of Jesus and Buddha. Thus was Caodaism born.

It is a religion where the living dwell in strange community with the dead. If the dead can make their enduring presence felt in spiritualist séances, why should not the most illustrious among them take part in the founding of this new religion, and even hold its highest offices? None other than the great Chinese poet, Li Tai Po, who lived in the 7th century, became the supernatural Pope of the new religion. His voice joined itself to that of Joan of Arc and—to give the Anglo-Saxon world its share—William Shakespeare. But great spirits of later date, too, appeared in the Caodaist pantheon: Victor Hugo, Sun Yat Sen, and even Clemenceau. The two last are depicted in a painting at the entrance to the basilica, where, together with a locally prominent Buddhist dignitary, they are shown writing the words: "God and Humanity, Love and Justice" on a tablet of the law.

The spirits not only dictated laws for the new religion, but chose its living leader—in doing which they showed themselves suspiciously partial to the mediums who had operated the beaked basket, especially to the most gifted of them, a secretary in the customs administration named Pham Cong Tac. Today he practically rules as Caodaism's leader on earth, though this highest office of all—actually called Pope—is theoretically unoccupied.

In their worldly organization the Caodaists have sedulously copied the Catholic church. Their hierarchy includes six cardinals, thirty-six archbishops, sixty-eight bishops, and three thousand priests. These numbers are merely theoretical, since the lack of worthy candidates permits only a fraction of these offices to be filled. On the other hand this hierarchy offers intelligent candidates great inducements and the possibility of rapid advancement. From the lowest adepts up to the very peak there are nine stages of perfection, and the nave of the basilica climbs to the choir in nine platforms. Four times a day the gong calls the faithful to mass: at six in the morning, at noon, at six in the evening, and at midnight. Then the dignitaries stride into the basilica dressed in their red, blue, and yellow robes—colors standing for Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism respectively—with those in each stage of the hierarchy wearing their special robes and insignia. On the platform they kneel down in rows in order of rank, and while a chorus of maidens accompanied by a dissonant caterwauling of folk instruments intones a kind of liturgy, they bow to the giant eye of Cao Dai which, from a globe in front of the choir, stares down on the twilit nave. The spectacle is unforgettable, especially at the midnight mass, when the highest dignitaries appear.

Midnight is the hour at which the spirits are questioned. Midnight is also the hour at which the souls of men, rested by their short sleep, are most open to the influence of the spirit world. So the Caodaists never get a whole night's sleep; after mass they spend an hour in meditation.

THE beauty of many of the Caodaist ideas cannot be denied. But it is hard to overlook the absurdities that have crept into this religion of metaphysically-minded bureaucrats. It is even harder to deny the all too human frailties that afflict their leaders; these make many people dismiss their new religion as a swindle. This is unquestionably an error. Among the Caodaist dignitaries are men of an extraordinarily naive purity of soul who live ascetic lives.

By and large, it is less the joys of the flesh than the delights of power, not only spiritual but political, that make the high spiritual offices of Caodaism worth striving for in the eyes of many men. The leaders of this church-state can draw on a considerable amount of tax revenue, have a million and a

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half fanatically obedient souls under their command, and a private army of at least fifteen thousand highly disciplined men armed with the most modern light weapons. The dignitaries of the Cao Dai declare they would like to be rid of that worldly instrument, and the sooner the better. It was created in the days of their persecution, with its only purpose to defend the lives and property of the faithful. But, as so often happens, the temptations of power proved stronger than the most holy intentions, and the rulers of Tai Minh have become so entangled in Indo-Chinese politics that today they, together with another religious sect, Hoa Hao, and a former brigand organization, the Binh Xuyen, are among the most essential political factors in South Vietnam. Anxiety over the rulers of the Cao Dai is increased by the fact that the political advice they receive from the spirits has often led them into adventurous courses, and has left the door open to the wildest kind of opportunism.

Their political career began in 1940, when, with the defeat of France in Europe, Indochinese nationalism raised its head, and even the presence of Clemenceau and Victor Hugo among the Caodaist counsellors could not prevent a certain anti-French turn. It went so far that French soldiers occupied the holy city of Tai Minh and His Holiness Pham Cong Tac was shipped off to Madagascar along with a troop of other dignitaries. When the Japanese invaded Indo-China the Caodaists regained their power; then, after the Japanese surrender, the initiative passed to the Vietminh, and they followed Ho Chi Minh until the Vietminh's openly anti-religious attitude forced them, almost against their will, into an alliance with the French.

It is more convenience than genuine friendship that has kept the Caodaists in this alliance up to now, and there is no question but that anything is possible in the future. Should the Communists prove clever and flexible enough to guarantee Tai Minh continued enjoyment of its religious freedom, along with enough administrative autonomy, they may be able at least to neutralize the Caodaists. It is an open secret that Pham Cong Tac has studiously avoided taking too sharp a position against the Communists. An ecclesiastical leader, he likes to say, must always think more about building bridges than deepening moats. So when Indo-China's hour of decision comes in the all-Vietnamese plebiscite of 1956, some astonishing things may happen—and all, dubious as they may seem, in the name of God.

WHILE the outstanding characteristics of the Caodaists are their glittering cult, their strict hierarchical organization, and a certain philosophical intellectualism, their competitors, the Hoa Hao, are distinguished by rustic fervor and naked simplicity of doctrine. The name of Hoa Hao comes from a little village near the Cambodian border where, in 1939, a half-demented young man proclaimed himself a reincarnation of Buddha come to restore his teachings. Huynh Phu So, son of a wealthy peasant, had remained a sickly child and youth in spite of all the ministrations of local quacks and wonder-workers, until one stormy night in 1939 when he suddenly rose up from his bed in intense nervous excitement and began to utter religious messages. From that time on he enjoyed perfect health.

So's followers, who are on the increase, have no parasitic priesthood, or even so much as a temple to support. His teaching calls only for ethical behavior, austerity, periodic prayer before a house-altar, the observance of certain dietary rules, and complete abstinence from alcohol, opium, and gambling. Besides his religious gifts, the young prophet showed poetic ones by composing a set of hymns and prayers; he also won fame as a healer to whom sick streamed from all over the country; last but not least, he demonstrated skill as a politician who began to make things as difficult for the French administration as his rivals over in Tai Minh did. However, instead of being exiled, he was put in an insane asylum, where he promptly converted his psychiatrist. He too, in 1942, attracted the attention of the Japanese occupation authorities, and with their enthusiastic support he began to create his own army in order to be able to take the country over in the name of religion when the occasion arose. His experience with the Vietminh after the Japanese left was even more instructive than the Caodaists'. The Communists wantonly slaughtered fifteen thousand of his followers, though until then they had worked together, and this atrocity drove the Hoa Hao, too, into partnership

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with their former French enemies—especially after April 1947, when So was lured into an ambush and captured by the Reds, and then killed. Their prophet's inglorious end is still kept hidden from the faithful, who believe that he was snatched up to heaven in triumphant splendor and will return some day.

A general—if he can be called that—became the new leader of the Hoa Hao. In his youth Tran Van Soai had been a stoker on a Mekong River steamer, eking out his meager income with occasional piracy. He attained a certain fame in this way and when he brought two thousand of his Hoa Hao over to the French he was rewarded, in spite of his lack of military training and his nonexistent French, with the kepi of a general—and very dignified he looks in it, with his white, pointed chin-beard. Like the Caodaists, Soai keeps a headquarters in Saigon from which he spins his political intrigues, and before which, as the symbol of his multiple responsibilities, he flies no less than three flags: the Hoa Hao's, which consists simply of three H's on a white ground, the Vietnamese, and the French. He receives morning visitors in his pajamas, and the interview usually proceeds with the General sitting in dignified silence while his educated adjutant answers all the questions.

The strength of the Hoa Hao lies in the fact that they control one of the richest districts in South Vietnam and receive enormous sums from their monopoly on rice exports. Their weakness is that their million followers are split by the differences between General Soai and the other Hoa Hao generals. Politics here enters the realm of personal whim and its quick changes. Right now the territory controlled by the Hoa Hao bands who are in opposition to Soai is completely outside civil control. Ship traffic along the Mekong has to be organized, as in the days of the Vietminh, in convoys, and the border villages of Cambodia are subject to constant raids.

NEXT to such picturesque, religiously enlightened bandits as the rebellious Hoa Hao, the Binh Xuyen look very drab, being bandits pure and simple, without any special ideology. At the gates of the Chinese city of Cholon, beyond the river thronged with bright junks that is its busy highway, lies a comfortless, unfruitful wasteland whose inhabitants could never maintain themselves from the products of their own soil. For centuries it has been the custom among the Binh Xuyen to sally out after harvest-time, fall on their richer neighbors, and bring back loot on which to live until the next harvest. When political difficulties began in 1945, they joined the Vietminh, and their flag is still a reminder of this—except that the yellow star floats on a green instead of a red ground, and the red has been relegated to a framelike border. The Binh Xuyen still boast today of their thousand days of undefeated resistance to the French.

That they suddenly changed sides in spite of this is explained by the attempts of their Vietminh allies to undermine their chieftains, especially the most gifted of them, Le Van Vien, through the introduction of political commissars. Finally, luring him with a promise of promotion, they actually attempted to ambush Vien. He escaped as if by a miracle, and in June 1948 went over to the French with his followers. In exchange for some vague promises of loyalty, the French left him in independent control of his district and the city of Cholon.

Vien, aware that the ideological deficiencies of his twelve hundred men left them dangerously exposed to Communist infiltration, now became, in compensation, a fanatical Communist-hunter. In 1950 Saigon shook nightly to bombs planted by Vietminh terrorists. Cholon remained quiet because the Binh Xuyen, well paid by the rich among the Chinese, maintained order there. Finally the French, to pacify Saigon, gave the job of policing it to the Binh Xuyen, who promptly cleaned out the Communist terrorists, and made the sea route and highway to Cap St. Jacques safe too. They were richly rewarded for these services by being given the right to run the big Grand Monde gambling casino in Cholon, which brings them at least 500,000 piasters every night. It is a strange world, Grand Monde. Two stalwarts sit at the entrance and frisk every visitor for weapons. Inside there are row after row of gaming tables, from simple dice to roulette and the passion of the Chinese, mah jong. But the atmosphere is different from a European casino's: Asiatic impassivity reigns even here; one can hardly tell from the mute, closed faces of the gamblers whether one is looking at a winner or a loser. No tense and

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anxious despair, no greedy air of triumph.

Another source of income for the Binh Xuyen are the brothels of Cholon, which they "cleaned up" by concentrating them in a new, palatial compound of buildings from whose walls a neon inscription, "House of Joy," shines out into the night. Malicious tongues whisper that the place was built with American money earmarked for a model village.

THE newest and most powerful party to enter this circus of autonomous states within a state is the Vietnamese army, which up to now led only a half-honorable existence under the French high command. The resistance of French military men to the creation of independent Vietnamese divisions on the South Korean model, which the representatives of the U. S. Military Assistance and Advisory Group were pressing for, was dictated not only by the fear that these might slip out of their hands and become an instrument of nationalism; it was also based on past experience with these troops. "The Vietnamese can be an exceptionally good soldier," a French officer told me, "as long as he is fighting on his own soil and defending his own land and family. But anywhere else he's worthless; he deserts the first chance he can get and goes home. The mass desertions in the North after the armistice were not so much due to Communist influence as to the unwillingness of the men to be sent to the South. This is supported by the fact that very few of them deserted with their weapons, as they would have if they had been traitors."

What explains the fact that the Vietminh soldier, on the other hand, is such an outstanding fighter? Have the Communists succeeded in replacing the loyalty to ancestors and family with a higher loyalty to the nation, or is this courage simply the result of terroristic discipline? Unquestionably psychological motives play an essential role. Captain Giai, the above-mentioned chief of the Vietnamese psychological warfare section, gave me a very candid explanation. "We have never rid ourselves of a secret guilt-complex," he told me, "the complex of fighting on the side of the colonial power against the army of liberation. Even when we could no longer tolerate its Communist leadership and found it necessary to take up arms against them, the feeling that we were acting almost treasonably never left us." Consequently, the Vietnamese officer is a wholly different type from the Vietminh kind. The latter is sure of himself, steeled with success, while the first still seems to wear the leading-strings of colonial dependence. "They seem to be frightened of their troops," the French officer I have already mentioned told me. "They are afraid to command properly, and they compensate for this insecurity by a tendency to bluster."

Today the tune in MAAG headquarters is a little different from what it was a few months ago. "We have no objections to the French training methods," General O'Daniel told me. "Nor do I believe that being led by French officers affects the morale of Vietnamese troops. A soldier is used to obeying his superiors, regardless of nationality—provided he has confidence in their leadership." For the rest, American intervention is received with mixed feelings even by the Vietnamese army. Many of its higher officers have gone to French schools, some of them even through St. Cyr, and have absorbed French military tradition. For this reason MAAG's role has remained rather academic to this day, and only recently has it found a positive field of action in the evacuation of refugees from the North.

General Nguyen Van Hinh, whose conflict with President Ngo Dinh Diem has brought him into prominence, is typical of the Vietnamese army in this respect. The son of the energetic pro-French ex-President, Nguyen Van Tam, he lived in France from the age of eighteen to thirty-three, and is now married to a Frenchwoman. He is a handsome young bohemian whom one could imagine more easily in Montparnasse than on the battlefields of Indo-China. This does not mean he is not personally brave. He fought courageously during the Second World War in the French and later the American air force, and was decorated several times. Nevertheless, his personality seems too soft for military leadership, too human and obliging.

His political ideas are vaguely progressive. The program he has worked out with a group of other officers leans heavily on the socialism of the Burmese Premier, U Nu, with whom he has personal contacts. It contemplates such contradictory goals as the na-

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tionalization of basic industries and the attraction of foreign capital. One cannot avoid the impression that, especially among the younger officers of the Vietnamese army, there exists a violent urge to do something without knowing exactly what. They seem obsessed by a feeling that their time is running out. "Only five hundred more days to the plebiscite that will decide the fate of South Vietnam," they say almost mechanically. "We must act, and here we have a regime that does nothing." It is this impatience which lies behind the army's toying with the idea of a *coup*.

ACTUALLY, President Ngo Dinh Diem, whom the world, and especially the United States, greeted as the savior of his country in June 1954, has met very few of the expectations placed in him. One thing cannot be denied him: intellectually, he is upright and incorruptible. But his rigid clinging to principle has made his relation to his country's whole struggle for freedom a somewhat sulking one. It will not allow him to link himself with any party. In 1936 he resigned as Minister of the Interior at the court in Hué because Emperor Bao Dai would not approve his plans for reform. In 1945 he refused to work with the Japanese. He spurned Ho Chi Minh in 1946 and the French in 1947, rejecting Bao Dai's attempts to get his collaboration. Too brave and virtuous to have anything to do with the compromises demanded by politics, especially in a country as unstable as Vietnam, Diem had remained, until his hour finally struck in 1954, "virgin pure."

But what was needed to dominate the complicated political situation in Vietnam was a shrewd politician, a sublimated gangster who knew every trick of his opponents and how to circumvent them. Diem, the paragon of virtue, with his puritan backbone, mobilized every political power in the country against him in the first weeks of his regime by trying to rap their knuckles like a schoolmaster. Soon he found himself supported only by an unimportant group of Catholic Vietnamese grouped around his brother, Ngo Dinh Nu, and his own paltry Movement of National Union for Independence and Peace. The country slipped through his fingers like sand, and since General Le Van Vien and his Binh Xuyen control the Saigon police, it is no exaggeration to say, that today the President's power ends at the gates of his governmental palace.

Meanwhile he has one prop to sustain him, the United States. "No Puppet Premier," the American press announced triumphantly, and it is true that this rabid enemy of the French is not a man to bend before others. But he bent all the more deeply before American influence when his conflict with the army came to an open break in the middle of September, and that influence has remained literally his sole support.

The whole crisis between Diem and the army has been steeped from the very beginning in a kind of comic-opera atmosphere from which nothing serious could emerge. "I only had to lift my telephone," Hinh told me when I visited him, "and the *coup d'état* would have been over. Nothing could have opposed the army. But the Americans let me know that if that happened, dollar help would be cut off. That would not matter to the military; if necessary, we soldiers could go barefoot and eat rice. But the country cannot survive without American help. We would only have played into the Viets' hands with a revolt."

I went with Captain Giai one morning to visit Colonel Lansdale, who, with the official representatives of American policy, General O'Daniel and Ambassador Donald Heath, fronting for him plays something of the role of a "gray eminence" as President Diem's intimate adviser. "I have just seen the President," he told Giai. "He outlined a very practicable program to me which he cannot begin because of the hostility of the army. We are faced with a situation in which both parties reproach each other with inactivity and incompetence and both hinder each other from doing anything. We are therefore of the opinion that the President and the army, since objectively they are closer to each other than either will admit, must find a *modus vivendi* and a way of working together."

It was American influence that eased the acute crisis at the beginning of October by luring both the Hoa Hao and the Caodaists out of their opposition, in which they had been siding with the army, and persuading them to enter the government. This maneuver, according to rumors in the political circles of Saigon, cost the American taxpayer

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several million piasters that went into the coffers of both sects. In any case it brought about a kind of temporary political balance which serves only to continue the paralysis of the country and permit the crisis between the civil regime and the army to drag on.

MEANWHILE the army radio station, which the regime has tried vainly to bring under its control, continues its feud with the latter, sounding all the more ominous because the regime has completely muzzled criticism of itself in the press. This censorship eclipses anything I have seen even under outright fascist dictatorships. It censors absolutely everything, even advertisements. It hands newspapers their leading articles and requires that they be prominently featured without any indication that they are officially produced. General Hinh's press conferences are simply suppressed *in toto;* in fact, even the press conferences of cabinet members sometimes appear with blank spaces. Finally, because of the bad impression, even the blanks were forbidden, and newspapers were forced to reset whole pages. The new Minister of Information, Thai, a Caodaist, announced when he took office that he would restore complete freedom of the press, but began his official duties by suspending the two largest newspapers in Saigon, one of them permanently, because it had dared to lay a front-page picture of General Hinh before the censor.

One can imagine the mood of newspaper editors in free Indo-China. Their circulation has dropped heavily because nobody wants to read a muzzled press. On the other hand, they are beginning to wonder, more and more, where exactly the democratic legitimacy of Diem's regime, as compared to the tyranny of the Vietminh, can still be found. And they are taking more and more care not to write against the Communists, on whose mercy they expect their fate sooner or later to depend. Not only that: all the thinking, not only of the editorial offices, but of all the intellectuals of Saigon, is nourished in essence by a latent but omnipresent whispering campaign carried on by the Communists. Take for example Nguyen Thi Cam Van, an enchanting twenty-two-year-old Vietnamese girl, the daughter of a rich family, who rides around in nothing but Cadillacs. Her father is director of the abovementioned suspended newspaper; in order to reduce his loss he bought up an unimportant competing journal and put his old staff to work on it, with his daughter acting as editor. She has become a famous reporter, a kind of Vietnamese Marguerite Higgins, and during the fighting visited the front at Dienbienphu and other critical places. She is certainly no Communist.

"Do you like the Americans?" I asked her. A decided no. "They want war," she added, "and their protection is only a pretext. But we have had enough of war, we want peace at any price." "Even at the price of Communist rule? What would happen to you if the Vietminh were to take power in the South, too?" "They would take everything away from us, suspend the paper and confiscate the presses. I don't know if I'll run away because of that. I'm a fatalist, I suppose; this is my country and I'll share its fate." "But then why don't you at least try to fight Communism with every means to avoid that fate?" "The Vietminh are not Communists. Just the way the Chinese regime is not Communist, but a coalition government under Communist leadership. That's exactly the way it will be with us."

What sophistry! But Cam Van was not the only person I heard argue like that in Saigon. People are already preparing themselves inwardly for the Communist victory. They wait, fascinated, like the bird before the snake that will devour it one day. South Vietnam seems already a corpse, and the birds that fly over it are, without knowing it, vultures.

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WHAT PRICE McCARTHY NOW?

Exit Caliban?

JAMES RORTY

CALIBAN: *Farewell, master, farewell, farewell!*

TRINCULO: *A howling monster, a drunken monster!*

CALIBAN: *No more dams I'll make for fish.*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-caliban
Has a new master.—Get a new man.
Freedom, heyday! Heyday, freedom! Freedom, heyday, freedom!

STEPHANO: *O brave monster! Lead the way.*

—*The Tempest,* Act II, Scene 2.

THE seats in Madison Square Garden were only a little more than half filled on the night of November 29 when the McCarthyites of the New York metropolitan area rallied to the defense of their hero, three days before he was formally censured by his Senatorial colleagues. And only 2,287,143 people signed the pro-McCarthy petitions distributed by a hastily organized committee calling itself Ten Million Americans Mobilizing for Justice. It is quite possible, however, that as many as ten million Americans attended the Garden rally in spirit, if not in person, and their 13,000 proxies made up in fervor what they lacked in numbers.

Before the evening ended, McCarthy had been repeatedly acclaimed, with applause too spontaneous to have been pre-arranged, as "one of the greatest living Americans" and the one "who has been the object of more contumely than Abraham Lincoln."

The Senator was not present to blush at these tributes, or to answer the questions that every journalist would have wished to ask him, such as: Are these revels meant to celebrate the birth of a third party? Are you sure that these hypothetical Ten Million Americans for Justice really want Joe McCarthy? Are *they* sure? And what, by the way, do *you* want, Joe?

A few days later all these questions were given added pertinence by President Eisenhower's congratulation of Senator Watkins and by McCarthy's prompt and savage response to that gesture. At the re-opened hearings of the Senatorial subcommittee investigating subversion in defense plants, McCarthy disregarded the counsel of his friend Senator Mundt to "simmer down and cool off" and, instead, attacked the President directly in one of the most violent speeches of his career. Apologizing to the electorate for his support of Eisenhower during the 1952 campaign, McCarthy declared that "The President sees fit to congratulate those

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WHAT'S Senator McCarthy's future now? Three days before the close of the special session of the Senate called to decide on the Watkins Committee charges of misconduct against him, his followers rallied in Madison Square Garden for a demonstration of popular strength that, many observers believed, would swing the Senatorial vote in his favor, and spark the formation of a coalition that might lay the basis for a third party, with the Senator as its candidate. Reporting on the Garden meeting and subsequent events, JAMES RORTY here takes a measure of the movement that was to save McCarthy from censure and start a wave of popular sentiment on which this latter-day Kingfish would ride to power and glory. Mr. Rorty, a familiar contributor to COMMENTARY, is the author (with Moshe Decter) of the recently published *McCarthy and the Communists* (Beacon) and has written numerous books on social problems, advertising, and health. His article "Desegregation Along the Mason-Dixon Line" appeared in our pages last month.

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who hold up the exposure of Communists in one breath, and in the next breath urges patience, tolerance, and niceties to those who are torturing American uniformed men."

Despite McCarthy's subsequent statement that he had "no interest—at the present time—in a third party," his speech was interpreted by his supporters, several of whom hastened to repudiate him, as an open break with the administration and an attempt to mobilize the Republican right wing for a contemplated split in 1956. Did McCarthy so intend it? Or was he betrayed by the inner violence of his nature—as has happened more than once in the past—into sounding, prematurely or desperately, the trumpets of a charge which he is now committed to lead, with or without an army to follow him?

A brave monster, indeed, but not a clever one. Does McCarthy have—has he ever had—the minimal stuff of leadership? Or has he been doomed from the beginning to political self-destruction by the compulsions of a nature too primitive or too distorted to direct and control the forces his roars have summoned from the vasty political deep?

THE Madison Square Garden meeting provided almost the first real opportunity we have had to measure and appraise these forces. Watching the McCarthyites gather in the lobby and stream through the turnstiles of the Garden, one was struck by the curious guerrilla quality of this mobilization. What the little group of retired military men who had improvised the meeting were accustomed to was a disciplined army. What they got was a rabble of atomized individuals representing no organized pressure groups and no clearly defined political orientation or program. Fear and hatred alone united them; they had signed the petition with their heated blood.

It was a typical McCarthyite document. In the kind of inverted Orwellian automatic writing that has become almost the trademark of Senator McCarthy and his followers, the petition appealed to "reason, common sense, and justice." It called upon the Senate to reject the recommendations of the Watkins Committee as "an affront to the dignity of the Senate." It prayed for a decision "based upon honorable considerations, rather than political partisanship and Red-inspired propaganda."

THE signers who attended the Garden rally were young, middle-aged, and old. There were almost as many women as men; more Irish seemingly than any other ethnic group; more suburban middle-class couples than urban working class. And there was barely a token representation of Jews and Negroes. Practically everybody seemed to be there because they cared.

When Major Al Williams, master of ceremonies, told them that they had started a prairie fire of patriotic protest, they burned audibly. When somebody mentioned the New York *Times,* they booed from their shoes. When Lisa Larsen, *Time's* petite candid-camera photographer, ventured into the audience to snap an applauding couple, she touched off a near-riot; as the police escorted her from the hall a venomous voice from a box behind the press section shouted, "Hang the Communist bitch!"

Fifteen years before, at the 1939 rally of the German-American Bund, I saw Dorothy Thompson walk out through the same gate, similarly escorted, and followed by similar imprecations. Did the same people yell them?

Quite possibly. Edward A. Fleckenstein, an American agitator and associate of neo-Nazis whom Chancellor Adenauer had the State Department oust from Germany, had worked overtime to mobilize his Voters Alliance of Americans of German Ancestry. So successful were his efforts that Weehawken, Secaucus, and other northern New Jersey communities had sent delegations so large that, according to organizer George Racey Jordan, it had been necessary to limit their allotment of seats, to avoid giving an "unrepresentative" character to the meeting.*

* Following the meeting, it was reported that Fleckenstein, who is co-chairman with James J. McIntyre of the New Jersey branch of Ten Million Americans, would tour the state for McCarthy. When questioned by a reporter, McIntyre declared: "This committee will be incorporated, and with it we will start a third party."

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Major Jordan and his co-workers had obviously been to some pains to keep their meeting as respectable and all-American as possible. The anti-Semitic banners that had draped the Garden for the 1939 Bund rally were conspicuous by their absence, and with one possible exception there were no clearly identifiable anti-Semites among the speakers. Music of a sort was supplied by a 100-per-cent-American high school band from Hortonsville, Wisconsin, seven miles from Joe's home town of Appleton. An Irish tenor sang "The Star Spangled Banner," a Negro entertainer jived a "patriotic number" of his own composition. A Catholic missionary, recently released from a Chinese Communist prison, gave the invocation. A Protestant minister from New Jersey introduced a Jewish rabbi from Los Angeles who pronounced the benediction.

Obviously, the committee had tried to keep out known anti-Semitic and ultra-nationalist fanatics and crackpots. But its success was incomplete. Early in the evening a reporter spotted and photographed a spectator who bore a startling resemblance to Gerald L. K. Smith, sitting incognito in the audience and imperfectly disguised by a ten-gallon hat. The Reverend Smith stoutly denied his identity, fled the meeting rather than endure further questioning—and subsequently wrote in the December 10 issue of the Gerald L. K. Smith *Newsletter*: "In the audience of approximately 1,400 the only Jews that were visible were the newspapermen. . . . As the meeting was about to begin the Jewish newspapermen discovered Mrs. Smith and I [*sic*] and actually attempted to incite a riot against us. . . . Under the protection of the police we went to a taxi cab. . . . We could easily have been mobbed by the hysterical Jews in front of the Garden." The truth, as set forth in the December 17 issue of the New York *Post*, is that nobody knew of the Reverend Smith's unannounced presence and precipitate departure except the reporter (a Methodist) and the cameraman (a Catholic). Joseph P. Kamp and James A. Madole were also reported to have been among those present.

Seemingly, the committee had not tried to recruit eggheads. The only intellectuals on the platform were Willaim Buckley, Jr., and George Schuyler, the Negro journalist; where, one wondered, were James Burnham, Eugene Lyons, and others who had publicly condemned the censure of Senator McCarthy? Most of the speakers were retired army and navy officers whose earned prestige and high personal integrity had somehow been conscripted in the defense and glorification of the shabbiest demagogue American politics has produced in many a long year.

One after the other these officers joined the fray, either in person or with transcribed speeches fed into the loud-speaker from the rostrum. Major Al Williams, test pilot and speed flyer who resigned his Marine Corps commission in 1940, was assisted as master of ceremonies by Major George Racey Jordan, author of *From Major Jordan's Diaries*, a book which accuses Harry Hopkins of folly or worse in authorizing, among other things, the postwar forwarding of uranium samples to the Soviet Union. Major Jordan's eloquence was more restrained than in 1950 when he was reported to have told an audience of female superpatriots that "we may have to use some strong arm methods before we're through. . . ." Also prominently there was Rear Admiral John G. Crommelin, who had commanded a carrier during World War II and lost two younger brothers in South Pacific air battles. In 1949 Admiral Crommelin was suspended from duty for revealing information bearing on the then pending unification of the armed forces. Admiral William H. Standley, our wartime ambassador to Moscow, was on the platform, as was Colonel William Heimlich, one-time director of the Rias radio station in Berlin, along with Lieutenant General Pedro del Valle, retired from the Marine Corps, and later a director of the National Economic Council, which the Americanism Commission of the American Legion has described as a vehicle for the hate propaganda of its director, Merwin K. Hart. General del Valle has also contributed

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to *Common Sense,* the hate sheet published by the notorious anti-Semite Conde McGinley, and is the organizer of the extremely isolationist Defenders of the American Constitution.

These officers could not be expected to know much politics, and they clearly didn't. Because they were officers, they could be expected to abstain from the grosser forms of McCarthyite demagogy, and for the most part they did. For the same reason they could be expected not to approve of Joe's methods; at least one of the original organizing group, Vice Admiral Gerald F. Bogan, withdrew before the meeting with the declaration that McCarthy should admit his mistakes. Another, General James A. Van Fleet, former commander of the American forces in Korea, defected later as a result of McCarthy's attack on President Eisenhower which he characterized as "reprehensible."

The reservations these military men attached to their support of Senator McCarthy were emphasized repeatedly in the course of the meeting. "We are not here to praise Joe McCarthy," said Major Williams. "And by the same token we are not here to bury him—politically. For whether you love McCarthy or hate him—whether you admire or despise him—is beside the point. Joe McCarthy as an individual is unimportant."

What was important, insisted Major Williams, was "American patriotism, American nationalism—yes, I will use what has become a 'dirty word'—and our Constitutional form of government of limited powers." What was important was to prevent the elected representatives of the American people from being "censured . . . by the contrivance of the clandestine forces outside the Congress itself."

The keynote of "conspiracy" was sounded once again by Admiral Crommelin, who appeared to be the chief of staff of Ten Million Americans. Quoting Lieutenant General Stratemeyer's testimony before the Senate Internal Security Committee, Admiral Crommelin added his own conviction that "there is some Hidden Force or some Hidden Power or Something that is influencing our people. . . . They don't act like Americans."

The appearance of this force, declared Admiral Crommelin, had made it necessary for him and his fellow officers to violate the tradition that has ordinarily deterred American military men from engaging in politics. It was this Hidden Force, he insisted, that had decreed the liquidation of Joe McCarthy, "the one man who, single-handed, has been able to arouse the people of the United States to the menace of the Hidden Force in their Government."*

JOE MCCARTHY, martyred tribune of the Little People whose brains have been washed for years by the subversive propaganda of the Hidden Force—the loyal, patriotic Little People who now, aroused by the enormity of the Watkins Committee's censure recommendations, were rubbing the mist from their eyes and rallying from every American village and farm to the defense of their beloved Leader—every time a speaker presented this version of the McCarthy drama, the crowd roared its approval. At mention of the Senator's critics it booed with startling ferocity. (For Senator Fulbright,

*So far as the record shows, Admiral Crommelin has never exhibited anti-Semitic tendencies. The same can scarcely be said for General del Valle and other sponsors of Ten Million Americans, who in the past have been closely associated with Merwin K. Hart, Allen A. Zoll, Joseph P. Kamp, and other agitators for whom the Hidden Force is just an Aesopian euphemism for that myth of an international Jewish Communist conspiracy which is their theme. Grace Brosseau, one of Ten Million Americans' founders, and a speaker at the Garden rally, has been actively identified with Zoll's American Patriots, Inc., and with his current National Council for American Education. John B. Trevor, Ten Million Americans' treasurer, is president emeritus of the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, with which Major George Racey Jordan is also associated. Although most of the Coalition's affiliates are entirely respectable patriotic organizations, some of them function more or less openly in the ultra-nationalist and anti-Semitic fringe. Other sponsors who at one time or another have associated themselves with organizations more or less tainted with bigotry include Mrs. David Good, a leader of the ultra-conservative Women's Patriotic Movement in the Philadelphia area, and Fred H. Goodwin, J. Howard Rhodes, and Roscoe Peacock—the last three all associated with the National Economic Council.

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the Rhodes scholar: "Boo!" For Senator Flanders: "Boo! Get the net for the CEC's pet!"—the CEC being the Committee for an Effective Congress headed by General Telford Taylor.)

When Major Williams, in defending Senator McCarthy's private espionage apparatus, declaimed, "God knows I myself have encouraged men to disobey orders from above," they howled their endorsement. When General del Valle denounced coexistence with those responsible for the imprisonment of our fliers in Korea ("Who wants to shake those bloody hands?"), they applauded deliriously.

One of the most impassioned orators was Professor Godfrey Schmidt, of Fordham University. "Those who plan to strike second may not live to do it," declared Professor Schmidt. At which the crowd shouted. And it roared again when he demanded rhetorically: "Should the Senate censure one of its own members in order to soothe the feelings of a cry-baby general?"

From time to time the master of ceremonies had promised that there would be surprises. Midway in the proceedings a searchlight focused on a box, the news photographers swarmed to snap the indicated quarry, and Roy Cohn permitted himself to be led to the platform. There he reached into an inside pocket and extracted a few well-chosen words. He was proud, he said, because of what this country had done for him and for those of his faith. Referring to McCarthy as "one of our greatest living Americans," he declared that if the Senate censured him "it will have committed one of the blackest crimes in its history." (A shout: "Roy Cohn for Vice President!")

The second surprise was even more crudely staged. There was a stir near the gate through which Miss Larsen had departed. As the photographers scrambled for points of vantage, Mrs. McCarthy made her entrance and the master of ceremonies shot the rhetorical works: "The tinder of America is dry and thank God it is burning fast. . . . I present the motivating spirit behind the greatest patriot the United States has produced in a century!"

Mrs. McCarthy too seemed to have rehearsed her lines. "I wish I could tell you," she said, "how deeply Joe is touched by this demonstration of your faith and support. He keeps saying to me, 'I'm unimportant as an individual in this fight.' As his wife I don't agree, but I think I know what he means. Are we about to lose the freedom that enables our elected officials to expose evil and Communism? I hope and pray that we do not."

THE rest was pretty much anti-climax. The Fundamentalist president of a small New Jersey College wished he'd had the wit to compose Joe's immortal tribute to Senator Hennings: "A living miracle, without brains or guts." Rabbi Max Merritt of Los Angeles (assistant director of the extremist American Jewish League Against Communism of which Rabbi Benjamin Schultz is director) said he was proud to be a co-religionist of Roy Cohn, and added that Roy's friend Joe "has been made the object of more contumely than Abraham Lincoln."

In effect the meeting concluded as it had begun, on the keynote of the unimportance of Joe McCarthy. Many a true word has been spoken in jest, and it would seem probable that some, at least, of those officers were not joking; certainly not General Van Fleet, as shown by his subsequent abandonment of McCarthy. Under the exigencies of war, the wounded must sometimes be left behind —even wounded heroes. It is at least conceivable that just as the Republican party was forced finally to appraise Senator McCarthy as a liability rather than an asset, so the organizers of a third party might feel that they could get along without Joe. . . .

Assuming, of course, that there is to be a third party, which is rather unlikely. The immediate effect of McCarthy's attack was to alienate the right-wing leaders who had voted against censuring him, to align the overwhelming majority of the Republican party with the President, and to lessen, rather than increase, the possibility of a split. A third party movement will scarcely develop if the President runs for re-election, and it is reported that Mr. Eisenhower will

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soon remove all existing doubts on that score.

Where does that leave Ten Million Americans for Justice, and where does it leave Joe? The morning after the meeting Major Jordan, inundated by a continuing deluge of signatures to the petition, was willing to say only that of course he and his fellow officers hadn't put in all that work just to stage a single meeting. Later, Admiral Crommelin announced that the state and local chairmen of the movement would canvass the signers of the petition "to determine their wishes and suggestions regarding a permanent organization."

Presumably, what is in prospect is the formation of a right-wing organization that might or might not become the nucleus of a third party movement in 1956. Meanwhile it would support the right wing of the Republican party and attempt to neutralize the pressure and propaganda batteries of Americans for Democratic Action and the Committee for an Effective Congress.

But such an organization has long been in existence. It was formally established last May as For America, and among its directors are Lieutenant General Stratemeyer, chairman of Ten Million Americans, and General James A. Van Fleet, who did not resign from Ten Million Americans when he publicly forswore his future support of Senator McCarthy. And by a remarkable coincidence, For America, too, aspires to recruit ten million Americans to support its principles.

For America has its headquarters at 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago, and in addition maintains a Washington office. General Robert E. Wood and Dean Clarence Manion are co-chairmen and it, too, has a military man as its executive director: General Bonner Fellers, author of *Wings for Peace*. On its National Policy Committee, in addition to Generals Van Fleet, Fellers, and Stratemeyer, are such distinguished military figures as General A. C. Wedemeyer, General Mark W. Clark, and Admiral Ben Moreell. Its policy is avowedly non-political; it does not support candidates, and on this issue Ham Fish, one of For America's original sponsors, broke away from it to set about organizing his American Political Action Committee.

THE cuckoos of the ultra-nationalist, more or less anti-Semitic and anti-Negro right will undoubtedly try to lay their eggs in all these nests, but even if they are successful, it is still unlikely that anything will hatch out in the form of a real third party. It is also unlikely that any of these organizations will want to provide a political home for Joe McCarthy. Since the censure vote, and even more, after his splenetic attack on the President, both his Congressional friends and his press supporters have been deserting him in droves. Moreover, when the Democrats take over Congress, McCarthy will no longer have the chairmanship of the Committee on Government Operations as a sounding board. The Senate floor provides a poor substitute, and Joe's special brand of foreign policy, as outlined in his latest speeches, is likely to splinter rather than consolidate his following. Where, then, will our Wisconsin Caliban go from here?

Perhaps the person least able to answer that question is Joe himself. The misfortune of being Joe McCarthy is that he is all too inhuman: a kind of monstrous political robot unequipped with steering mechanism or reverse gear. Because of these defects he is both unfitted to lead and dangerous to use to further the political ambitions of others.

Not only is it too late for McCarthy to make his peace with the Republican party; it may be that he has also lost his power to win away any part of it.

There have been people like that in the radical movement: victims of a kind of mad glandular logic. Invariably they wound up shouting in the van of ephemeral three-man splinter groups. One is sure that Joe dreads the kiss of death that the Gerald L. K. Smiths, the Joe Kamps, the Merwin Harts would like to plant upon his brow. But it may be that he cannot choose; that he is being pushed ineluctably from the right, by the logic of his own demagogic nihilism, much as Henry Wallace was pushed from the Communist left, down a murky path that can lead only to political oblivion.

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NEW JEWISH COMMUNITY IN FORMATION

A Conservative Center Catering to Present-Day Needs

MORRIS FREEDMAN

IN THE current exodus from the Big City to suburbia, Queens, the most extensive of New York's five boroughs, constitutes a midway spot. Sections near the East River, which divides it from Manhattan, look like Midwestern steel cities; others farther east are as rural as the commuters' havens of Westchester and Connecticut. Flat stretches in the easternmost part of the borough, with their rows of half-finished small homes, resemble boom towns. However, the borough has all municipal facilities, although a few neighborhoods are still not joined into the sewer system; there are more than a few parklike streets within walking distance of the subway.

Unlike sections of Nassau and Suffolk counties, which lie to the east beyond the city's limits, there is little of the frontier about Queens; except, perhaps, in one respect. For many Jewish families, settling here seems to have involved a new adventure in Jewishness, expressing itself in formal affiliation, for the first time in their lives, with a Jewish community institution.

The most obvious manifestation of this phenomenon is the burgeoning of "community centers" throughout the borough, especially in the more recently developed areas. You cannot drive down a main street without seeing one. According to the Jewish Theological Seminary, more than fifty new Conservative establishments have gone up in Long Island since the end of the war.

On Queens Boulevard, the major thoroughfare leading from midtown Manhattan, one may see two impressive centers in quick succession: in Rego Park, one of the first fashionable sections of the apartment belt, is a great white building looking somewhat like a bank, with a huge Star of David on one blank wall and flanked by stores; a little farther east is a substantial building, recently completed, reminiscent of a modern college auditorium—plain, high, out-thrust front with rows of steps leading up—which houses the Forest Hills Jewish Center. On Union Turnpike, which begins near the middle of the borough and runs east, dividing it in half, are several centers, some within a few miles of each other. Merrick Boulevard, in the southern half, is similarly lined. Some centers near the Nassau County line consist of little more than the basement foundation and cement-block first floor, but they are already active. From time to time, signs are posted in front of the buildings announcing bazaars and dances; in late summer, billboards go up advertising High Holiday services and urging early purchase of tickets.

IT IS impossible for a Queens resident to remain long unaware of all this Jewish

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TO THE continuing series in these pages on the patterns American Jews are evolving in their community living and religious expression, Israel Knox last month contributed his estimate of the current re-appraisal going on in Reform Judaism, in which a leading motif is that of return, in many aspects, to the practices of traditional Judaism. Here MORRIS FREEDMAN essays a portrait of a community institution today typical (though of course not totally representative) of Conservative Judaism, a movement which began in large part as an effort to counter what many regarded as Reform's "dilution" of traditional Judaism and excessive accommodation to the American environment. In Mr. Freedman's sketch of the Hillcrest Jewish Center in Queens, New York City, it is hoped that readers may see concrete manifestations bearing on some of the widely mooted questions concerning American Jews today. Is Conservative Judaism, which has been called the Reform Judaism of East European Jews, following a course of adaptation of belief and practice to the scene around it—or to some aspects of it—similar to Reform? Are second-generation American Jews organizing community living patterns with an undue measure of separation from the general society? Mr. Freedman is an associate editor of COMMENTARY.

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community activity. As a more than casually interested resident myself I recently decided to find out more about the center near my home.

The Hillcrest Jewish Center is on Union Turnpike, not far from Francis Lewis Boulevard, one of the main north-south roads in eastern Queens. The Center is a five-minute automobile ride from the last station on the Independent Subway. Of the thirteen hundred families who belong to Hillcrest, paying dues of $50 a year, the great majority live in one-family homes ranging in value from about $15,000 to over $50,000, with most falling between $25,000 and $30,000. (Single-family homes in the borough average around $12,000.) A small number of families live in two-family houses; almost none are apartment house tenants. Jamaica Estates, the main section of the Hillcrest community, is the largest area of wealth between Forest Hills and Great Neck. The majority of the houses here, though some are small mansions, are arrayed in neat rows, each exactly the same distance from the sidewalk, with very little space between, looking much alike: solid, squarish, of two stories, red brick with slate roofs, many built around the garage, a tree in front, all the lawns neatly barbered. Some heavily wooded and hilly streets are lined with sprawling Gothic castles and Southern mansions, cheek by jowl, looking like several college campuses squashed together. Most of the buildings were put up fifteen to twenty years ago. Jamaica Estates North, on the other side of Union Turnpike, has some homes as impressive as those in Jamaica Estates proper, but valued at several thousand dollars less because of the not-so-fashionable address and location; it also includes single-family homes joined together in block-long rows. But Holliswood Hills, a small area adjoining the Estates, is as woody and hilly as locations in Westchester, and the homes in it as individual and as elaborate. A few of those built since the war are reputed to have cost well over $100,000.

"It's very important in understanding our character," Dr. Israel Mowshowitz, the rabbi of the Center, said to me, "to realize that this is a congregation of home-owners. But even more important is the fact that these are their *first* homes—and probably their last. They don't have the sense of being apartment dwellers who might move away any time. Our members feel that for the first time in their lives they have let roots down here.

"After Forest Hills, we are the biggest center in Long Island," the rabbi went on. "We have, too, the reputation of being expensive, a 'mink crowd' we've been called. But this isn't fair. I wouldn't be rabbi of a community which discriminated against poor people. Not that we are underprivileged. We just don't make a point of money here. We have strict rules that the public celebration following a Bar Mitzvah or Bas Mitzvah must limit itself to the barest essentials. Aside from the dues, all other payments are voluntary. We don't even require a new member to help pay off for the building with an initiation fee of several hundred dollars, as many centers do."

The largest group in the congregation consists of businessmen—manufacturers and wholesalers—although there are substantial numbers of lawyers, physicians ("over one hundred," the rabbi estimated), accountants, and school administrators. U. S. Representative Samuel Rabin is a member of the Center, as is Sid Gordon, the former Giants and Braves star now with the Pirates. There are a good number of genuine millionaires, including a few Wall Street bankers. Most families came from Brooklyn and the Bronx; most had waited before leaving their apartments until they could afford to buy here; most have come since the war; most are American-born of immigrant parents.

The Center was founded in 1939, in a store on Union Turnpike. That was the year the area was just beginning to be settled, the houses costing around $10,000, the equivalent then in the real estate market of perhaps $25,000 today. In 1942, with most of the homes occupied and the neighborhood already taking on its present overwhelmingly Jewish character, the Center moved to a new one-story building of red brick with a slate roof and a colonial façade on Kent Street. This is still in use. It is around the corner from the present main building, separated from it by a row of stores. The main building, completed in 1950, is an edifice of two and a half stories whose massive squarishness is emphasized by the large blocks of white stone of which it is built. A wide expanse of steps leads up to a landing. This is

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covered by a projection jutting out from the flat roof, two stories up, and supported by four thin, square columns. The bronze-framed glass doors leading into the lobby have bronze handles in the shape of the tablets of the Ten Commandments, vertical rows of single Hebrew letters indicating the laws. Above the doors, set into the façade of the building and reaching up to the overhang, are five tile murals which, as one passes by in a car, present a pleasant blur of rich and soft colors accented by gold Hebrew lettering and flowing lines. A huge Star of David is raised up on the white stone of one wall, and a diagonal line runs out of the star to a lower corner. A bulletin board in front gives the names and addresses of the rabbi and cantor, and also the names of the next group of young men to be Bar Mitzvah. On one side of the building is a pork-products store, a cleaner, a dress shop with a canopy leading to the street, a bakery, and a candy store; none of these closes on the Sabbath. On the other block are a luncheonette, a store selling fruit, a fish market with displays of lobster and shrimp in the window, a Chinese restaurant, and a kosher butcher shop. On the other side of the building is an empty weed-covered lot on which the Center has been planning to begin an extension, and beyond the lot a lumberyard, a portion of whose land the Center owns. The main building cost three quarters of a million dollars, and it is estimated the new wing will cost about half a million. The money is being raised in a special drive.

Rabbi Mowshowitz, who came to the Center five years ago, is especially proud of its art. He took me outside to describe in detail the five murals, which were done by Anton Refregier.

"We chose Refregier, who is not Jewish, in a competition," the rabbi said. "The architects of the main building, Glaberson and Klein, recommended him because of his experience as a muralist in public buildings, the Mayo Clinic, for example. The board here liked his work best. The choice was between him and an abstractionist. We heard some silly business about him and some trouble in San Francisco, but that didn't bother us. His work has been in the best museums, and in Mexico City. We wanted only the best and were ready to pay as much as necessary to get it."

The murals are vertical rectangles made up of individual small tiles. At the bottom of each is the Hebrew text in gold which inspired it. Each is a collection of symbols, the rabbi pointed out. In one, an array of the tools of common labor—a pick-axe, a shovel, a ball of thread, and the like—is topped by the ingredients of a Sabbath meal—roast chicken and *challah,* among other things. In another, a sword is being broken under a plowshare. In a third, a mailed fist is clutching a brutal-looking mace and ball next to a broken chain; above it a lamb is lying down with a lion, and above this are seen three plump doves of peace, floating in a tree.*

The central panel won a Hallmark Christmas card prize. It is entitled "The Fruitful Life" and consists of the Tablets of the Law underneath a prayer shawl, both at the foot of a stylized Persian Tree of Life bearing an abundance of fruit. The Long Island *Press,* in perhaps understandable confusion, announced that the Center had chosen its mural from a Christmas card.

"Notice how the themes all go upward," the rabbi said to me as we stood on the steps. "My favorite panel is the last, on the eternity of the Jewish faith." This one contains, in ascending order, a telescope; a cello; an open, triangular blank book; a burning temple; and fists reaching up. A brochure, issued on the occasion of the dedication of the murals, says it "symbolizes the indestructibility and the eternity of the Jewish faith and its divine precepts. It also represents the many contributions of the Jewish

*Refregier had been charged as late as 1953 in the U.S. House of Representatives with introducing "subversive" political implications into murals he had finished in 1949 in a San Francisco post office. He was an editor of the Communist *New Masses,* has continued as a contributor to *Masses and Mainstream,* its successor, and was listed by a Congressional committee as having been associated with numerous other front enterprises. Hillcrest was his first synagogue job. When I later mentioned some of this to the rabbi, he looked thoughtful for a moment. "Actually," he said, "do you think it makes any difference?" A concerned observer of Jewish religious art in the United States remarked to me that the defiant tone of the murals seemed to him too much in the style of WPA art projects, and the lingering "liberal-progressive" tradition that too many have come to confuse with Jewish prophetism, the roots and emphasis of which are, of course, quite different.

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people to civilization despite the persecution which it was forced to endure throughout its history." For all the rather special subject matter, the murals leave the impression of pretty, pleasant things, casually, almost naively graceful in line, undemanding, simple in coloring, rendered at a comfortable midpoint between extreme tradition and up-to-the-minute modernism.

Temple Israel, the Reform synagogue designed by Percival Goodman and recently completed nearby, has a mosaic mural on one side of its unusual pitched-roof building, the Tablets and a burning bush being represented in arresting colors—brilliant yellows and reds—and in a dynamic distortion of form. "What can you expect?" I heard a Hillcrest member remark about it. "You don't spend money, you don't get art. Their mural cost them only a few hundred dollars."

INSIDE again, the rabbi led me to the synagogue, called "the chapel," which occupies a small corner of the building. It seats two hundred and fifty persons. The handsome benches are in a light wood cushioned with foam rubber upholstered in red plastic. The floor, carpeted wall to wall, slopes up to the platform on which are two big lecterns in the same light wood. In these, microphones and speakers are hidden. Between them and at the rear is the ark, in which are the Torah scrolls. The ark's doors are covered with an abstract mosaic in dark colors.

"I want you to notice," the rabbi said to me in the hushed room, urging me to sit in the front row to get a better view, "how the eye is led upward. The famous artist Raymond Katz did them; his work is in all the great museums. We worked out the design together. He has done much synagogue work, and has exhibited at the Jewish Museum. I wanted the congregation to have something non-specific to study while at services, so that their imagination and response wouldn't be limited. Notice also how the lion in the middle pulls both panels together."

A stylized lion toward the bottom had his rump and waving tail on one door and his mane on the other. Here and there in the mosaic I caught fragments of the Star of David and what looked like waving flags. Above the lion were abstract suggestions of the Tablet of the Laws, and of rolled-up Torah scrolls. In the clouds toward the top was the Hebrew for "Truth." Over the doors, the "eternal light" hung in a sleek brass cage.

The walnut-paneled wall to the right had small Stars of David cut out in it; the ceiling consisted of a huge dropped Star of David outlined in walnut with the inserts of amber glass. A rounded clerestory skylight was above this. "We want one day to replace the plain glass with stained glass. Like that vertical row of windows." He pointed to a side wall. "There are six panes and I'd like each one to represent a Jewish holiday."

The opposite wall, paneled in dark walnut squares, folds open to take in the auditorium, which can seat an additional five hundred persons for services, or two hundred seventy-five at tables; the wall is opened weekly for the Sabbath. "When the Center was designed," the rabbi told me, "the members didn't expect a large attendance for services. I tell them they poured their lack of faith into concrete. When we build the extension, we will enlarge the chapel with a balcony." Actually, the chapel is more than adequate for the daily morning service, which rarely gathers more than thirty persons; even the Sunday morning service, which is followed by a lox-and-bagel breakfast, draws no more than a hundred. Except for the major holidays in the fall and spring, there is never an overflow. Tisha B'Av this summer gathered about 160 persons. (But as such attendance goes throughout the country, these figures are substantially above average.)

On Friday nights and Saturday mornings, however, several hundred persons usually are present. At these times, the services include Bar or Bas Mitzvahs, of which there are almost always three or four. It is not unusual for each boy or girl, in traditional fashion, to gather a hundred or more guests, the remotest twigs of the family tree being represented, as well as friends of the family, and even Gentile business associates. The ceremonies are almost always followed by catered "affairs," which being private may cost up to several thousand dollars without violating the "sumptuary" restriction on the public celebration.

Over the doors on the inside are rows of names on bronze memorial plaques, and next to a few of these, little bulbs burn, turned on by the sexton, to mark the anniversary

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of death. Except for scheduled services, the doors of the chapel are kept locked.

"We want our place to become an art center, a Sistine Chapel for people to visit from all over the world," the rabbi said to me in the lobby, calling attention to his reference with a smile, "and we are ready to spend money for the finest work we can get. Here, over the staircase, we're going to have a mural of Jacob dreaming of the ladder to heaven. Refregier—you know, the man who did our outside murals—is going to do it."

I HAPPENED to be present the morning, several days later, when Refregier, a thin, dapper, alert man of about fifty, came with his small sketch of the mural to show to the rabbi and to the president of the center, Mr. Gilbert Kanter, an attorney. It was a wide painting, with a large flower-like fire in front of a rock taking up most of the left third. Stretched across the rest of the canvas was a rather angular Jacob dressed in a brown cloak, half hidden by a rock, one arm with the, by now, inevitable clenched fist twisted over his expressionless face, eyes closed, bared head resting on a pile of rocks. Behind him was a ladder reaching into the sky on the horizon; twelve six-pointed stars, representing the tribes of Israel, were joined by lines, "to show unity," the artist pointed out—he was planning to designate the tribes with little coats of arms; to the right of Jacob's head was a crescent moon; in front of him was a stone and, bordering the painting, a representation of water.

The rabbi was worried by Jacob's sleep seeming to be troubled. "It should suggest peace," he said. After some more close study and talk, during which Refregier emphasized that he was not an abstractionist, he agreed to make the moon look less like the Crescent of Islam, to hide Jacob's face somewhat, to cover his head, and to show the water more clearly; he balked at more extensive revisions which would upset the total design of the painting, like changing the size of the ladder or of the fire. He pointed out that the deep coloring was intended to harmonize with the color scheme of the lobby, the browns fitting in with the wood railing of the staircase, the dark grays and blues blending with the deep slate blue of the walls. After Refregier left, I asked the rabbi about the problem of representing a human figure in the Center. "It's in the lobby, after all," he said to me, "not in the chapel, and there is a rock in front of Jacob; and, anyway, we're not going to see his whole face, as the artist promised."

Although the building is scarcely used during the summer, all activity being practically suspended except for daily services, it is completely air-conditioned. "If we didn't have it air-conditioned," the rabbi explained, "our facilities would not be acceptable. First thing people ask is do we have air-conditioning."

On the top floor, in addition to one or two offices and a storeroom housing office supplies and equipment, is a large, well-lit room. Originally intended as the library, it is now used by the nursery school and by the teen-age congregation, which numbers from twenty to fifty, for Saturday morning services. (The young people's congregation was established, at least in part, to allow the older folks to conduct their own services with decorum.) Along one wall were miniature oak chairs and a bookcase with stacks of prayerbooks.

There is no library in the Center. A few books are in the rabbi's study, and in a glass-enclosed case in the office of the educational director. The rabbi has his private collection at home.

ON THE main floor, in addition to the chapel, the lobby, and several offices, is the auditorium, which takes up most of the building. "This is the most active room in the building," David I. Siegel, the executive director of the Center, a man with a somber air of efficiency, informed me while conducting me on a tour. "In addition to accommodating the overflow from services, we also do our catering here. Sometimes there may be four or five affairs on a weekend, Bas Mitzvahs Friday night, Bar Mitzvahs Saturday morning, a dinner, a wedding, a dance, a club meeting. We come close to resembling Madison Square Garden in making fast changes." The room was perhaps the size of a basketball court, and two stories high. While I was there, long tables in two tiers were being prepared, with great lace cloths, and immense round tables with folded legs were being rolled out. "We have one official caterer," Mr. Siegel said. "We get a per-

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centage and we share the original cost of equipment."

Mr. Siegel led me to the stage, which is an impressively professional-looking affair with balconies, a small grand piano, curving metal staircases, and an elaborate switchboard protected by a wire cage. "Nowadays," Mr. Siegel said, "to run a synagogue you need much more than a *shammes*. Among other experts, you need an electrician, as you can see." He pointed out various switches for the public-address and lighting systems. The Center also employs four porters, who help move tables and chairs; a superintendent, who has a two-room apartment on the premises; a handy man; and four office workers. The school has its own staff. Mr. Siegel's job of executive director is a new post in center organization, designed to relieve the rabbi of administrative duties. Most large centers now have executive directors, and an association of them has recently been formed.

The level underneath the main one, half above and half below the ground, contains a cloak room for the catered affairs, a large reception room which may be partitioned by folding wooden doors, stainless steel kitchen facilities for the Center's official caterer, a balcony overlooking the gymnasium below, and a bride's room. "This is the room that often sells our facilities for a wedding," Mr. Siegel said, pausing in front of a door in the dim, cavernous expanse. He opened it and switched on a fluorescent light. We were in a small room with thick, flower-embossed carpeting, pink-and-silver-papered walls, a pink brocade sofa, and a combined vanity and sink covered with pink formica and topped by a big, professional dressing-room mirror. A small closet held a toilet. "There's a new center in Brooklyn in which corners have been cut on everything but the bride's room. Theirs is probably the most elaborate bride's room in the city. It'll pay off, too." Mr. Siegel explained that a substantial portion of any center's income comes from fees for catered affairs, sometimes as much as $50,000 a year. (Next year's budget to run Hillcrest will be $169,200; a deficit of up to $10,000 is expected.)

He led me to the kitchen, which had cavernous sinks reminiscent of those in army mess halls; arrays of the chrome accessories which have become indispensable at weddings, including several tiered punch bowls that work like those monumental water fountains in public parks, cascading liquid from upper to lower levels; a refrigerator, which had trays of chopped liver, giant strawberries, and ready-to-be-baked hors d'oeuvres; and another refrigerator, kept locked and containing meat, which could only be opened by the *mashgiyach*, the *kashrut* supervisor of the caterer.

The floor beneath this one had an actual basketball court, perhaps not as long as an official one, but seemingly wider; boys' and girls' shower and locker rooms; a workshop; several paint and lumber storage areas; a room for the heating and air-conditioning equipment, which was in the process of being made shipshape; and two classrooms. "We'll be eliminating these classrooms, of course, when the new wing is finished," he said. "We use the basketball court for the overflow on the High Holy Days, and for Oneg Shabbat on Friday nights. We have another rabbi and cantor for the Holy Days, alternating with our regular ones, here in the gym and upstairs."

Seats sell for forty dollars in the chapel proper, twenty-five in the front of the auditorium, twenty in the rear, and fifteen downstairs. As many as seventeen hundred persons come during the High Holy Days, divided about equally between upstairs and downstairs. The rabbi told me that many more would probably attend but for the new custom of going up to the Catskill resorts for this period. Since tickets are sold only to congregation members, Hillcrest does not, like other centers, advertise its services. Last fall, for the first time, a separate service was held on the middle level, in the reception room, for teen-agers. Three hundred attended at three dollars a seat and many had to be turned away.

On the floor below the main one live the resident custodian and his wife. The kitchen of this apartment serves the whole Center for small meetings. "There's no gathering," Mr. Siegel said, "that can take place without Danish and coffee. The men's club, the Hadassah chapter, all must have their refreshments, and they come from here. This is the only dairy kitchen in the Center." The custodian's family has separate arrangements for cooking and serving meat meals.

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The Kent Street building, which was being painted during my visit, is devoted entirely to the educational and recreational program. It has a small lobby with several small offices to the left and right. The doors in the center open on the main room of the building, which runs its full width. There is a recessed stage at the other end, with an Ark and a permanently burning red light suspended over it, the Torah being used for services by the junior congregation (made up of those not yet in their teens). One blackboard had chalked on it a skull-and-bones. The floor was dusty bare wood; folding doors can divide the total area into five classrooms. A jukebox stands alongside the stage, and an upright piano is in a corner. Outside the building is the framework for a *succah*.

I talked about the educational program with Theodore Langbaum, who is the principal of a public elementary school in Bayside, a section not far from the Center, and a former educational director of the Center.

"We have a variety of courses," he told me. "Our most recent is the nursery class. Actually, though, most of the families have children in their teens, and don't expect any more little ones. We have a strict rule in the center that no boy may be Bar Mitzvah unless he's attended our school at least four years but, of course, this may be suspended in special cases. The same goes for girls. The full course is six years. We teach our students how to read Hebrew; some even learn to understand a little. We try to build Jewish self-esteem by giving accounts of the Jewish heroes of the past; we want them to feel positive and strong about their Jewishness, not weak. We teach no Yiddish. Our history concentrates on ancient rather than modern times, although we stress Zionist history.

"We teach Jewish customs and encourage the young people to run their own services. We want them to know the significance of their prayers, even if they don't know the meaning of the words. The ethical values are important. We minimize the factual, emphasize the inspirational. Actually, we can't do too much." A brochure issued by the Center declares that the children will learn "to take part in the activities of the Jewish community; to contribute towards Jewish causes and institutions; to enjoy and appreciate Hebrew and Jewish literature, music and art; the harmony between Jewish and American ideals." (Except for an informal stamp-selling campaign for trees in Israel, there are no organized children's fund-raising drives.)

"Our teachers come to us from the Jewish Educational Committee," Mr. Langbaum continued. "They must pass examinations for pedagogy and content. Our curriculum is established by the Committee. Our salary scale also follows the recommendation of the Committee. A beginning teacher will start at $2,100 for a maximum of twenty hours a week, and go up to $4,500. Rarely is the assignment more than fourteen hours. Most of our teachers hold down other teaching jobs. One of our best teachers is also at a yeshiva day school. We try to run like a public school, schedules, bells, tests, assemblies, diplomas. But some parents look on our function as exclusively preparation for Bar Mitzvah." The pupils, a former teacher told me, actually do learn a good deal, and on a very high level for a congregational school.

The school has twelve full-time teachers in addition to the principal, and several part-time teachers, including one for music, and one for folk dancing. (One former Sunday school teacher said that Hillcrest was a good place to teach, the administration very decent, and the pupils "unusually nice kids.") Some 800 students attend classes from two to four afternoons a week. The Center is now considering establishing a "Foundation School," which would cover the first two years of the regular elementary curriculum and would be the first step toward an all-day parochial school. (Facilities would be provided in the new wing, which will have twelve class rooms, two nursery rooms, and a library, which, it is expected, will be run by a retired high school teacher.) A few students attend post-Bar Mitzvah classes in Hebrew. There is no Talmud study. A Sunday school is run only for those too young to attend regular weekly classes. The operation of the school costs the Center about $60,000 annually, a good portion of which comes from tuition fees. Children unable to pay, of whom there are a few, go free. Last year, the school finally joined the association run by the Jewish Education Committee, which supervises and maintains standards, but until the new classrooms are ready and a full-

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time director appointed, it will not meet the Committee's ideal requirements.

OUTSIDE the Kent Street building is a bulletin board that classifies the various groups for recreation purposes according to age. In each group the girls are younger than the boys.

"Our recreational program is fabulously successful," the rabbi told me. "We have a Director of Youth Activities this year and more than ten group leaders. There is a Boy Scout troop, eleven Young Judea groups, an AZA, a BBG, a Junior Hadassah, a Senior League, and others, talent night, debates, a choir, and dances. We have an open-door policy; dues are nominal. Some youngsters belong here though their parents are members of other congregations. We draw young people from all over the borough and lately there has been some discussion about all of the boys and girls coming here whose families are not members." I was told by a family in the community whom I happen to know that the issue has lately become somewhat acute with the girls and boys bringing to Center affairs their high school friends, some of whom are not Jewish. "We're having some time trying to explain to them why they shouldn't do this," the father said to me. "They can't see any point to becoming friendly with their classmates and then not being able to see them socially."

There is a full-time athletic director, and extensive use is made of the huge gymnasium. The new wing is to have a swimming pool. Center softball and basketball teams have won championships in their leagues.

"We figure," the rabbi told me, "that if we can get the young people here for one reason, the dances and the sports, they'll start coming for religious reasons as well."

The boys and girls seem to pick up traditional Jewish ritual enthusiastically. "We have mothers coming to us," the rabbi said with pride, "asking for instruction on how to bless the candles Friday night. Their children have been bothering them." The educational director told me that the teachers were instructed not to make any youngster feel embarrassed if his parents happen not to observe. "We try to let them know, if they feel anxious about their parents," the rabbi told me, "that one can live as a Jew on many different levels."

ONE morning, about a week after my first tour through the Center, I sat down with the rabbi in his small study to ask him what the rationale for all this was. Outside his window, a tiny woodpecker tapped away at a tree; outside the door in the corridor, a young boy's voice was rehearsing in an irregular thin chant the *Haftarah*, corrected every so often by the deeper voice of the cantor. I was especially interested in discovering what it was that motivated the members to join the Center and why they seemed so devoted to it.

"The majority of our members," the rabbi said, "never felt the pull of the synagogue before they moved here. Many never even belonged to one; of those that did, few were active. Of course, it's the style to belong now, you make social contacts here in a new community, but there's much more to explain the joining.

"I think the main thing is that they felt they had to work out a new *modus vivendi* because of their children. Let me tell you a cute story. Last year I was speaking to the congregation about their belonging. You forged a community out of the wilderness, I told them. Although not one of you was born in Hillcrest, all of you were reborn here, I said. You may be citizens of the United States technically, but citizenship can be only conferred by yourself. You're a citizen when you feel you are.

"Before they came here, they were living in a void. Their souls went searching; they wanted a reason for living. Now they could satisfy their loneliness of heart. Here their unselfishness is touched by greatness; they are creating; they are leaving their imprints on the sands of time; they are touched by eternal values. In spite of all their grumbling, this is what they want. They discover the beauty of the service, the charm of traditional customs. When they were children they asked no questions of their parents; they were rebelling. Now, they find they have to try to answer the questions of their children regarding Jewishness, and that's part of the reason why they finally send their children to the Center. As it works out, it is their children who now answer *their* questions."

I asked the rabbi what his hopes were for the Center. "I'm a Jewish survivalist," he said. "I want to keep alive the culture, tradition, and ancient ways of life, and train a new

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generation of Jews in self-satisfying, self-fulfilling values. I want to raise Jews who will appreciate the Bible and Bialik and Maimonides, and who will live as Jews."

THE Center was at one time very pro-Zionist, enclosing a Zionist Organization of America bill for membership with the annual bill for regular dues. However, the percentage of those who pay the ZOA bill has been decreasing, and at the last survey came to 40 per cent. Also, the Yom Kippur collection, which has gone in the past entirely to ZOA and for local youth work, now is shared as well with such organizations as the Jewish Theological Seminary and Yeshiva University. The last appeal brought close to $10,000. (Separate dinners are held for the United Jewish Appeal, the last one raising nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and for the New York Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, which collected nearly $50,000. Occasional breakfasts are sponsored for special causes like Hebrew University and the Palestine Economic Corporation. These are all official congregation affairs. In addition, there are drives by independent internal groups like the Center's Hadassah chapter, which has the best fund-raising record on Long Island, the local Red Cross, and the voluntary health organizations—cancer, heart disease, polio, mental hygiene, etc.)

The rabbi came to the attention of the Center in 1949 when it invited him to speak at a dinner celebrating the anniversary of Israel, since he had been a delegate to the World Zionist Congress in Basle in 1946. His previous post was in Omaha, where he had been for six years. "I was very happy there," he told me. He taught psychology at the Municipal University of Omaha—he has a doctorate in psychology from Duke; was president of the Urban League; was a Unesco delegate for that area; and founded the Mayor's Committee on Human Relations, a fair employment practices group.

"When I was interviewed in Omaha by the directors of the two main synagogues, one Lithuanian and the other Russian, they asked me what I was. I told them that if the Russians liked me after my probation year was up, they'd call me a Russian, and if the Lithuanians liked me, they'd call me a Litvak, and, of course, vice versa. In the meanwhile, I told them I was the guest of both and I wouldn't identify myself."

Today, he will answer such a question directly. "I'm a Litvak," he told me. "Here it makes no difference, and I am proud to say that after the year it didn't make any difference there either." He came to this country as a boy; stands six feet two; was graduated and ordained by Yeshiva University, class of 1937, where he played first board on the chess team; and lives with his wife, fifteen-year-old daughter, and eleven-year-old son in Jamaica Estates, a few blocks from the Center, in a house that comes with his position. A few summers ago the congregation gave him and his wife a trip to Israel as a Chanukah gift. He is one of the dozen or two highest paid men in the Conservative rabbinate. "Being an Orthodox rabbi with a degree from Yeshiva," he told me, "has great advantages in a Conservative center. You can introduce modern adaptations without being suspect."

WHEN I accompanied him to a luncheonette a block away on Union Turnpike for coffee, he was greeted warmly by every passerby, each of whom, including the children, he knew by name. "We really are too big," he said. "How can I hope to visit every sick person in the congregation, or really get to know the people and their problems? Perhaps forty or fifty visits have to be made a week."

The Center now publishes a weekly bulletin, which, among other things, welcomes new members and exhorts old ones to keep a recruiting eye open. During the week of my visit, the rabbi was called away twice for funerals, and once was invited to officiate at a wedding in the Center by a family which did not belong to it. He was happy to oblige, asking only that the young couple come in to see him before the ceremony so that he could talk to them about the meaning of marriage. (A family planning to use the Center must engage the official caterer, but it may, with the permission of the rabbi, bring in its own rabbi.) The rabbi has very few problems to settle on doctrine or ritual. Complaints that the forms are either too strict or too free are minor and never pressed. Like most of the new Jewish centers in Queens, Hillcrest is Conservative, "leaning toward the traditional," the rabbi qualified; "toward

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the Orthodox," the president had put it when I talked with him. In any case, religious services follow the established Conservative pattern.

The rabbi's sermons, as he put it, are inspirational. "I try to give them a human interest tinge," he told me. "I ask myself, will what I say be helpful to some one, will it be a guide, will it provide a lift?" He gave me two examples. When former Vice President Alben Barkley visited the Center to address a Queens County Israeli Bond dinner, young people lined up by the hundreds to get his autograph. "That week," the rabbi said, "I spoke of people's urge to be touched by fame. I tied in this theme with Jewish Book Month and urged everyone to read. For in reading, I pointed out, one makes friends of famous people who are also servants and can't talk back. David, Hosea, Maimonides. And one can have non-Jewish friends, too, great men like Socrates." On the occasion of the dedication of the lobby mural, the rabbi elaborated a Midrash text which recounted how Jacob's face on high was radiant, quite different from what it was below. "I spoke of the difference between what people are and what they ought to be. A dream, I said, is the fulfillment of what one ought to be." Other sermons often have to do with raising funds for the new building.

I HAD asked Rabbi Mowshowitz at one point how typical Hillcrest was. He felt that, aside possibly from running more extravagant affairs because its congregants were more affluent, it fell into the same pattern visible in all of the new centers in Queens and Long Island. There wasn't a new one on Long Island, he insisted, that didn't, for example, have elaborate catering facilities. "And you know," he added, "our new building will have no such facilities at all, although some members wanted them." An official of the Jewish Theological Seminary advising new congregations confirmed the rabbi's feeling that Hillcrest fell into a widespread pattern.

I had occasion to talk with another rabbi not long after I visited Hillcrest, one who had considerable knowledge of the growth of centers throughout the country. "The people who are behind the mushrooming centers," he told me, not talking of Hillcrest specifically, which he happened not to know, "are often very anxious to get up their building. Instead of waiting another year, when they'll have the extra money to buy the land on the corner, say, they'll build at once in the middle of the block. The corner gets filled up quickly with stores that do a vigorous business on Friday evenings and all day Saturday.

"Sometimes they don't even have the money to put up the building in the middle of the block. They won't settle simply for a modest house of worship, say. So they in effect hock themselves to a caterer, practically build the vast structure for his use, and are happy to have a section in it for their own activities. They pay off the mortgage with catering proceeds, and sometimes even have a little left over to run synagogue affairs. They think they've done right by their Jewishness, and everyone is happy, especially the caterer. But this pattern is pretty much limited to the new communities in and around New York, probably because the tradition of elaborately catered weddings and Bar Mitzvahs has so firmly been established in this area."

When I mentioned these comments to Rabbi Mowshowitz, he shrugged philosophically. "First, there is nothing that requires excluding catering or athletics from a synagogue center," he said. "Isn't it better that we should control these things? A wedding at Hillcrest is free of theatrics or photograph-taking; it is dignified, solemn, religious. In many ways the catering is a burden. We tolerate it as an accommodation to our members."

"IF YOU look at the current phenomenon historically," another rabbi told me, a mellow man who heads an old congregation in a large Eastern city, "you can find a lot to explain it. These new centers, by and large, are sponsored by persons whose main experience with Jewish tradition and observance, if they had any at all, was very likely to have been in the store *cheders* in the Bronx and Brooklyn. Sometimes I think that the square boxes they put up now commemorate their origins, so to speak. Having become wealthy, they enlarge and shine up the tiny, grubby cube in which they used to prepare for Bar Mitzvah. However that is, you've got to admit that these centers are an improvement. They represent a striving to arrive, in Rockefeller Center terms, all

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marble and bronze, that is really touching. The catering is certainly more dignified, less commercial, than the kind of thing that went on in the lofts of Tremont and Pitkin Avenues, or in the basements of the manors off Eastern Parkway. After all, you can't expect them to build on the model of the Touro Synagogue, which itself had its own tradition.

"Let's be a bit realistic—how can one be a purist in these matters? If you're going to have Jewishness of any sort in this country, you've got to start somewhere, preferably with familiar, easy-to-swallow things, even the near-pagan spectacles of Bar and Bas Mitzvah and operetta-like weddings, the forms of male and female Rotarianism, and the athletic competitions. I don't say that what goes on in many centers—the country-club atmosphere and so on—is better than no Jewishness at all. Nothing of the sort; it may be worse. But it is the beginning toward revitalizing Jewishness, and maybe some day, when the offspring of the present members grow up, Jewishness everywhere in America will return to something of its seriousness and solemnity. You've got to keep remembering that in their varying ways these centers are directed fundamentally to the young people."

I HAD been hearing repeatedly that the ruling impulse behind Hillcrest was the desire of economically newly arrived second-generation Jews to make sure that their children "grew up Jewish" and identified themselves with the community. But I still wondered if this "child-centeredness" was the whole story, or even its chief part. After all, much energy is expended on adult affairs.

One evening I talked with the couple I know who belong to the Center. They have been members now some four years, live in one of the older and more modest sections of Jamaica Estates, and have an eighteen-year-old boy and a thirteen-year-old girl. "We joined because of the kids," the father told me. "No sense kidding ourselves.

"Our boy didn't have a Bar Mitzvah: somehow it didn't matter much to us or to him when we lived in Brooklyn. But the girl was Bas Mitzvah just a month ago. She wanted it very much. I guess she thought of it as a grand birthday party. All her friends were having it. My father, a real patriarch with stooped shoulders and a white beard, said he guessed it was a good thing for girls, too, to know they are Jewish. The Center here, you know, was one of the first to institute the Bas Mitzvah ceremony.

"This is all part of their social life. All their friends belong. Instead of meeting at the neighborhood movies, or ice-cream parlor, hanging out on the corner, or even in the basement playrooms of one another's homes, they go to the Center."

"Social life is the key for the grownups, too," his wife broke in. "We ourselves don't go to most of the affairs, the dinners and dances. For one thing, they're quite expensive, on occasion as much as a hundred dollars a ticket, and they seem to attract the kind of people who gather prestige from being active in large organizations or attending fancy affairs. We were invited to be guests at one such dinner. I was the only woman there without a mink. Hadassah meetings are preceded by a fabulous fashion parade." (When I asked the rabbi about this, he replied testily that neither his wife nor the president's had minks, that women's dressing up was a common habit, and that the Center's Hadassah had been cited time and again for its efficient work.)

"There isn't much of an adult education program," she went on, "a speech now and then by some one like Max Lerner or Maurice Samuel, or maybe by a psychiatrist on mental health, or by the rabbi. But the Center is always crowded, the Jewish War Veterans, the men's club, the Knights of Pythias, and the like." Dr. Mordecai Kaplan was a more recent speaker, I learned. (The rabbi had expressed to me his great dissatisfaction with the adult education program. He hoped some day to improve it, but he was not very specific.)

"THE fifty-dollar dues," said the husband, "sort of forces you to feel part of the Center. Less, you'd forget; more, you mightn't give. There are families who, with membership in several clubs, donations in drives, and so on, wind up contributing several thousand dollars a year. Sometimes neither they nor their kids have anything to do with the place except for occasions like Bar Mitzvahs. They just want to feel the Center is there. There are several families who obviously find great satisfaction, even

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fulfillment, at the religious services and in helping plan and carry out elaborate projects. All of their friends have the same interests; their real life seems rooted in the Center.

"And then there are the professional big wheels; of course you can't do without their energy and money. They kid themselves by finding all sorts of reasons for their work, and these—like youth education, maintenance of Jewish life—are no doubt true; but the truest are their private needs for self-expression. Finding fulfillment in Center affairs, I suppose, is not unlike the activity in fraternal orders. It's a matter of 'belonging' in a new setting geared to our times and the more American, the more modern way of doing things.

"I have one motivation for belonging to the Center, very vague, which I can't put my finger on. Somehow, being a member is an expression of my Jewishness. For some reason, I feel it necessary to make this expression right now. Maybe it has something to do with wanting the kids to marry properly. But even when they'll be on their own, I feel we'd continue to belong. Maybe it's something as vague as owning a home in a community and wanting to feel it. We have occasional routine meetings of the civic association, but that's all. Except for catered Bar Mitzvahs and weddings, the civic group is the only place where Jews and Gentiles meet, by the way.

"The Center is a handsome, modern building; it's clean-cut, American, if you know what I mean; the place is efficient, and rather dignified. Why shouldn't I belong? I can afford the $50. So it's $50 more a year I pay in taxes for the privilege of living out here. And I'll probably be contributing a good sum to the new building fund. After all, a swimming pool.

"Why did we join a Conservative center? Well, I'd feel as strange in an Orthodox synagogue as in a Catholic church. I think the kids get a better sense at a Conservative center of what it used to mean to me to be Jewish; it's more homey. Anyway, their choice of belonging to something like this is a happier one than mine was."

THERE is no doubt that American Jewish life will be shaped by the reaction of younger couples like these and their children to what places like Hillcrest have to offer. At the moment, the parents, the youngsters, and the rabbi seem well satisfied with the program there, whatever its makeshift character. Almost the chief impression I carried away with me was of its air of improvisation and its great fluidity. Educational and youth directors seem to come and go; organization and content of class and group work do not always conform to the spit-and-polish standards the national organizations are trying to set. But perhaps this is just what the Hillcrest public is buying right now—grandeur in the externals, undemanding informality and trial and error in substance.

It is clear, as one observes Hillcrest making its way, that the patterns for the future have by no means been fixed; and what will finally emerge may show only the thinnest connection with what we see today. At any rate, a close and sober look now may offer an opportunity for those deeply concerned to help shape those patterns before the mold hardens.

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THICKER THAN WATER

A Story

SYLVIA ROTHCHILD

GRANDMA KLEIN did not put her paper down until she was ready for supper. She had been reading all afternoon, her glasses low on her nose, the paper an arm's-length away. She didn't always understand what she read, but at least she read. It gave her a feeling of accomplishment and it didn't bother anyone else. To know what was read, one had to understand where everything was. She could not be sure. Was Paris in France or was it the other way around? Where exactly were Florida and California? Were they neighboring states? She had no way of knowing. But at least she felt she knew about Europe. After all, she had come from there. She knew how poor and broken it was; a place for war and devastation; a place where everyone grew old before his time from hunger and overwork.

At the supper table she listened while her daughter and son-in-law talked about a trip to Europe that her grandson wanted to take. At first she wasn't quite sure what they meant. There were so many things she did not seem to hear, or heard and misconstrued. When she had first come to stay with them they did not discuss things in her presence. Suddenly changes would take place that she was never prepared for. Of late, she found that though they did not include her in their conversations, they did not exclude her either. They did not hide things from her.

"What's this, Jackie's going to Europe?" she asked when she had had the last of her soup. She ate soup at the end of the meal, cold. She could never understand why the others insisted on having it first, hot.

Her daughter, at first, pretended not to hear. She carried the ice cream to the table for the rest of the family.

"About Jackie," Grandma Klein persisted, "why do you talk about him going to Europe? Are they catching him for the army? What are you keeping from me?"

Her daughter took the soup bowl away. "It's not the army, Mama. It's for a vacation next summer. His school is arranging a trip for the art students. Jackie wants to go and we think it would be nice for him. It's just for two months."

"You want him to go? Are you crazy? Don't you know what Europe is? What is the matter with you?"

"You don't understand, Mama. He's not going to fight. He's going to paint pictures with an art class."

"Don't tell me I don't understand. I have heard that already too many times these years. I read. I understand. I know what happens in the world."

Her son-in-law pushed his chair back. "Excuse me, please," he said politely. He threw his wife a look of understanding. With his eyes he said, "Good luck, darling! This is not for me."

SELMA doggedly carried the dishes to the dishwasher. Her mother sat at the table and did not try to help. That much at least had been settled. Grandma Klein had not approved of the dishwasher. It had taken her job from her. At first she vowed that she would never use it, to prove that it was a waste of four hundred dollars. It took months

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SYLVIA ROTHCHILD has been one of the steadiest and most popular writers of short stories for COMMENTARY. Her most recent contribution, "A Family of Four," appeared in our February issue. Mrs. Rothchild, a native of Brooklyn, lives now in Sharon, Massachusetts, and does her writing in the intervals left by an active participation in community affairs and the day-to-day problems of bringing up three small children.

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before Selma had forced her mother to learn to use the machine. It was bought for a purpose, it was going to be used. Grandma Klein was never much of a dish-washer. They had become accustomed to eating out of egg-streaked platters, out of ringed glasses, and encrusted forks. At the beginning Selma had taken the dishes out of the cupboard every day and rewashed them. Her complaints were tallied with, "So it's a little dirty. What is it, poison? It won't kill you." Later on she rewashed them only for company. The dish-washer was her husband's idea. It made his wife a little lightheaded and he was happy to please her. He knew the value of a mature wife.

The first time Grandma Klein used the machine she dropped a small piece of raw carrot into it. It caught in the impeller and shattered it. The impeller was replaced but she refused to touch it again. She fingered some bread crumbs left on the table and wondered how to impress her daughter with the seriousness of the boy's trip. "What's the matter there's nothing to paint in America?" she asked. "What black year has to drag him to Europe?"

Selma did not answer her.

"I'm talking to you, Selma," she said angrily. "It's too good for you here? I'm thanking God he has a heart murmur and doesn't have to go away and you'll send him over the water yourself. You must be out of your head."

Selma carried the food to the refrigerator as if waiting for the subject to change without her help. "What's going to be with Jackie anyway?" the grandmother asked. "How is he ever going to make a living? The house is full of paintings. Can he sell them? What's the good of them? I told him already that he should stop and do something else. If you sell out what you have then you make more, but just to smear paint all day, what is the purpose? Wouldn't it be better if he went for a doctor or a lawyer?"

Selma rubbed the grease off the stove. "It's not even stylish to have so many pictures all over the house," her mother said. "I'm telling you, but you can ask anybody."

Selma went for the broom, wincing a little as she bent for the dust pan. Some nights she went to bed as early as eight-thirty because of her bad back. Lying down seemed to help it. "Don't bother Jackie, Mama," she said. "He has lots of talent. There are plenty of jobs for artists. Don't worry about him." Still she, herself, worried. She worried all the time.

The grandmother went into the living room to watch a television program. Louise, her fourteen-year-old granddaughter, did her homework at the desk opposite the set. Louise turned her chair so that they wouldn't look at each other. They weren't speaking to each other since Louise's birthday party the Sunday before. Selma, her husband, and Jack had gone out for the evening so that Louise could have the house for herself. The grandmother had promised to visit with a friend of hers down the street until she was ready to go to sleep. The last minute, however, she had changed her mind and sat down in the foyer three feet behind the mistletoe to watch the party. When the boys came they sat slumped in their chairs with their feet over the arms. The girls danced together and put layer over layer of lipstick to pass the time. They played charades, but the party never acquired the right spirit. Grandma Klein enjoyed the sight of so many young fresh people. She was as pleased as any of them with the balloons and decorations. Her eyes caressed the platters of delicatessen, the chocolate layer cake, and the punch with pink ice cubes. She did not go to her room until her head began to slip forward on her chest. She kissed Louise and said, "It was a beautiful party. It would have been a shame for me to sit with old Mrs. Kauffman and miss it."

In the excitement over her departure one of the boys did a frog stand and backed into the table so that the bowl of punch toppled over on the floor.

When Selma came home the hallway was full of boys and girls. She reminded them that they were disturbing the other people in the house and they reluctantly went down

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the street, six abreast, so that no one could pass them.

Louise was crying while she cleaned the kitchen. "She stayed all night and spoiled my party," the girl said. "She sat right in the living room feeding herself peanuts like a monkey in the zoo." Selma clapped her hand over her daughter's mouth. "Hush," she said. "She's your grandmother."

In the morning Grandma Klein scolded her daughter. "How can you trust a bunch of young hooligans like that alone? They were quiet as long as I watched them, but as soon as I went out of the room they were standing on their heads and making a wreck of the house."

"They don't like to be watched," Selma said without force.

"So they don't like it. It would be a fine world if we did as they liked." When Louise came down to breakfast, however, her grandmother took a little ball of tissue paper from her pocket. She unrolled it and took out a pair of diamond earrings. "It's a present for you, Louise," she said. "I was saving it for you anyway, you may as well save it for yourself."

Louise didn't even look at them. "Thank you," she said. "I don't want them at all."

IT HAD been a long hard winter for the family. Grandma Klein had nowhere to go and nothing to do. Some sunny afternoons she sat on the street corner with the young mothers. She carried her folding chair till she found a patch of sunlight between two store awnings. There she would stay until her hands and toes froze.

The intervening months, from February to April, were the worst. The gray bleak days put the grandmother in a terrible mood. She spent whole days in bed, weeping. The tears were a purge, as relieving as a funeral. She encouraged them with memories of all the hurts and disappointments in her life and she looked constantly for the small irritation that would give her a chance to indulge her feelings. At night before she went to bed she poured pots of water down at the cats that ran beneath her window. "Go! go!" she shouted. "Who needs you?" In the morning she vented her feelings on the pigeons. Selma heard the water splashing and the swish of their wings as they hurried out of the way. She heard her mother chase the children who lived upstairs till Selma begged her to let them be. "My head is broken," she complained. "How can I listen to the noise?" But whether she scolded them or not they drove around and around outside her windows with wagons tied to their tricycles and metal cans tied to the wagons.

Grandma Klein relinquished her winter habits one by one when the days became longer and warmer. It was easier to persuade her to change to fresh clothes; she wore the same crumpled cotton dress for weeks during the winter. "Who sees me? For who should I dress?" she would ask her daughter when Selma pressed her.

"We see you," her daughter said.

"You?" she would say in a way that was designed to hurt.

It was different when she sat on the bench in front of the house, greeting the people that passed on their way to the store. "Are you still sitting, Mrs. Klein?" one woman would call.

"Jealous, hah?" she answered. "I worked enough in my life already. I don't have to work any more."

As soon as the ground was workable, the landlord came to clean up the little garden in front of the house. He tried to keep the children out but they hung on the thin-trunked catalpa when he wasn't looking. They tore the first buds off the rosebush that climbed a broken trellis under Mrs. Klein's window and they cracked the stems of the purple iris with their balls and toys. Mr. Schwartz bent stiffly from the waist to twist a broken old kitchen knife in the dirt. Someone had once given him a hand rake and trowel to make his work easier, but he left them to rust on the basement window ledge. "This is also good," he had said.

Mrs. Klein sat with her hands in her lap and watched him work. "How's the farmer?" she called to him. "You're fixing it nice so the children can ruin it for you? Hah?"

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He didn't answer her. He picked up the pieces of paper, glass, and ice cream sticks. He covered the garbage pails that were chained to the fence and he brought out bowls of milk for the alley cats, the ugly insolent street-walkers that preened themselves in the sun.

"I throw water on them to chase them and you feed them," she said. "What's the sense of it?"

He looked at her coldly and said, "They're living things too."

ONE spring afternoon Grandma Klein watched the neighbors' children playing outside her window. She was so amused by their conversations that she forgot for the moment that these were the same children she could not bear when they ran shrieking under her windows. They played house on the front steps. They made boundaries with egg boxes and paper cartons and moved in with their dolls and carriages, dishes and pieces of cloth. "My baby has the measles," the little girl upstairs said.

"And mine," her younger sister echoed.

"My baby died, but he'll be better soon. He's just a little bit died," the girl next door said.

A little boy called Peter was the father. He rode to work on a tricycle and ate the meals of stones and paper the girls prepared for him.

Grandma Klein smiled to herself as she watched them and finally took her folding chair and a bag of sticky old Christmas candy and went out to them. She carried her chair right into their house.

"We're playing here," one of the children protested.

"It's all right," she said. "I brought you some candy. It's better than stones to eat." She held the candy out to them. She had recovered it after Selma had thrown it away. "What are you throwing it away for? It's a waste," she had said. The littlest girl had moved to take some.

"Don't take candy from her," her older sister called. "How many times did Mama tell you?"

Mrs. Klein kept tempting the little one. "Take a small piece, darling. Your mother won't mind."

The little girl reached out again but her five-year-old sister hurried to stop her. "Look at it," she shouted in a voice like her mother's. "It's filthy. It'll make you sick as a dog." The little girl turned away reluctantly and Mrs. Klein nibbled the piece herself.

"Don't do me a favor," she said. "Don't take it."

The children meanwhile tired of their housekeeping. They hesitated for a minute while they decided what else to do.

"Play, children," Mrs. Klein begged. "Play a little. I like to watch you." But Peter took a handful of sand that they had used for cereal and threw it at one of the girls and then the oldest girl threw the egg boxes over.

"Let's jump! Come on, everybody," she called. She turned to go up the steps and the others followed her. First they jumped one step, then two, then three.

"Stop jumping, children," Mrs. Klein begged. "Stop jumping. You'll hurt yourself."

"Shut up, we know how to jump," Peter said and he led them higher and higher, four steps and five and six. The little girls leaped high in the air and slid on their bottoms. Mrs. Klein felt her heart pound in fear for them, but they jumped and wouldn't listen to her. She hurried up the steps into the house and went up to the second floor where two of the children lived. She knocked loudly on the first door she came to. She could hear the sound of footsteps, dishes rattling, and a baby's cry.

"Who is it?" someone asked.

Mrs. Klein didn't answer. She knocked again. Finally the mother came to the door with a baby in her arms. "What do you want?" she asked disagreeably.

"The children are jumping," Mrs. Klein said. "They're jumping on the steps."

"So?" the mother asked. "What do you want me to do?"

"Stop them," she begged. "They'll rupture themselves. They'll break their legs."

"Why don't you just let them alone?" the younger woman asked.

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"It's for your good I'm telling you. They're your children."

"Please, Mrs. Klein, go sit someplace else. Don't look at them if they make you nervous. Just leave them alone and don't bother me. I have enough to do without you bothering me."

Then she shut the door. She shut it gently but firmly and there was nothing for Mrs. Klein to do but come down again.

"DID you hear her upstairs?" she asked her daughter when she came in. "What did I do so wrong? I wanted to save her children from harm."

"She has her hands full with three children, Mama. Don't pay any attention to her. She doesn't realize."

"I had children too. I know. It's no excuse to shut a door in a person's face if they want to help you. But take her part, Selma. Take her part. Take everyone's part but mine. I know what you say. I know what you think."

"What did I say, Mama?" Selma said in exasperation. "What are you making a fuss over nothing for?"

"What fuss? When fuss? Selma, I know all about it. I know how much you need me. I still remember the greeting you gave me when I came. You looked me over just as the women outside look everyone over. You're no different than they are."

"What are you talking about, Mama? Don't you remember we weren't even home when you came? We didn't even know you were coming till we found you waiting in the hall for us with all your bundles."

"I remember. Till I dragged those things in the house—it wasn't a job for my strength. I kicked them with my feet because I couldn't lift them. I remember."

"What are you bringing those things up for? That was six years ago, Mama."

"I bring it up because I haven't forgotten it. What were in my bundles? An old coffee pot, a few dish towels, some old silverware, and a few little things I saved over the years. 'Junk,' you said. 'Throw it out, it's junk.' It was mine. Everything I ever owned I had to sell when Papa died. I saved a few little things to remind me I once had a home and you had to throw them out. What if it was junk even? It was still mine. When I sold everything away it was like chopping off my head. When the truck drove away with the things I saw my whole life driving away. And the little I kept you had to throw away."

"Do we have to talk about it again, Mama? Can't you remember that we didn't have any room? There wasn't an empty dresser drawer or a closet with two inches in it. Why are you so foolish? You came from Florence, angry. You said you couldn't stay with her any more. Did we turn you away? Did we argue with you? We gave you Louise's room. What more could we have done?"

"I should give you a medal. Louise still hates me for it. It would have been better if I slept in the hall or the living room like I wanted and she should like me a little better."

"You couldn't sleep in the hall. O Mama, let's not start in again."

"I only know I take up too much room here. That's what I know."

"What's the use," Selma said, "if we have to go over the same old thing a thousand times." Her mother went to her room and shut the door.

Selma dressed. She left lunch on the table for her mother and went out.

Mrs. Klein kicked off her shoes and lay down on her bed. Soon the tears began to flow. At first she wept without reason but then she wept because she thought of death. People her age were dying everywhere. Only a week before a friend of hers down the street had gone to the hospital and not returned. Fear and dread were with her always. It had been so since the morning she had awakened to find her husband cold at her side. She still woke up trembling almost as badly as the first years when she could not sleep at all. She used to sit in the living room with her newspapers and health magazines until she fell asleep on the couch. She would wake up at dawn in her clothes with the light on and the papers all over the floor. Her children had forced her to sleep in a room of her own, but she still lay awake for

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hours at night hearing the trains and the footsteps, watching the shadows the passing cars threw on the walls and the ceiling.

Lying there she heard footsteps in the outer hall. She hurried out of bed to lock the door. Her daughter always forgot. Selma seemed to be fearless in a city of thieves and murderers. The steps ended at her door and she heard a knock. She looked down at her crumpled soiled clothes and her bunioned toes poking out of worn old scuffs and she knew she could not ask who it was. The knocking persisted and then she heard a strange but familiar voice asking for her, not for her daughter or one of the children. It was a visitor come to see her. "Wait," she shouted through the closed door. "Wait a minute, I'm coming."

She tore off her clothes and stuffed them into the hamper. She pulled on her corset and a black crepe dress. She brushed the tangles out of her hair and rushed back and opened the door for an old friend.

The two women embraced and almost wept to see each other. "Come in. Sit down," said Mrs. Klein. "How wonderful to see you!"

Her friend at one glance took in the living room. She did not miss the china figurine lamps, the Persian rug, the brocaded draperies, or the knickknacks on the coffee table and the shadow boxes. "Beautiful," she said. "How lucky you are to have a place like this for your home." But soon they talked of trouble and misfortune only as childhood friends could. Even though almost ten years had passed since they had seen each other they could take up all the old intimacies. There was no shame between them. In the pleasure of real conversation they exaggerated everything. Both the trouble and the joy were enlarged and dramatized.

"When I go to see my daughter," the friend said, "it's always 'shur, bur'—I'm scarcely in the door and I'm out. I envy you."

"You don't have to envy me," Mrs. Klein said. "I don't spend my days licking honey either. After all, Selma is an American girl with an American education. What does she need me for? I haven't done anything here that's right. One would think I never had a home or I never brought up children. Not that we fight about it, God forbid. I'm just telling you you shouldn't envy. If I was in perfect health, I can tell you I would live by myself and be free as a bird."

"Count your blessings," her friend cautioned. "If I could tell you how I've felt these years wandering around, welcome nowhere, at home nowhere. For this I struggled with them. For this I wiped their noses and their bottoms. Ai, there's a great deal to tell and nothing to hear. But when you raise children for nothing, you know what bitterness is. You give them your strength and all they want is to do bad and outsmart you. Every step of the way. They're smart when they're little and smarter when they're big. They know they have you and right to the end they eat you alive."

"I hoped to hear better things from you," Mrs. Klein said.

"Sometimes I think I'm being punished," her friend said. "Do you remember my mother? She had asthma and a weak heart. She must have been over seventy when we took her to a home and they wouldn't take her. If I live to a hundred I won't forget the director screaming at us. He was a very nervous man, wild as a tiger. After all we didn't come for charity, we expected to pay, but he made fools out of us. 'Ten children,' he hollered. 'Eat straw,' he screamed. He told us to take turns. He said, 'You'll live through it. She may not.' I never took my turn. I put it off and put it off until she went. Maybe that's why I don't have a place to put myself."

"What are you talking? So what if I took care of my mother? How many years did I suffer with her, old and blind and useless? And what is my golden portion today? Listen, it's all a lottery. Everyone lives according to their circumstances and nobody can judge anyone else."

"It's not well to speak ill of the dead. May she rest in greater peace than I am living, but you remember the kind of woman my mother was. It was me, me, me, all her life. It was hard to take care of her."

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"Of course I remember," said Mrs. Klein. "Who could forget her?"

SELMA spent the afternoon in the stores. Sometimes she caught her reflection in a mirror and wondered for a moment, why am I here pushing and shoving; do I really need these things? It was almost a compulsion of the season. It was as if spring could only be assured by purchases. Country folk could measure the height of the shoots in their gardens. City people had to change their clothes and cut their hair to feel the season. For a few moments she would be distracted, but then she resumed the conversation with her mother. She could not buy her way out of it. Still, her arms were filled with bargains and she told herself that her mother was like all other older people, that the problems could not be resolved. They would be settled only by death, so she could not even wish it to be better.

When she came into the hallway she heard her mother's voice and the friend's. They were laughing shrilly and she stopped to listen. She could not remember when she had heard her mother laugh with such abandon. The other woman said, "What am I laughing? I'm laughing at myself. The nights I went to sleep and wished not to get up in the morning, you wouldn't believe."

Selma opened the mailbox. She took out the Edison bill, the soap coupons, and a request for funds for the blind. She put her bundles down again to open her door, and then put them all on the kitchen table.

"Selma darling, look who's here," her mother called. "It's a friend I grew up with, a friend of fifty years, or is it more?"

"Don't count, don't count," the friend said coyly.

"Imagine, I almost didn't let her in. I heard the door after you went out and I said it's probably a peddler or something. If I didn't hear her asking for me I wouldn't have even let her in. Imagine!"

"How nice," said Selma. "How nice for you to have some company. Can I fix you some tea?"

"Don't bother yourself," the woman said.

"If you don't mind, I appreciate it," Mrs. Klein said.

Selma busied herself in the kitchen. The two women talked in the living room, as if she weren't there at all. She poured the tea into glasses and put the bowl of lump sugar on the table. She took out a bag of special cookies that she bought for her mother. The children called them dog biscuits. "The tea is ready," she called.

The women came into the kitchen smiling. "You'll never guess what we're talking about, Selma," her mother said. "I'm surprised myself.

"Here is Mrs. Schwartz all alone looking for someone to live with her. She wants I should take a room with her. What do you think, Selma?"

"There's no hurry," Mrs. Schwartz said. "You don't have to make up your mind this minute."

Mrs. Klein shook her head. She fingered the familiar ridges in her glass and shifted on the old pillow she kept on her chair. The kitchen clock ticked noisily during the silence. Selma waited at the stove for the kettle to come to a boil again.

"It's hard to move," Mrs. Klein said. "I wouldn't know anybody in a different section. Besides I don't have any furniture any more."

"What are you talking about, Mama?" said Selma as she turned with the kettle. "Where would you find a place to live now?"

"You get so used to everything," said her mother, "the children, the house, even the neighbors. A few years go by, you know, it's hard to pick yourself up and change."

Mrs. Schwartz sipped her tea. "It's only natural," she said. "But think it over. I know myself, family comes first. There's nothing like having your own. What do they say?" she said turning to Selma. "Blood is thicker than water. If they say, it must be so."

Grandma Klein broke her cookie in bite-sized pieces and her friend lifted her glass so that Selma could refill it. Then they heard the doorknob turn and Louise with her arms full of school books pushed the door open with her knee.

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A GALLERY OF JEWISH COLONIAL WORTHIES

Some Loyalists, Some Patriots: II

CHARLES REZNIKOFF

*A TRAVELER attended divine service at New York's Shearith Israel in September, 1744, and described his visit as follows: "I went in the morning . . . to the Jews' sinagogue where was an assembly of about 50 of the seed of Abraham chanting and singing their doleful hymns, (they had 4 great wax candles lighted, as large as a man's arm, round the sanctuary where was contained the ark of the covenant and Aaron's rod), dressed in robes of white silk. Before the Rabbi, who was elevated above the rest, in a kind of desk, stood the seven golden candlesticks transformed into silver gilt. They were all slip shod. The men wore their hats in the synagogue and had a veil of some white stuff which they sometimes threw over their heads in their devotion; the women, of whom some were very pritty, stood up in a gallery like a hen coop. They sometimes paused or rested a little from singing and talked about business. My ears were so filled with their lugubrous songs that I could not get the sound out of my head all day."**

Some of the Jews in colonial New York, in the 18th century, were practicing a handicraft. The Jewish freemen of the city—"freedom of the city" included the right to engage in a handicraft and sell at retail—numbered a peruke-maker, a tailor, a cordwainer (shoemaker), a saddler, a baker, a distiller and tobacconist, a watchmaker, a worker in brass, and a silversmith. Myer Myers (d. 1795), a native of New York, became chairman of the "Gold and Silver Smiths' Society." The sacred scrolls of the Torah in the synagogues then at Newport, New York, and Philadelphia have ornaments he made. Most of the Jewish freemen, however, were just plain merchants, and some were listed as "shopkeeper," "chandler" (probably a retailer of provisions and groceries), "vendue master" (auctioneer), or "retailer."

In the second half of the 18th century, Sampson Simson was among the important Jewish merchants of New York, and his name is often mentioned as the owner of vessels in foreign trade. He was a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce. During the French and Indian War (as the Seven Years' War was known in the Colonies), a number of his ships were commissioned as privateers, and similar commissions were issued to Hayman Levy and Judah Hays. Among the announcements in the newspapers of those days, one may still read Hayman Levy's advertisements of equipment for the soldiers: shoes, hose, shirts, knee and stock buckles, "hair cockades," and scarlet broadcloth.

Judah Hays had a sedan chair which he kept in a public stable. He owned Negroes, too, as did other Jewish merchants and men of property generally. Sometimes, they freed them, as did Benjamin Gomez by his will (1770): "My trustee wench, Katty, is to be free from the yoke of slavery, as a reward for her fidelity." A number of the Jewish merchants had Hebrew books, the Pentateuch usually: "my Five Books of the Law of Moses

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IN THIS three-hundredth year of Jewish life in America, CHARLES REZNIKOFF looks back on some of the characters of the Colonial period, when Jews were well on the way to establishing themselves in the wide community, sketching and shading his portraits with sharp, honest strokes. The first section of this gallery, devoted to earlier worthies, appeared last month. Mr. Reznikoff, born in Brooklyn, has written many volumes of poetry, fiction, and history, and appears frequently in this magazine.

**Gentleman's Progress: The Itinarium of Dr. Alexander Hamilton*, edited by Carl Bridenbaugh.

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in parchment with the ornaments of plate belonging thereto" (Joseph Buena's will); "my five books of Moses, and one pair of silver ornaments thereto belonging" (Mordecai Gomez's will).

Isaac Pinto published his translation of the Sephardic ritual as used in Shearith Israel because, the preface reads, Hebrew was "improperly understood by many" (1766). On the other hand, one or two Jews were beginning to drink of the learning of the Gentiles. Isaac Abrahams, who was, it has been supposed, the son of the schoolmaster in Shearith Israel's school, was graduated from King's College (afterwards Columbia).

The Franks Family

AT THE beginning of the 18th century, there had landed at New York from London, Moses Levy, a wealthy merchant, formerly a Marrano born in Spain (according to the tradition of his descendants). With him from London, according to that tradition, came a young Jew about seventeen years of age, who had been born in Germany. His name was Jacob Franks, and he is supposed to have had sufficient learning to be a rabbi.

Moses Levy (d. New York, 1728) became the *parnas,* or president, of Shearith Israel. He had a house in the country at Rye with about seventy-five acres of land. His daughter, Bilhah Abigail, married Jacob Franks. Her younger sister, Rachel, married Isaac Mendes Seixas, formerly a Marrano, who had come to New York from Lisbon by way of Barbados. These estimable ladies were much devoted to the congregation. They are said to have founded the first charitable society of Shearith Israel; and the name of Bilhah Abigail Franks is remembered to this day in a prayer for the dead, recited by the congregation on the Day of Atonement, because she helped build the synagogue in 1729. Her husband, Jacob Franks, whose name is likewise remembered with hers, was one of the trustees of the lot on Mill Street where the synagogue was built. (In those days real property for the use of the Jewish community was held in the names of trustees, for a Jewish congregation had no standing at law and could not own property in its own name.) Jacob Franks (d. New York, 1769) succeeded to the honor that had been his father-in-law's—*parnas* of Shearith Israel. Indeed, he was the *parnas* when the synagogue was dedicated in 1730. As merchant he had the distinction of acting as agent of the king and furnished supplies to the troops in New York and the Northern colonies.

Jacob and Bilhah Abigail's son, David (b. New York, 1720), was a clever boy. It is said of him that when he was thirteen he knew enough Hebrew to be able to read from the scroll of the Law—without the vowel signs as in the prayerbooks. He was also one of the Jews of New York who, in 1738, were enrolled in a militia company. The Jewish community, naturally, expected that he would be a worthy successor to his father and grandfather. He married a Gentile. His sister, Phila (Bilhah), also married a Gentile, Oliver Delancey, whose mother was a Van Cortlandt.

Their mother wrote to her eldest son, Naphtali, in London, from her summer home in "Flatt bush": "I am now retired from town and would from my self (if it were possiable to have some peace of mind). . . . Good God, wath a shock it was when they acquainted me she had left the house and had bin married six months. I can hardly hold my pen whilst I am writing it. . . . My spirits was for some time soe depresst that it was a pain to me to speak or see any one. I have over come it soe far as not to make my concern soe conspicuous but I shall never have that serenity nor peace within I have soe happyly had hittherto. My house has bin my prison ever since. I had not heart enough to goe near the street door. Its a pain to me to think off goeing again to town and if your father's buissness would permit him to live out of it I would never goe near it again. I wish it was in my power to leave this part of the world; I would come away in the first man of war that went to London.*

*Quoted by Jacob Rader Marcus, *Early American Jewry.* Other quotations following are from the same source (Vols. I and II).

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Seven or so years after the marriage, Oliver Delancey and some of his friends with blackened faces smashed the windows and burst open the door of a poor Dutch Jewish immigrant in New York; they "pulled and tore everything to pieces . . . and used very indecent language." Phila and her husband lived in a great house at Broad and Pearl Streets, afterwards (1762) owned by Samuel Fraunces. He made a tavern out of it and here, as is generally known, Washington said farewell to his officers. Oliver Delancey was not among them. Like the rest of his family, in contrast to the patriotic Livingstons, he was an ardent Loyalist. He was in the British Army as a brigadier-general during the Revolution and afterwards he and his wife lived in England.

David Franks and his wife also lived in a great house—in Philadelphia, her native city; and he was admitted to a select society, organized on the basis of "ancestral bearings and associations." He had Jews among his clerks and partners. He was the representative of his brother Moses, who in London obtained contracts for provisioning the British troops in America during the French and Indian War. For a number of years, afterwards, David Franks's firm supplied the British garrisons on the Mississippi.

David Franks's eldest child, a daughter named after his mother, Abigail, married Andrew Hamilton (attorney-general of Pennsylvania in 1768), a nephew of Governor James Hamilton. Franks's other daughter, Rebecca, married Sir Henry Johnson, then a lieutenant-colonel and later a general in the British Army. They lived at Bath after the Revolution, and their children were members of its aristocracy.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, David Franks, because he had been an agent for supplying the British troops, was appointed by the Continental Congress "commissary of British prisoners" and authorized to supply them with necessaries—at the expense of the British. He had signed a non-importation agreement in 1765 but was suspected of being a Loyalist. He was arrested in 1778 on the basis of an intercepted letter; freed but arrested again in 1780; and ordered to leave Philadelphia for the enemy's lines. He put it off as long as he could. In 1782 he was in England.

He was not happy there. To begin with, as he wrote Michael Gratz, he was in need of money and the cost of living in England was high. He had landed with forty or fifty pounds and was living with his eldest son, Moses, "a person of independent fortune." According to the minutes of his case before the commission for the relief of American Loyalists, he had been worth no less than twenty thousand pounds sterling in personal property, to say nothing of his extensive interests in real estate. The commission gave him one hundred and twenty-five pounds for his losses, about 10 per cent of what he asked for, and he was recommended for an allowance of one hundred pounds a year. Perhaps as a Jew without money he was not quite welcome in the aristocratic circles in which his half-Gentile children moved. (By his will he gave his son Jacob a "preference to the rest of my children as some atonement for his and his wife's very kind attention to me.") Whatever the cause, he returned to America. It is on record that in 1792, in a matter before a Federal judge in Philadelphia, David Franks took his oath on the Five Books of Moses as a Jew. He died in that city in 1793 of yellow fever.

Joseph Simon

Just as the merchants of Newport, New York, and Charlestown had their eyes to the Atlantic, the Jews of Philadelphia—and elsewhere in Pennsylvania—were looking west: to trade with the Indians and ownership of the fertile lands in what is now the Middle West. Joseph Simon (d. Lancaster, 1804) had the largest store in Lancaster, on the square in the center of town, and at one time he owned thousands of acres in the Ohio and Illinois country. The Jews of Lancaster met for prayer in Joseph Simon's house, and here he had an ark, two scrolls of the Law, and silver plate for use in the service. One of his sons-in-law, to note an-

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other instance of early intermarriage, was Nicholas Schuyler of Albany, a surgeon in the Revolutionary army.

During the Revolutionary War, Simon supplied the Continental army with rifles, ammunition, drums, blankets, and provisions. Five Jews were among the subscribers in 1777 for a person "to ride between Lancaster and general Washington's army with & for intelligence." Joseph Simon's name was at the head of the list, and Barnard Gratz's second.

But one by one, after the Revolution, the Jews moved away from Lancaster, and Joseph Simon was probably the last Jew of the old community to be buried there.

Barnard and Michael Gratz

THE most outstanding of the five sons-in-law of Joseph Simon was Michael Gratz (1740-1811). Barnard and Michael Gratz, born in Silesia, Germany, were well trained in London in the counting-house of their cousin, Solomon Henry, a merchant of standing. It was a connection they had sense enough to use and value. In 1759 Michael Gratz joined his elder brother, Barnard (1738-1811), in Philadelphia, several years after Barnard's arrival in this country. Michael, when young, had worried friends and relatives. He had been in Berlin and Amsterdam and in the East Indies and had not established himself anywhere. In 1758, as his elder brother wrote Solomon Henry in London: "I likewise heard my brother Michael is coming back from the East Indies, which am very sorry for, and I should be glad to know his reason for returning. . . . If he could content himself with living in the country, or else with living here (Philadelphia), at Mr. David Franks's in my place . . . I believe I could soon get him my place, where he could learn the business of this country by staying with him two or three years. . . . This place requires honesty, industry, and good nature, and no pride, for he must do everything pertaining to the business."

In Philadelphia, the brothers became partners. At first their trade was chiefly with other ports in America and through their cousin in London with Amsterdam and elsewhere on the continent of Europe. The non-importation agreement of 1765, which they signed as good Americans, limited them to the American market for purchases. Joseph Simon of Lancaster had been shipping them furs and, after the peace of 1763 with France, Lancaster became more important than ever for furs and pelts from the West. In 1769 Michael Gratz married one of Simon's daughters and settled in Lancaster. Barnard continued to live in Philadelphia and finally Michael, too, returned to that city as a resident.

A portrait of Barnard Gratz by Charles Peale Polk shows a smiling elderly man with a high wide forehead, a shrewd glance, and a stout good-natured face. He is holding a pair of spectacles in his right hand but, by the few books in the case behind him, he did not lose his sight reading. The portrait of Michael Gratz by Thomas Sully, when the younger brother was also well on in years, shows an aggressive, intelligent man, earnest, even somber.

Solomon Bush

SOLOMON BUSH, the son of Mathias Bush, a merchant of Philadelphia and brother-in-law of Barnard Gratz, had his thigh bone broken in 1777 in a skirmish and was carried to his father's house on Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia. He had been appointed that year a deputy adjutant-general of the Pennsylvania militia. ". . . the surgeons," he wrote in a letter, "pronounced my wound Mortal 7 days after the Enemy came: who treated our family with the utmost respect: they did not take the least trifle from us, though our neighbors, the poor Tories lost every thing. Howe's March this way has made many wigs [Whigs]. . . ." Two years later he was still helpless. Bush, who then held the rank of major in the Continental army, was made a lieutenant-colonel for his services, particularly for those in the winter of 1776 "when the service was critical and hazardous"; and so became the highest ranking officer among the Jews in the combat units of the Continental army.

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Aaron Levy

ONE of Joseph Simon's partners, about 1780, was Aaron Levy (1742-1815), a native of Amsterdam. He came to America when a young man and for a long time lived in Northumberland, Pennsylvania, where he traded with the Indians. A great speculator in land—like David Franks, Joseph Simon, and the Gratz brothers—in 1786 he laid out Aaronsburg (population about 350 in 1950), the first town in Center County. During the Revolutionary War, he lent the Continental Congress money, some of it through Robert Morris, and was never fully repaid. His will lists his silver plate, item by item, as well as his walking-cane with an agate head and his silver snuffbox: a man who liked possessions and held them precious.

Myer Hart

MYER HART (d. 1795) was one of the founders in 1750 of Easton, another frontier town in which Jews lived. There were then eleven families in all: the stockade—it was as yet hardly a town or even a village—had a ferryman, a carpenter, a mason, a smith, a baker, a butcher, a lawyer, a court clerk, and two tavernkeepers. Hart was the storekeeper. By 1763 his county tax was the largest in Easton. He owned three houses and several Negroes. That year he became an innkeeper, too. During the Revolutionary War he was the agent of David Franks in caring for the British prisoners at Easton (1777-78). But his prosperity did not last. In 1786 his property was sold by the sheriff. A son, Michael, "the stuttering Jew," lived on in Easton as a storekeeper until his death (1813).

Gershom Mendes Seixas

WHEN the Revolutionary War broke out, the Jewish congregation in New York, Shearith Israel, was as divided in its loyalty as the rest of the city.

The *hazan*, Gershom Mendes Seixas, born in New York in 1745, was (like David Franks) a grandson of Moses Levy. (It was not until many years later that a Jewish congregation in the United States had a minister ordained to be a rabbi.) When the city was about to be taken by the British in 1776, Seixas, an ardent Patriot, left New York for Stratford, Connecticut. A majority of the congregation finally settled in Philadelphia—at least until they could return to New York. Among those who remained in New York and signed an address of loyalty to the British were Abraham Gomez and Moses Gomez, Jr. The name of David Hays is also on the list. A German Jew, Alexander Zuntz, who held a non-military appointment as commissary with the Hessians, acted as head of Shearith Israel.

Seixas, who had come to Philadelphia in 1780, suggested the manner of dedicating the first synagogue in the city: there was to be neither instrumental nor choral music and no preaching. Seixas was elected *hazan*. His salary was two hundred pounds Pennsylvania currency a year, his firewood, and the perquisites of his office.

The decorum of all in his congregation was, perhaps, not always irreproachable. There is a record of a motion "that we now bind ourselves by the strictest ties of honor to behave with decency and decorum in time of the worship, and that if any man behaves improperly, the Parnas [president] shall stop him. . . ." Another motion of the early minutes is by Isaac Da Costa of Charlestown, probably the elder Da Costa: "No person shall be suffered to speak to each other. They must address the Parnas. . . ." There was an attempt, too, as in the congregation of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews of London, for example, to discipline members who violated the Sabbath. Ezekiel Levy, one of the founders of the Philadelphia congregation, was charged before the trustees in 1782 with shaving on a Sabbath in Baltimore.

By 1784, most of the members of Shearith Israel of New York, including Seixas, returned to New York. Here Seixas resumed his old post of *hazan* of Shearith Israel at a salary of fifty pounds every three months of the Hebrew calendar, six cords of hickory wood, and the usual perquisites. He changed the ritual to include a prayer for the government in English instead of in Spanish.

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Among other honors, he was elected a trustee of Columbia College (Episcopalian) and his picture hangs in one of its assembly rooms to this day. He died in 1816.

Haym Salomon

SALOMON was in New York when the British captured the city. A native of Lissa, Poland, he had probably come to America that very year (1776) or the year before. He knew not only English but German and French. "Please mention to my father," he wrote in 1783 to the man in New York who was to answer—in Yiddish—his parents' letters, "the difficulty that I have laboured under in not having any learning, and that I should not have known what to have done had it not been for the languages that I learned in my travels, such as French, English, etc. Therefore would advise him and all my relations to have their children well-educated, particularly in the Christian language[s], and should any of my brothers' children have a good head to learn Hebrew, would contribute towards his being instructed."

Salomon was arrested by the British as an agent of "the rebels"—a member of what would now be called the "American underground" or "fifth column"—and lodged in jail. However, he was soon turned over to a Hessian commander to be useful as an interpreter. He was also employed "in the Commissary way as a purveyor chiefly for the Officers." With this limited freedom, he was of service to the French and American prisoners in New York by supplying them with money and enabling some to escape. Finally, when New York became too dangerous for him and he was searched for by the British, he, too, escaped in 1778. Like other Patriots among the Jews, he went to Philadelphia. In a petition to the Continental Congress asking for employment, he stated that he had lost "his Effects and Credits to the amount of Five or six thousand Pounds Sterling and left his wife and child of a month at New York."

The Continental Congress did not employ him. But he managed to establish himself as a broker, chiefly of bills of exchange. In 1781, the treasurer of the French forces in America was employing him for that purpose. When Robert Morris became the superintendent of finance that year, Salomon was his chief agent in selling the bills of exchange from France, Holland, Spain, and elsewhere. With the consent of Morris, Haym Salomon advertised (1782) that he was "broker to the Office of Finance, to the Consul General of France and to the Treasurer of the French Army."

But Salomon was not above customers of less importance. His last advertisements read that he was a "Factor Auctioneer and Broker" for any kind of merchandise. (He spelled his name in his advertisements "Solomon," "Solomons," "Salomon," or "Salomons.")

SHORTLY before his death he sent his mother a gold chain and bought his father denization rights and a burial plot. He gave his fellow Jews of Philadelphia a third of what they collected for the building of their synagogue in 1782.

That year, Madison wrote to his friend Edmund Randolph—the quotations are well known but it will do no harm to look at them again as one glances at a favorite photograph—"I have for some time been a pensioner on the favor of Hayne Solomon, a Jew Broker"; and in the same year, a month later: "The kindness of our little friend in Front Street, near the coffee-house, is a fund that will preserve me from extremities, but I never resort to it without great mortification, as he obstinately rejects all recompense. The price of money is so usurious that he thinks it ought to be extorted from none but those who aim at profitable speculations. To a necessitous Delegate, he gratuitously spares a supply out of his private stock."

In 1784 Salomon bought a house in New York at Wall and Pearl Streets, intending, no doubt, to return to New York. But in January of the next year he was dead at the age of forty-five. He left a young widow and four children, all under seven. They had nothing of his estate for it proved to be insolvent in the hard times after the war.

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David S. Franks

DAVID SALISBURY FRANKS, as he is called in an official document (but he has also been referred to as David "Solebury" or "Salesby" Franks), was a merchant in Canada. Franks says of himself in a letter: "I was born in this Town [Philadelphia] & have ever held myself (tho' absent a few years) Subject to this State." In his application to President Washington for an appointment "in the Consul's Department for a Port of Europe," Franks wrote: "Early in the Year 1774, I settled in Montreal with a small capital and a considerable Credit as a Merchant & was successful in Business. . . ."

In 1775, when Montgomery and Arnold were trying to capture Canada for the Americans, someone wrote in French on the bust of the English king in Montreal: "This is the pope of Canada and the fool of England." Franks was in the crowd that listened to the proclamation offering a reward for the arrest of the writer and said it was a "small" offense. He was arrested and imprisoned a week.

Three or so years later, upon letters of recommendation of the American Board of War, David S. Franks (as he was generally known) joined the French forces helping the Americans. From 1778 until 1780, when Benedict Arnold turned traitor, Franks was the junior of his aides-de-camp and had the rank of major. After the plot was discovered, Arnold wrote Washington from a British ship, the *Vulture,* asking him to see Mrs. Arnold safely to her family in Philadelphia. In a postscript, Arnold added that Major Franks knew nothing of the plot. Military procedure called for the arrest of Franks. He was freed as not guilty but Franks was eager for a fuller inquiry; tried again at his own request, he was completely exonerated.

In 1781, Robert Morris sent Franks to France with dispatches and in 1784 he was on another mission abroad. By this time his rank was lieutenant-colonel. He was appointed vice-consul at Marseilles, where his knowledge of the French language and people was useful, and he helped the American consul at Marseilles negotiate a treaty with the Emperor of Morocco. Franks brought the treaty to America (1787). However, he did not secure another appointment in the diplomatic service.

Having tasted life as a soldier and a diplomat, Franks had no wish to return to the life of a merchant. He applied to Washington for the position of consul-general in France (1789). The following year he applied to Jefferson, just appointed Secretary of State, for a position as private secretary—subordinate to Jefferson only—and he would be content with the salary of "a common clerk" and "the Pay of the Interpreter of the french Language (if you thought proper to give me the Office)." For Franks was reduced, in his own words, "to the last Modicum of what little Property I once was master of," and, as he wrote to a creditor, "I have not had a Dollar to spare from the daily & necessary Expenses of living, Cloathes, etc." But as early as 1783 Jefferson had written to Madison of Franks, underlining the passage: "He appears to have a good eno' heart, and understanding somewhat better than common, but too little guard over his lips. I have marked him particularly in the company of women where he loses all power over himself, and almost [ms. interrupted] . . . his temperature would not be proof against their allurements, were such to be employed as engines against him. This is in some measure the vice of his age, but it seems to be increased also by his peculiar constitution." In 1787 Jefferson wrote again to Madison: "You will see *Franks, and* doubtless he will be *asking some appointment.* I wish there may be any one for *which* he is *fit.* He is *light, indiscreet, active, honest, affectionate.*"

Franks was granted four hundred acres of land in the West (1789) for his services during the Revolutionary War, and he became an agent for a land company that was bringing settlers from France to the Ohio—where they were massacred by the Indians. In 1791 Franks was an assistant cashier of the United States Bank in Philadelphia, and he died in the epidemic of yellow fever in that city in 1793. There is a painting of Franks by Charles Wilson Peale: he is wear-

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ing a wig and is in uniform; his nose is somewhat conspicuous and one eye has a squint; but he has a pleasant, genial face. It is the face of the man who spoke out in an angry crowd to say of the scrawl on the king's bust that it was a "small" offense rather than the face of a diplomat.

Isaac Franks

A NATIVE of New York, ISAAC FRANKS (1759-1822) was the son of a nephew of Jacob Franks and thus related to David Franks. (So, more distantly, was David S. Franks.) When Isaac Franks was seventeen, equipped at his own expense, he joined a "six months" regiment of the American army and took part in the battle of Long Island. He retreated with the army to New York but was captured when the city was taken by the British while he was "on a detached guard . . . at the Fly Market on the East River." He escaped to New Jersey from the "Bear Market" on the Hudson in "a small leaky craft with only a single paddle." The following year (1777), he was assistant forage-master in the quartermaster's department and, promoted to forage-master, was stationed at West Point. Here, in 1781, he became an ensign in a Massachusetts regiment but resigned the next year because of ill health.

In 1782 Isaac Franks married a non-Jewess in Philadelphia. He was a broker in that city until 1789. That year he was appointed a "Notary and Tabellion Public" for Pennsylvania. He was commissioned a lieutenant-colonel of the state militia in 1794 and a justice of the peace in 1795. Washington, according to family tradition, was a friend and stayed in his house. His house in Germantown was certainly thought good enough for the President when the government left Philadelphia in 1793 because of the epidemic of yellow fever, but the house was rented for Washington's use. There is a record of a bill by Franks presented on "account of Extraordinary Expenses, occurred . . . to Accomodate the President of the United States. . . ." The bill includes a claim for "Cash paid for Cleaning my house and putting it in the same condition the President rec'd it" and a claim "For the damage done to a large double Japand waiter [tray] made use of in the service of the president . . . [as well as for] one flat Iron missing . . . One large fork . . . (and) 4 Platters. . . ."

Isaac Franks had his portrait painted by no less than Gilbert Stuart in 1802: it shows a handsome man with a deeply cleft chin. In another decade he was in want of money and in 1819 he was granted a Federal pension of twenty dollars a month for his services during the Revolutionary War on proof of "reduced circumstances." He had probably little to leave his children but advice, and that was to be "good Christians."

* * *

THE American Revolution began when the colonists first landed. The underlying cause was the independence of a people who had been free in fact if not at law; and the Revolution was to establish at law what had been so in fact. But "democracy," as we understand it, was the result, and not a cause, of the Revolution; and in no colony, at the Declaration of Independence, was there the religious freedom of the United States today. The first Federal government, weak as it was, was more truly the child of the Revolution than any state government. The Ordinance of 1787, accordingly, provided against slavery and for religious freedom in the great western territory from Pennsylvania to the Mississippi and from Canada to the Ohio.

With respect to religious freedom, however, in 1777 the first constitution of New York had in effect provided that Jews were to have the same political rights as non-Jews: "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be allowed within this State to all mankind" (Art. XXX). And in 1785, Jefferson, through the efforts of Madison, succeeded in having an act "Establishing Religious Freedom" passed in Virginia: it provided that "no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place, or ministry whatever . . . but . . . all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinions. . . ."

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

THE DAY THE BRONX INVADER CAME

A Short Story of the Brownsville Frontier

WILLIAM S. POSTER

WE WERE playing "countries" when Albert first showed his face around the block, and were too engrossed to pay him much mind. Brownsville pre-adolescents used to play "countries" on occasions when equipment or personnel were lacking for such major sports as punchball or boxball. All it required was half a grapefruit rind, some chalk, and four or five players. A number of chalk circles were drawn on the sidewalk in a circle with about a three-foot radius and in its center a small circle to hold the rind. The larger circles were then inscribed with the names of countries—America, England, France, Canada, and, for some strange reason, Argentina, were the most common. The First World War was not too remote and everyone refused to be "Germany." Australia was popular, too, until a violent, school-engendered controversy broke out about whether it was a "country" or a "continent."

The players stood alertly in their circles until one, who had been chosen, called the name of a country. The one called seized the rind and tried to hit one of the players, who all ran and dodged with abrupt, reckless speed. If someone was hit, he had to call on the next round; if not, the thrower called. The caller, of course, couldn't call himself and the object of the game was to throw and score as often as possible. It was really great fun, grabbing the grapefruit in a quick leap and sloshing some sprinting kid in the head with it. The burst of action following a call was so frenzied it often took quite a panting interval to recover from it. I remember once getting out of my circle and off the sidewalk so fast I got knocked down by a car.

That day when Albert first wandered around the corner of Osborne Street and Pitkin Avenue, we were deep in the game, five intense kids involved in a series of nebulous alliances, shrewdly protecting the gang status which was as important to us as quarterings to a French noble. The game had opened with Maxie calling Doodie's country. I was caught flat-footed, not quite warmed up and speculating suspiciously on the fact that Doodie had done the choosing, giving Maxie the call, and Maxie had promptly given Doodie the first throw. The grapefruit landed with a soggy smack full in my face, a humiliating rarity in the game, and I had to do some pretty feverish thinking in the split second before I called.

If I assumed that Doodie and Maxie had already established an *entente*, and possibly one directed against me, then I had no choice but to call Whitey or Yookie. But suppose I called Whitey, a kid whose sense of values was always a bit misty, and he returned the favor by aiming at me? The first smack had made me look silly, a second would make me

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WILLIAM S. POSTER describes in this story the re-alignment of tensions which takes place when a new element is introduced into an already complete system; in this case it is the impact of Albert, a boy from the Bronx, upon the closed society of a block in Brownsville. Readers may remember Mr. Poster's more general study of the society of sub-adolescent Brownsville published in our issue of May 1950 under the title "'Twas a Dark Night in Brownsville." Mr. Poster was himself born in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, in 1916, and attended City College and Columbia University.

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look inept and vulnerable. If a third followed I would surely end up by becoming the butt of the game, no mean predicament. The first smell of blood and these kids would go on pecking away at you till you went nearly deranged with defeat, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, stay in the game or quit, pretend not to notice that every fling was aimed at you or pick a fight with one of the tormentors. And even, I continued to reason, if Whitey behaved and did heave the rind at Maxie or Doodie, I still wouldn't be too happy. I would then be stuck in an alliance with him and he was, at best, a middling character, no match for Maxie, one of the toughest, meanest kids on the block, or Doodie, one of the most malicious and tricky. And Yookie was such a freakish individualist that calling him would contribute nothing towards resolving the situation.

FINALLY, I caught a peculiar expression, like a signal, on Maxie's hollow-jawed, thin-lipped face, called France and sprinted for the gutter to my right. Maxie flung the rind with terrific force at Doodie, who, however, had anticipated just this treacherous move and was charging for the gutter in so low a crouch that his head nearly hit the pavement. The rind sailed over his head, and he leaped and caught it as if it had been a forward pass, tucked it to his chest, whirled, straight-armed a couple of imaginary tacklers, grinned and dropped it back in its circle. Maxie looked meaningfully at me and called my country almost before Doodie was back in his place. I grabbed up the rind with great joy and, laughing crazily, bounced it right off the top of Doodie's head. Doodie glared at me as I struggled to stifle my laughter and snarled: "Hey, jerk, whaddya laughin' about?"

I choked down my laugh as I watched Maxie's face grow even more solemn and wooden than usual.

"Boy," said Doodie, "dat's some jerk, wit' a capiddle J."

He turned to Maxie. "Whattahell is dee idea callin' before I'm ready? Whattayou gettin' to be—a wiseguy?"

Maxie stared at him scornfully out of a pair of eyes so huge, cold, and discordantly blue in his dark face that they made me shudder every time I met his glance. He hawked up some phlegm with a loud rasp, turned his head while the rest of his body remained stiffly immobile, and spat a thick, yellowish glob in the gutter. His head swung back to confront Doodie and through scarcely opened lips and clenched teeth, he grated: "You wanna play or doncha? Call a country or cop a walk!"

"Aw, cheezes, what a sorehead," Doodie muttered in defeated disgust, returning to his place. A fire engine went past on Pitkin Avenue with its bells clanging loudly. "Chang, chang, chang," Doodie gave out with his favorite war cry. "Here come dee Indians. Can-a-duh!"

We dove pellmell away from the grapefruit. Whitey scooped it up and shot it at Maxie who had run a few yards and was coldly surveying the scene. He moved his head like a boxer, with perfect economy, and let the rind travel past his ear. Whitey walked over to retrieve it.

ALL this time Albert had been edging slowly closer to us. When he first turned the corner, he had been nibbling on a huge piece of bread and butter. He finally took up an indolent position on a stoop and munched away, viewing us indifferently. When he finished, he took a comb from the back pocket of his neat knickers, ran it several times through his thick curls, and carefully replaced it. Then he slid down from the stoop and walked into our midst with a blithe unawareness of danger that stamped him not merely as a new kid on the block but a complete outlander. For one thing, no Brownsville boy and, indeed, probably no Brooklyn juvenile, would have made his entrance into a new milieu jauntily munching a slice of bread. A newcomer attracted enough trouble if he behaved normally.

But the bread and comb were only superficial signs of a basic difference in outlook. A Brownsville boy took nothing for granted and, in a sense, he had no fixed attitudes. Life came flying at him and he responded. Danger, disaster, luck, happiness arrived so unpredictably as to make all preparation useless. A lucky swing at a ball or a face, a chance word, and you were the block hero. A few minutes later some mischievous kid would bend down in back of you, another would push, and over you would go on your head. An older boy might dislike the expression on your face and give you a hortatory

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boot in the can just to remind you of the amenities; marauders from other blocks would swoop down, steal your ball, take your pants off, or hit you over the head with ash-filled stockings. Nothing happened twice in the same way, so that it didn't even pay to be smart the way it might have in other tough neighborhoods.

Now, if any place created the antithesis of the Brownsville temperament, it was the Bronx, from which, as it developed, Albert hailed. As he walked towards us, he puzzled and antagonized us almost solely through sheer regional differences. Here we were living totally in the present and struggling to get through into an equally risky future without mental or physical injury. Albert seemed almost insanely unrelated to the present, disdainful of what he was doing, unaware of the perils of the moment (how did he know we hadn't already decided to spit in his eye, knock him down, or tie him to a telephone pole?), and full of an incomprehensible self-esteem not at all like the wary confidence a Brownsville boy developed after beating off innumerable attacks.

I COULD sense the irritation of my fellow players as they paused to take stock of Albert. There was altogether too much of the non-essential about him. He was too tall and too slim. Brownsville kids tended to be short or of average height, sturdy and even rather beefy. We did have some tall, thin boys, but they bore themselves differently from Albert. Since their build made them conspicuous and vulnerable, they were usually fantastically tense, quick, sharp-eyed, economically efficient in their movements, sarcastic, and aggressive. Albert was supple and relaxed as if his psyche rested as enjoyably in his body as his body might in a warm bath. His face, likewise, was too well-modeled and reposeful for Brownsville. It was thin, long, oval-shaped and high-cheekboned without the tautness and toughness a face of that type would have picked up in our environment. The lips were full, sensual, confident, and pouting. I was fascinated by his forehead, which was small, oval, and set like a tan, breakable shell between the low hairline and the thick, straight eyebrows which almost met at the bridge of his nose and emphasized the eyes, which were so large and so dark and had so little white that they looked like pools of some prune-colored liquid.

If nothing else, Albert was certainly a striking personality to us, and, within a certain general hostility, I felt that we were all reacting sharply and differently to him. Maxie, tight-lipped and frozen-faced, was prepared either to ignore him or torment him like a fly. Doodie, who specialized in verbal and physical trickery, was already grinning in anticipation. Whitey disliked having the game interrupted. Yookie, an unpredictable character with a quenchless thirst for novelty, was smiling with delight tinged with mischief. My own emotions, as I now unravel them, were complicated.

I had a couple of cousins, a boy and girl of about my own age, who came from the Bronx. I saw them often and they irritated me so intensely that it took all my fear of parental authority to prevent me from banging their heads together, a feat which I knew was easily in my power. This certainty only added fuel to my outrage at the impudent, ambiguous manner in which they were constantly whispering in each other's ears, smirking, giggling, sneering, and making loud outcries for no perceptible reason. They seemed to have no object in life, never entering fully and seriously into any activity or discussion. Accustomed as I was to absolutes of war or peace, friendship or enmity, and total involvement in the pursuit of the moment, I could only control my anger by deciding that they were both "nuts" and studying them as I would freaks in a sideshow.

Albert, however, wasn't my cousin and as he came towards us a similarity of dress and the same attitude of mingled disdain, arrogance, and indifference to the physical powers of others provoked such an access of rage in me that I practically couldn't see straight. At the same time, or an instant later, I was also troubled by a peculiar oppressive sense of inevitability, the kind one gets from a certain speech spoken early in a play or the sound of church bells at certain hours, the mournful sensation that an oft-repeated rite or pattern is beginning. Albert was in for it. Without a word being spoken, the wheels had already begun to turn and nothing could stop them now. I couldn't help being troubled, not by any sympathy for him, but by the sheer lonely spectacle of his ebullient ignorance surrounded by the predatory knowledge of the others.

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WHITEY put the rind down in the center and returned to stand on his circle. Albert exceeded expectations, sending a shiver of delight, hatred, and glee through us as he walked right between Maxie and Whitey, picked up the limp, grimy rind, examined it, put it back, then turned with great self-assurance to Maxie and loudly asked: "Hey, what kind of crazy game is this, anyway?"

Maxie was flabbergasted. Gaunt but large-boned, with a big head and seamy, somber face, bow-legged but with the stiff, rickety, and magical poise of a piece of Easter Island sculpture, he had something of the appearance and temperament of a depraved, mature gangster. Serious and glum, he was so concerned with maintaining adult dignity and so easily offended that his best friends thought twice before asking him a question. Instead of answering he was likely just to hawk up a gob of phlegm and let you have it between your eyes or reduce you to a pulp by growling "Whattya wanna know for, snotface?" or "Go tell yuh mudder yuh fadder wants ya." He was so taken aback by Albert that he didn't respond at all but just glared while he groped for a perspective on this new phenomenon. Yookie promptly took the question upon himself and gurgled loquaciously: "Canchuh see? We're playin' countries. Ain't yuh ever played countries?"

"Nope," said Albert happily, as if not playing countries somehow added to his luster. "I'm new aroun' here."

"No foolin'?" said Doodie. "Ain't I seen you someplace before?"

"Nope," said Albert with great positiveness. "I jus' moved innuh the corner building two days ago."

"Boy, you're lucky," said Doodie. "Your father must have plenny uh dough. Don' he own dose big stables on T'atford Avenue?"

"Nah, not my father. We come from the Bronx. My father's a cutter. He works inna garment cenner. You know where that is? 'At's in Noo York. You gotta take the Seventh Avenue IRT subway to get there. He once took me to see where he works. Whatta big place. . . ."

"Ah, you're foolin' us," said Doodie. "I know you. You hang aroun' wit' Gyp an' Maddiooch. I seen you playin' wittem yesterday. Boy, you must be some tough guy."

The flattery made Albert glow but he was too unimaginative to get away from the facts. "Nah," he said stolidly. "I don' know nobody aroun' here. I'm from the Bronx."

"He's from duh Bronx, duh Bronx, duh Bronx!" Yookie chanted for no particular reason. "Dey all wear deir sister's pants innuh Bronx. You wearin' your sister's pants?"

"No, wiseguy, you wearin' your mother's pants?" Albert whipped back, displaying a pretty fair gift for repartee. It was obvious he wasn't a dumb kid, just a bit ignorant.

"Boy, 'at's a hot one. Like I tole yuh, yuh can't put nuttin' over on him," Doodie informed Yookie. "Yuh better close your trap or he'll get Gyp's gang after you. His father got a lotta dough, too, he sells horse manooer to duh bakeries. . . ."

THERE was a loud, sinister, hawking noise from Maxie, who was standing stiffly, his dark face stretched tight with anger and tension. His head moved by itself like a cobra's and a glob of thick, yellow spit landed on the gutter. Yookie hawked and feebly imitated the action. My hatred of Albert mounted. We all practiced various kinds of spitting incessantly and there was a very showy type of spit we made by putting the tongue between the teeth and spraying out some normal, phlegmless sputum with a sharp hiss. I loosed a spit of this type which landed about an inch from Albert's shoe. His thick, black, rather handsome brow knitted in a frown. "Hey," he said to me, waveringly. A hissing spit from Doodie missed him narrowly on the other side. He turned slowly towards Doodie, who, even as Albert moved, was down on his knees, smiling sweetly and apparently absorbed in a careful inspection of the grapefruit rind.

"Hey, felluhs," he said, in tones of discovery. "I t'ink we better get a new grapefruit. This one's gettin' dirty."

"'At's right," said Whitey. "It's filt'y. I'm ashame of ourselves. Whatta you t'ink, goodlookin'?"

"Well," said Albert, blushing.

"Not you, pieface!" a chorus of three voices boomed.

"Ah, cheezes," said Albert. "You guys think you're funny. I heard that one when I was innuh cradle."

"See," said Doodie. "He's a smart guy. Don' mind dese jerks, kid. You wanna play?"

"I don't know the game."

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"It's nuttin' to it," said Yookie. "We'll teach yuh. You get a country. Somebody is it an he calls. If he calls you, you t'row duh grapefruit. If you get hit, you gotta call. See?"

"Gee," said Albert. "Whatta stoopid game!"

What made the remark so offensive that he nearly got torn to bits then and there was the fact that he wasn't even trying to be insulting. He was just expressing his opinion. But that a stranger could be so frank seemed to reveal so low an estimate of our prowess that we were simply struck dumb with rage and shock. We all turned nervously to look at Maxie, whose whole face had swollen and turned ominously purple while his huge eyes bulged and his thin lips writhed like worms. Words finally issued from him like gas popping out of a blocked jet.

"Beat it," came hoarsely from one corner of his twisted mouth. "Gettuhgoddamhellahtahere quick, yuh lousy punk. Go back to duh Bronx. Cop a walk!"

For the first time, as he glanced at Maxie's frightful, livid face, Albert looked flustered, as if he might realize that we were a different breed from what he was used to. But only for an instant. "I don' wanna play this dumb game, anyhow," he muttered peevishly. "I'm gone to the movies. To hell with you guys."

He turned and walked away, touching off a fusillade of jeers, hoots, and spits. Yookie tentatively fingered the grapefruit rind. Doodie told him to put it down. "Ah, come on, willya," Maxie said to Whitey, irritably. "Call a country. Forget about dat crumb."

WE PLUNGED back into the game. It broke up when Doodie's big, blowsy sister barged in to call him home for supper, reminding us that we were all late and would get the usual forceful rebukes when we got home. There was only a bit of daylight left when I got back to the block. The gang was already on the corner, talking and mooching about. Maxie, Whitey, and Doodie were pitching pennies. Yookie and a dark, good-looking kid called Blackie were sparring in the friendly but show-off style that usually ended up in a real fight. Petey, a big, powerful boy, was practicing handball shots, and a little knot of kids were busy tormenting the gang imbecile, Cockeye Sidney, a huge moronic ox with one good eye and the other a misshapen, red-rimmed orb always cocked weirdly in any direction but the normal one.

Albert appeared, strolling gracefully on the other side of the street, caught sight of us, and promptly headed in our direction.

"Hey, here's 'at dumb jerk from dis afternoon," Yookie sang out.

"Yeah, 'at's him," said Whitey, and added in a high-pitched, sissified voice, "My father works inna garment cenner. You gotta take the Seventh Avenue IRT subway."

"Cheezes!" Maxie snorted, and spat.

Unruffled, Albert walked right into the midst of the group, took a ball from his pocket, bounced it on the ground and against the wall and caught it dexterously in one hand as it flew off. "Who wants to play me handball?" he said. "I got a new ball, a Spalding high bouncer."

"Ah, go play wit' your sister," Doodie muttered, *sotto voce*.

"Wha'd you say?" queried Albert belligerently.

"I said I got a big blister," Doodie yelled. "Whyntcha cleannuh wax outta yuh ears?"

We joined in a manic outburst of deliberately exaggerated laughter. As it tapered off, Petey sauntered in front of Albert and emitted a quick succession of loud, horrible, artificial belches. Albert recoiled. "Cut it out," he said. "What are you—a wiseguy?"

"I can' help it," said Petey. "I got gas. I got a terrible bellyache."

He closed his eyes and gritted his teeth as if at the extremity of suffering and loosed a nauseating, triple belch full in Albert's face. Doodie, who was a good four inches shorter and much slighter than Petey, stalked menacingly towards him. "Uch," he exclaimed. "You're a disgusting slob."

He shoved Petey, who fell back on top of Albert. Albert staggered and nearly went down but recovered his balance and was about to speak as Petey turned to him and whined: "Gee, he's always pickin' on me. I can' help it if I'm sick!"

Doodie raised his hand threateningly. "Ah, yuh stoopid jerk. You're sick in the head, 'at's what you are. I oughtta knock some of yuh t'eet out." He pushed Petey again.

"Make him stop," Petey whimpered, plucking at Albert's arm like a beggar.

Albert straightened up proudly and confronted Doodie with a newborn toughness. "Cut it out," he rasped. "Lay off him. Can't you see he's sick?"

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Doodie backed off in simulated fear. "Okay, okay," he mumbled weakly. "If you say so!"

BLACKIE and Yookie guffawed and Whitey acted before Albert got too suspicious. "Hey it's gettin' dark," he yelled. "Le's play hinegoseek."

"Hinegoseek? What kind of game is that?" Albert asked.

"Aw, f'chrissake," said Whitey. "Hinegoseek. Yuh know. One guy is it. He stan's by duh telephone pole, closes his eyes an' counts up to a hundret while everybody hides. Den he gotta spy dem before dey touch duh pole. Duh pole is home base."

"Oh," said Albert. "That's hide-n-go-seek. F'cryin' out loud! 'At's a kid's game!"

The remark gave us pause. We had just reached the age where some pleasures had to be discarded in the interests of dignity. But the opportunity was too good to waste and Whitey pressed on determinedly.

"Aw, what'sa difference, anyhow," he said. "It's a lotta fun, ain' it? Hey Doodie, come on, choose for It."

Before Albert had time to consider the matter, he was standing in a circle while Doodie, in the center, was beginning the familiar chant we used for choosing. It was a fair enough method, by and large, but Doodie was so expert at converting it to his own purposes that kids who hadn't hatched a plot with him would usually refuse to let him choose. But this time we were all united, certain of the outcome and watching in thrilled anticipation as Doodie slowly began chanting and tapping each one on the chest:

Eeh-doh-mee-doh-so-fa-la-la
eck-a-pish-a-tal-i-an-a
jing-a-so-ta
watermelons, watermelons
a nickel for two
out goes
y-o-u!

The "u," of course, came out squarely on Albert, and although he was plainly unused to our brand of chicanery, it didn't take a highly developed sense of probability to realize that something was wrong.

"'At's home base," said Petey quickly, pointing to the telephone pole. "You coun' up to a hundret an' 'en come an' get us."

He walked towards Albert so rapidly that Albert either had to back towards the pole or let Petey collide with him. He gave ground and then side-stepped nimbly. "Hold on, wait a minute!" he exclaimed. "It's not fair. What kine of choosing is that, anyway?"

"'At's a way we choose aroun' here," rasped Maxie as eleven kids formed a grim-looking circle about Albert. There was a tense moment as Albert looked pugnaciously from face to face and found nothing but inflexible antipathy and determination. He wilted noticeably. "Okay, okay," he muttered. "I'll show you guys. What'sa rules?"

"Nuttin' to it," said Petey. "Yuh coun' up an' come lookin' for us. Nobody can go off duh block. If you spy somebody, yuh call his name, den yuh gotta beat him back to home base."

"An' how'm I suppose to know the names?"

"I'll tell yuh. 'At's how. I'm Petey. Dis is Yookie, Doodie, Maxie, Ernie, Blackie, Whitey, Babe, Lefty (me), Cockeye Sidney, an' Zigzag."

There were the usual futile squawks from Cockeye Sidney and Zigzag who had been trying to shake off their names for years. They were hooted down loudly.

"What's your name?" said Petey.

"I'm Albert Agelov," he replied primly.

"Present!" shouted Doodie as if he were answering a roll-call in class. "Harold Greenspan?"

"I'm absent, teacher," Whitey simpered.

"Teacher," said Ernie, a small, stocky boy with round eyes and shiny pug nose in an impish face, waving his hand under Albert's nose. "May I leave duh room?"

Petey slapped his arm down. "Let's get goin', Albert. Coun' up a hundret an' no peepin', unnerstan'? Den come an' fine us."

ALBERT walked towards the pole with the angry, frustrate manner of somebody who knew he was doomed but was unable to go against the will of society, such as it was, even when that will contained nothing but obvious malevolence. We didn't even have to watch him to know that he would count more or less fully and then come looking for us. In the same situation all of us, except perhaps the toughest and nerviest, would have been forced, against our better judgment, to do the same.

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The pole was on the corner and we all ran down the same side of Osborne Street. "Ernie's hall," said Maxie, announcing the destination everybody was instinctively heading for. "Hey, Whitey! You, Yookie, and Blackie go hide someplace else."

They ignored the command and we were soon crushing our way hurriedly through the entrance of the three-story house in which Ernie lived. It was almost totally dark inside as the only illumination came from a small bulb on the second floor. At the back of the long hall, beneath the staircase, was an entrance to the cellar. We only hid in "Ernie's hall" when we had little respect for the seeker since he could always stand outside, wait till tiring you emerged, and then beat you in a dash to the base. Terrific damage, however, could be inflicted on anyone who got lured inside. To insure this end, Maxie took charge.

"Look," he said. "Some of you guys go upstairs to duh firs' floor an' some go to duh door by duh cellar. Me an' a coupla others stay here near duh front so he should see we're here an' come in after us."

"How're duh guys near duh cellar gonna get out, den?" asked Yookie naively.

"Don' be a dope," said Maxie. "When we get 'im in between, we give 'im duh business. Whattya t'ink, we can't hannle 'im? Now go on an' get t'duh back!"

"Don' tell me what to do," Yookie griped. "I'm gone upstairs."

He clattered noisily up the steps followed by his buddy, Blackie, Cockeye Sidney, who worshipped Blackie, and Doodie, who was still sore at Maxie.

"Goddamn dumb jerks," Maxie cursed. "Hey, Petey, whyn't you get duh rest uh dese guys to duh back. Me an' Ernie'll stay here."

Petey succeeded in herding Whitey, Babe, and Zigzag to the rear, but I stayed where I was.

"Now, whatsa matter wit' you?" Maxie asked disgustedly. "We can't all stick here."

"Ah, I jus' wanna see what he does," I explained. "I'll letya know when he comes."

I FLATTENED myself against the wall near the door so I could see Albert's approach. It was almost night now, black in the hall and dark gray on the street up which Albert advanced with slow, dance-like steps, each leg going very high, the right toeing out at a right angle to his body while the left went straight with an effect like a kind of springy limp. His head swiveled from side to side and he seemed alert and a bit frightened but still not too serious or utterly engaged in the game. Something in his posture seemed to mock at himself, at the game, at me, at everything as he poked his head disdainfully into a hall, withdrew, and shuffled ahead.

"He's comin' pretty close," I whispered.

"When he gets to duh stationery store, we stick our heads out a little, den duck to duh back," said Max.

"Hey," Yookie's voice rang out from upstairs. "I found where Ernie's old man keeps duh rotten vegetables. Boy, what ammunition!"

"Put 'em back, yuh jerk," howled Ernie, whose father was an especially irascible type of pushcart peddler. "Dee ole man'll kill me when he comes home."

"How's he gonna know who took 'em?" Blackie squawked. "We'll ony use a couple."

"Pipe down," I shouted. "He's comin'!"

Ernie, Maxie, and I stuck our heads briefly out of the doorway and dashed back to join the group near the cellar entrance, with Ernie still protesting loudly. He happened to be one kid I had the Indian sign on from the day he was born. "Close your damn trap," I snarled at him happily. "You oughta be glad if we get rid of dat garbidge. It should be against duh law to sell 'at junk an' poison people."

Petey and the others laughed and then went suddenly quiet as the figure of Albert appeared silhouetted in the doorway. Everyone seemed to go frozen with suspense in the dark, silent house. My heart started to beat rapidly and painfully and I felt strained to the breaking point with pure excitement. For a second I had the feeling that we were all trapped and that Albert was the complete master of the situation. He seemed to feel the same way for he stepped in confidently, walked boldly past the lighter part of the hall, then stopped as he got into the blackness and carefully stretched out his arms to touch both walls.

Ernie giggled.

Albert wasn't in far enough to give the kids upstairs time to get behind him in case he dashed for the door. I slammed Ernie in the biceps with my fist and he subsided. By

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this time Albert was visible only as an amorphous shape in the darkness. He spoke up in nervous, sneering tones: "Yeah, yeah, I know what you guys are up to."

Nobody moved, but Petey emitted a soft Bronx cheer. I heard faint, shuffling movements as the upstairs platoon began inching down towards a better position. Petey repeated the Bronx cheer teasingly, and Albert returned it defiantly with a silly-sounding one of his own and took a couple of brave steps forward. It was all that was needed. Everything simply broke loose at once, the silence, the cramped, painful tension, in a wild hemorrhage of action. "Keee-awww-keee" came the loud, ringing, bird-call that accompanied all our night games. "Chang, chang, chang," Doodie's war cry rose high and clear. "Here come dee Indians!" War whoops and machine-gun rattles issued from the upstairs group as they thundered down the steps. We chose more verbal expressions as we sallied forth yelling, as loudly as possible:

"Give it to him!"

"Hit 'im innuh whiskers!"

"Mobbilize him!"

"Spit down his appetite!"

"Knock his t'eet out!"

A head of lettuce whizzed past my ear as I charged forwards. The leaves came off in the air and a volley of other vegetables swished and thudded as the two groups blended with a terrific din about the kicking, struggling figure of Albert. His arms were pinned behind him in the powerful grip of Cockeye Sidney while somebody smeared his face with something and other kids clung to him. I got jammed against the wall and could only watch as Albert suddenly fell over, dragging his captors down with him. Somebody reached down to loosen his belt while others started to drag his pants off. A loud, hoarse, frighteningly mature voice from high above interrupted the festivities.

"What the goddam hell is gone on down there?" it bawled. "I'll kick duh stuffin' outta you little—"

"Boy, dat's ole man Josephson. F'crissake, let's get outta here," whimpered Ernie.

"I'll kill dose kids," the voice thundered as we scrambled pellmell for the exit.

Laughing as gleefully as released prisoners, we ran back to the pole and each of us touched it in mock compliance with the rules.

"Boy," said Yookie. "We sure gave it to him."

"Did ya see me rub duh tomatuh in his mush?" drooled Zigzag proudly.

"Gee," said Ernie. "It's a good t'ing Josephson didn't catch us. He once hit me wit' a strap. I was black an' blue for a week."

We turned around just in time to see Albert erupt from the hall followed by Josephson, in his undershirt, holding up his pants with one hand and lashing wildly with the famous strap. Albert ran straight towards us and then made for the other side of the street, looking back to see if he was still pursued. Josephson stopped, clutched his slipping pants, shook the strap furiously at us, and retired to the hall. Albert halted, too, and stood heaving and panting under the street lamp, spotlighted like some motley character out of an Elizabethan play. His neat knickers had come undone and hung sloppily down to his ankles, his crisp white shirt was spattered and daubed, the olive flesh gleaming through a huge tear. Pieces of tomato had caked on his face and his thick curly hair was stiff with vegetable matter and garnished with leaves. Raising both fists high in the air, between sobs and gasps, he screamed: "Yuh dirty bassids . . . yuh dirty bassids . . . I'll show you. I'll kill yah all!"

He dropped his arms and pounded one fist against his chest like Tarzan. "I'm gonna get big an' strong," he yelled. "I'm gonna exercise an' go to the gym. Then I'll get big an' strong an' I'll kill yuh all. You'll see, yuh bassids. I'll take up boxing!"

Petey, Maxie, and Doodie took a couple of threatening steps in his direction and Albert turned and fled around the corner. He didn't show up again for about three weeks and then Maxie, of all people, spoke to him normally and drafted him into a punchball game. He was quite strong and a good athlete and it wasn't too long before he was an accepted, fairly high-ranking member of the gang. I never did like him and it seemed to me that he exercised a subtle and unpleasant influence on the others. A few other boys seemed to sense it, too, and it may have been because of Albert that we drifted prematurely away from the gang that had once, to us, been the whole of society.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

THE ZADDIK AND THE PEOPLE

Teachings of Jacob Joseph of Polonoye

THE relation between the Zaddikim—the saints—and the people, of less exalted spirituality, is often a source of ethical and religious questioning. The problem came up acutely in the time of the Baal Shem Tov, in the 18th century, when the Jewish masses of Eastern Europe were isolated from the scholars and mystics, who pursued their esoteric and casuistical studies without reference to the life around them. The Hasidic movement as inspired by the Baal Shem emphasized among other things the importance of ecstatic prayer, available to everyone, as a way to set free and expand the spirit of Judaism. The Baal Shem, a loftily holy man, mingled with the common people and taught by conversation and example. He excluded no one from Israel.

RABBI JACOB JOSEPH of Polonoye (d. 1782) was the foremost literary disciple of the Baal Shem. He was the first to collect Hasidic teachings and set them into treatise form. In these selections, culled from the four volumes of his writings, he draws together the saint and the commoner, putting the responsibility of togetherness on the superior man. The translation, the first in English, is by Rabbi Samuel H. Dresner, who has a doctorate in Hebrew letters from the Jewish Theological Seminary, and is associated with Har Zion Temple in Philadelphia.—ED.

INDIVIDUALLY, within a single man, the soul should not act arrogantly toward the body, declaring that she is a holy soul, hewn from a holy place beneath the throne of Glory, while the body comes from the dust and is created from a fetid drop. She should know that she descends into this world to perform the commandments in a perfect manner, and this can only be achieved by means of the bodily limbs. All the more so should the body not act arrogantly toward the soul, declaring that she nourishes the soul, for when the soul is divided from the body, then the body putrefies. They are each in need of the other, as a man is with his wife. . . .

So it is, generally speaking, that the scholars and the Zaddikim should not say that they do not need the common people, for they are the bearers of the Torah and many commandments are fulfilled through the people. All the more so, the people should not spurn the scholars, nor act arrogantly toward them because they support them. . . .

The scholars and the Zaddikim, they are the soul, the first two letters of the Divine Name; while the common people, they are the body, the last two letters.

NOAH was a righteous man, but only for himself. He did not care about the sinners, and the ark he built was the synagogue in which he secluded himself away from the people. Now whoever wanted to seclude himself in holiness came of himself to the ark, to lock himself in. But this is not true of the sinner who is drawn after worldly pleasures; he surely will not come willingly to lock himself in the ark for the worship of God, which to the wicked is not a delight but a punishment. Indeed, he would rather be destroyed in the flood (the world) than be enclosed in the ark (the synagogue) to worship God.

It was different with Abraham. He not only purified himself but others as well. He was the "Zaddik in the midst of the city." And yet, even if Abraham wanted to make known to the world the fact that the Lord was God, to turn people to God, they would not have listened to him, for he had nothing

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in common with them since he was on a high rung and they on a low one. But out of concern for the glory of God he descended from his rung (which is the mystery of "though the Zaddik falls seven times he will rise") that he might have something in common with them and be able to raise them.

Noah knew only the fear of God, but Abraham reached the rung of the love of God. The Zaddik thinks that each Israelite is a limb of the Shechinah. He loves the lowly creatures in whom there is no perfection other than their being His creatures —for it is proper to love them, to draw them to the Torah, to go down to the rung of the people in order to make them holy. Whom do we have greater than Moses, the master of all Israel? Surely all his deeds, all his prayers, all his learning was only for this: to stretch out his hand to the children of Israel, that they might seize it, to raise them.

BECAUSE of the pressure of time, the people are caught in the constant search for a livelihood and daily bread. Consequently, Torah and prayer lie in the corner with none to care for them. Indeed I have heard that in the past the Evil Inclination endeavored to drive people only out of the future world. But now it has become wise, and drives them from both this world and the future world. The burden of making a living gives a man no rest, day or night, in this world; hence, since there is no time to devote to matters of the future world—Torah and prayer—he is driven from both worlds. Thus, even if the Zaddik yearns for Torah and prayer, he should nevertheless join himself with the poor of the people, those who are poor in spirit, for they are overburdened, resting neither day nor night in the task of making a living. He must not condemn them because they do not act as he does, but rather should he give praise and thanks to Him whose Name is Blessed, that He has bestowed more light upon him so that he might illumine their way and lead them out of their darkness.

THERE are those whom the Zaddik raises through his Torah and prayer, and there are those whom he is only able to raise by conversing with them, for through speaking to them and telling them simple stories he may fulfill the verse, "In all thy ways know Him." If the Zaddik draws someone close to him through plain words, at a later time, when he asks such a one to perform an act of piety [*mitzvah*], this one may consent to do so because he has already been drawn close to the Zaddik through simple tales. Even the word which a man speaks in the street must be spoken with fear and love. The essence of the matter is this: to realize that He who is blessed is in every place and every action. Thus even in simple stories one should be able to feel the presence of the Creator, may His Name be blessed, just as in one's study and prayer, for there are men who can pray while speaking with their neighbors about plain things.

THERE are two paths for the Zaddik, the servant of the Lord: one is to seclude himself and worship the Lord without any Evil Inclination; the other is to serve the Lord with the Evil Inclination. When a man is about to commit a sin, may God forbid, or is tempted by the Evil Inclination to physical pleasures and, afterwards, when because of the glory of the Lord and his awe of Him he breaks his passion and desire and turns to the way of the Lord, behold, he subdues the left pillar with the right pillar and a complete *Yihud* is achieved above—which means that the goal of the Zaddik who serves the Lord with the Evil Inclination, that is, the fallen people, is greater than that of the one who worships Him in seclusion, without the fallen people. For the Zaddik unites all three pillars through the middle pillar.

THE descent to the people is fraught with peril, but there is yet a way. When Jacob went out from Beer Sheba and dwelt in Haran, he was, like Caleb, amidst the counsel of the wicked, and among sinners and scoffers, where danger threatened. For the letters of the word Haran [*h-r-n*] imply sinners, evildoers, and adulterers. In order that he not be caught in their snare, he prayed to the Lord, and was delivered. Afterwards he spent the night there among the wicked whose deeds are dark as night, among the sinners and scoffers who are ignorant of Torah. Then he laid himself down to sleep and dreamt of the ladder. For the "complete man" [*adam shalem*] is called a ladder: he is fixed in the earth among evildoers, sinners, and scoffers, but, nevertheless, his head and

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thoughts reach the heavens because his heart is toward heaven.

When a Zaddik is on a lofty rung, for example when he secludes himself with his Creator, nothing foreign can approach him, for he is immersed in the Torah and, by virtue of this, is delivered from the Evil Inclination, for the Torah is the antidote to the Evil Inclination. But he knows that afterwards he must depart from his book and go into the midst of the city. As soon as he departs from his book, "sin croucheth at the door," for in the city "the well is empty of Torah and filled with snakes and scorpions" of slander, idleness, looking at women, and the like. What can he do to be delivered from sin? He must bind himself to God while he is still in seclusion, so that the four letters of the Divine Name are before his eyes even when he walks among men, as it says, "I have set the Lord before me at all times." . . .

And this is what was revealed to our father Jacob in his dream—a ladder fixed in the earth whose head reached the heavens, which means: even when the Zaddik is fixed in the earth, with the lowly, common people of the earth, among scoffers and gossips and the like, nevertheless his head, his thoughts, reach the heavens, for the Divine Name is before him. Thus do those, "the angels of the Lord," called also "the messengers of the Lord" [*malach*—messenger or angel], ascend the ladder of the world.

THE one who is truly wise, before he descends into Egypt, must first bind himself closely to God so that even when he descends to raise others he will not be cleft from God, but will be worthy of again ascending, just as one who goes down into a pit ties himself with a rope so that he may once more arise from that pit. For wherever his descent may lead him, he must be aware that there also is the Glory of His Presence, which is the mystery of "His dominion ruleth over all."

SAUL GOTTLIEB

FATHER TO SON

I CANNOT recall precisely what was on my mind
at breakfast, when I turned on you and shouted,
insisting that you act as you should act
(rather as I thought you ought to act,
you being twelve now and approaching manhood),
when I in rage tore the jar from your hand
and ruined your food with the sugary stuff,
and you in your young manhood rose,
bewildered love and hatred sounding,
clashing, wordless in your throat,
and ran out into cold of morning
without your jacket on.

Whatever it was you compensated,
when you had gone I recalled my grandmother,
once when I was about your age,
enraged because we never said "good morning"
when Danny and I would meet her, mornings,
and I with that stupendous insolence
for which I was famous then,
told her to go to hell,
and she cried, "Respect!"
and I sneered, "Respect?
What does it mean, Grandma, dear?"
Hurt and silent, she hobbled away.

Now I have tasted such bitter fruit
of seeds so carelessly scattered.
O Michael dear, there are demands
that cannot be required, cannot be returned,
until we both know the meaning of the word.

Whatever it was, a lost dream or a failure,
you knew it was myself I scolded,
for when you soon returned
we touched each other
as mother and I do after quarrels,
each finding the fault in himself.

SAUL GOTTLIEB, a young poet born in New York City, is an instructor in the humanities at Dillard University, New Orleans. This is the second poem by him that we print.

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ON THE HORIZON

LIFE STRAIGHT IN DE EYE

Carmen Jones: Film Spectacular in Color

JAMES BALDWIN

HOLLYWOOD'S peculiar ability to milk, so to speak, the cow and the goat at the same time—and then to peddle the results as ginger ale—has seldom produced anything more arresting than the present production of *Carmen Jones*. In Hollywood, for example, immorality and evil (which are synonyms in that lexicon) are always vividly punished, though it is the way of the transgressor—hard perhaps but far from unattractive—which keeps us on the edge of our seats, and the transgressor himself—or herself—who engages all our sympathy. Similarly, in *Carmen Jones*, the implicit parallel between an amoral Gypsy and an amoral Negro woman is the entire root idea of the show; but at the same time, bearing in mind the distances covered since *The Birth of a Nation*, it is important that the movie always be able to repudiate any suggestion that Negroes are amoral—which it can only do, considering the role of the Negro in the national psyche, by repudiating any suggestion that Negroes are not white. With a story like *Carmen* interpreted by a Negro cast this may seem a difficult assignment, but Twentieth Century-Fox has brought it off. At the same time they have also triumphantly *not* brought it off, that is to say that the story *does* deal with amoral people, Carmen *is* a baggage, and it *is* a Negro cast.

THIS is made possible in the first place, of course, by the fact that *Carmen* is a "classic" or a "work of art" or something, therefore sacrosanct, and, luckily, quite old: it is as ludicrously unenlightened to accuse Mérimée or Bizet of having dirty minds as it is impossible to accuse them of being anti-Negro. (Though it *is* possible perhaps to accuse them of not knowing much and caring less about Gypsies.) In the second place the music helps, for it has assuredly never sounded so bald, or been sung so badly, or had less relevance to life, anybody's life, than in this production. The lyrics, too, in their way, help, being tasteless and vulgar in a way, if not to a degree, which cannot be called characteristic of Negroes. The movie's lifeless unreality is only occasionally threatened by Pearl Bailey, who has, however, been forestalled by Mr. Preminger's direction and is reduced—in a series of awful costumes, designed, it would appear, to camouflage her personality—to doing what is certainly the best that can be done with an abomination called *Beat Out That Rhythm on a Drum* and delivering her lines for the rest of the picture with such a murderously amused dis-

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THE movie *Carmen Jones*, which transfers Bizet's opera to a Southern factory town and gives it an all-Negro cast, has been widely acclaimed not only as a first-rate musical but more especially as evidence that Hollywood has at last admitted Negroes to full citizenship. JAMES BALDWIN suggests here that, just as most of the performers in this film do not sing in their own voices, so also they do not appear, so to speak, in their own skins. Mr. Baldwin's novel *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, published in 1953 by Knopf, established him in the forefront of younger American novelists. Readers of COMMENTARY may also remember his remarkable article "The Harlem Ghetto," published in February 1948, and his story "Previous Condition" (October 1948). He was born in New York City in 1924.

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dain that one cannot quite avoid the suspicion that she is commenting on the film. For a second or so at a time she escapes the film's deadly inertia and in Miss Bailey one catches glimpses of the imagination which might have exploded this movie into something worth seeing.

But this movie, more than any movie I can remember having seen, cannot afford, dare not risk, imagination. The "sexiness," for example, of Dorothy Dandridge, who plays Carmen, becomes quite clearly manufactured and even rather silly the moment Pearl Bailey stands anywhere near her.* And the moment one wishes that Pearl Bailey were playing Carmen one understands that *Carmen Jones* is controlled by another movie which Hollywood was studiously *not* making. For, while it is amusing to parallel Bizet's amoral Gypsy with a present-day, lower-class Negro woman, it is a good deal less amusing to parallel the Bizet violence with the violence of the Negro ghetto.

To avoid this—to exploit, that is, Carmen as a brown-skinned baggage but to avoid even suggesting any of the motivations such a present-day Carmen might have—it was helpful, first of all, that the script failed to require the services of any white people. This seals the action off, as it were, in a vacuum in which the spectacle of color is divested of its danger. The color itself then becomes a kind of vacuum which each spectator will fill with his own fantasies. But *Carmen Jones* does not inhabit the never-never land of such bogus but rather entertaining works as *Stormy Weather* or *Cabin in the Sky*—in which at least one could listen to the music; *Carmen Jones* has moved into a stratosphere rather more interesting and more pernicious, in which even Negro speech is parodied out of its charm and liberalized, if one may so put it, out of its force and precision. The result is not that the characters sound like everybody else, which would be bad enough; the result is that they sound ludicrously false and affected, like ante-bellum Negroes imitating their masters. This is also the way they look, and also rather the way they are dressed, and the word that springs immediately to mind to describe the appallingly technicolored sets—an army camp, a room, and a street on Chicago's South Side, presumably, which Bigger Thomas would certainly fail to recognize—is spotless. They could easily have been dreamed up by someone determined to prove that Negroes are as "clean" and as "modern" as white people and, I suppose, in one way or another, that is exactly how they *were* dreamed up.

And one is not allowed to forget for an instant that one is watching an opera, a word apparently synonymous in Mr. Preminger's mind with tragedy *and* fantasy, and the tone of *Carmen Jones* is stifling: a wedding of the blank, lofty solemnity with which Hollywood so often approaches "works of art" and the really quite helpless condescension with which Hollywood has always handled Negroes. The fact that one is watching a Negro cast interpreting *Carmen* is used to justify their remarkable vacuity, their complete improbability, their total divorce from anything suggestive of the realities of Negro life. On the other hand, the movie cannot possibly avoid depending very heavily on a certain quaintness, a certain lack of inhibition taken to be typical of Negroes, and further, the exigencies of the story—to say nothing of the images, which we will discuss in a moment—make it necessary to watch this movie, holding in the mind three disparate ideas: (1) that this is an opera having nothing to do with the present day, hence, nothing, *really*, to do with Negroes; but (2) the greater passion, that winning warmth (of which the movie exhibits not a trace) so typical of Negroes makes *Carmen* an ideal vehicle for their graduation into Art; and (3) these are *exceptional* Negroes, as American, that is, as you and me, interpreting lower-class Negroes of whom they, also, are very fond, an affection which is proven perhaps by the fact that everyone appears to undergo a tiny, strangling death before resolutely substituting "de" for "the."

*I have singled out Miss Bailey because the quality of her personality, forthright and wry, and with the authoritative ring of authenticity, highlights for me the lack of any of these qualities, or any positive qualities at all, in the movie itself. She is also the only performer with whose work I am more or less familiar. Since even she is so thoroughly handicapped by the peculiar necessities of *Carmen Jones*, I should like to make it clear that, in discussing the rest of the cast, I am not trying to judge their professional competence, which, on the basis of this movie—they do not even sing in their own voices—it would be quite unfair to do.

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A MOVIE is, literally, a series of images and what one *sees* in a movie can really be taken, beyond its stammering or misleading dialogue, as the key to what the movie is actually involved in saying. *Carmen Jones* is one of the first and most explicit—and far and away the most self-conscious—weddings of sex and color which Hollywood has yet turned out. (It will most certainly not be the last.) From this point of view the color wheel in *Carmen Jones* is very important. Dorothy Dandridge—Carmen—is a sort of taffy-colored girl, very obviously and vividly dressed, but really in herself rather more sweet than vivid. One feels—perhaps one is meant to feel—that here is a *very* nice girl making her way in movies by means of a bad-girl part; and the glow thus caused, especially since she is a colored girl, really must make up for the glow which is missing from the performance she is clearly working very hard at. Harry Belafonte is just a little darker and just as blankly handsome and fares very badly opposite her in a really offensive version of an already unendurable role. Olga James is Micaela, here called Cindy Lou, a much paler girl than Miss Dandridge but also much plainer, who is compelled to go through the entire movie in a kind of tearful stoop. Joe Adams is Husky Miller (Escamillo) and he is also rather taffy-colored, but since he is the second lead and by way of being the villain, he is not required to be as blank as Mr. Belafonte and there is therefore, simply in his presence, some fleeting hint of masculine or at least boyish force. For the rest, Pearl Bailey is quite dark and she plays, in effect, a floozie. The wicked sergeant who causes Joe to desert the army—in one of many wildly improbable scenes—and who has evil designs on Carmen is very dark indeed and so is Husky Miller's trainer, who is, one is given to suppose, Miss Bailey's sugar-daddy. It is quite clear that these people do not live in the same world with Carmen, or Joe, or Cindy Lou. All three of the leads are presented as indefinably complex and tragic, not after money or rhinestones but something else which causes them to be misunderstood by the more earthy types around them. This something else is love, of course, and it is with the handling of this love story that the movie really goes to town.

It is true that no one in the original *Carmen*, least of all Carmen and her lover, are very clearly motivated, but there it scarcely matters because the opera is able to get by on a purely theatrical excitement, a sort of papier-maché violence, and the intense, if finally incredible, sexuality of its heroine. The movie does not have any of this to work with, since here excitement or violence could only blow the movie to bits, and, while the movie certainly indicates that Carmen is a luscious lollipop, it is on rather more uncertain ground when confronted with the notion of how attractive *she* finds men, and it cannot, in any case, use this as a motivating factor. Carmen is thus robbed at a stroke of even her fake vitality and all her cohesiveness and has become, instead, a nice girl, if a little fiery, whose great fault—and, since this is a tragedy, also her triumph—is that she looks at "life," as her final aria states it, "straight in de eye." In lieu of sexuality the movie-makers have dreamed up some mumbo jumbo involving buzzards wings, signs of the zodiac, and death-dealing cards, so that, it appears, Carmen ruins Joe because she loves him and decides to leave him because the cards tell her she is going to die. The fact that between the time she leaves him and the time he kills her she acquires some new clothes, and drinks—as one of her arias rather violently indicates she intends to—a great deal of champagne is simply a sign of her intense inner suffering.

CARMEN has come a long way from the auction block, but Joe, of course, cannot be far behind. This Joe is a good, fine-looking boy who loves his Maw, has studied hard, and is going to be sent to flying school, and who is engaged to a girl who rather resembles his Maw, named Cindy Lou. His indifference to Carmen, who has all the other males in sight quivering with a passion never seen on land or sea, sets her ablaze; in a series of scenes which it is difficult to call erotic without adding that they are also infantile, she goes after him and he falls. Here the technicolored bodies of Dandridge and Belafonte, while the movie is being glum about the ruin of Joe's career and impending doom, are used for the maximum erotic effect. It is a sterile and distressing eroticism, however, because it is occurring in a vacuum between two mannequins who clearly are not involved in anything more serious than giving

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the customers a run for their money. One is not watching either tenderness or love and one is certainly not watching the complex and consuming passion which leads to life or death—one is watching a timorous and vulgar misrepresentation of these things.

And it must be said that one of the reasons for this is that, while the movie-makers are pleased to have Miss Dandridge flouncing about in tight skirts and plunging necklines —which is not exactly sexuality, either—the Negro male is still too loaded a quantity for them to know quite how to handle. The result is that Mr. Belafonte is really not allowed to do anything more than walk around looking like a spaniel: *his* sexuality is really taken as given because Miss Dandridge wants him. It does not, otherwise, exist and he is not destroyed by his own sexual aggressiveness, which he is not allowed to have, but by the sexual aggressiveness of the girl—or, as it turns out, not even really by that, but by tea leaves. The only reason, finally, that the eroticism of *Carmen Jones* is more potent than, say, the eroticism of a Lana Turner vehicle is because *Carmen Jones* has Negro bodies before the camera and Negroes are associated in the public mind with sex. Since darker races always seem to have for lighter races an aura of sexuality this fact is not distressing in itself. What is distressing is the conjecture this movie leaves one with as to what Americans take sex to be.

The most important thing about this movie—and the reason that, despite itself, it is one of the most important all-Negro movies Hollywood has yet produced—is that the questions it leaves in the mind relate less to Negroes than to the interior life of Americans. One wonders, it is true, if Negroes are really going to become the ciphers this movie makes them out to be, but, since they have until now survived public images even more appalling, one is encouraged to hope, for their sake and the sake of the Republic, that they will continue to prove themselves incorrigible. Besides, life does not produce ciphers like these: when people have become this empty they are not ciphers any longer, but monsters. The creation of such ciphers proves, however, that Americans are far from empty; they are, on the contrary, very deeply disturbed. And this disturbance is not the kind which can be eased by the doing of good works, but seems to have turned inward and shows every sign of becoming personal. This is one of the best things that can possibly happen. It can be taken to mean—among a great many other things—that the ferment which has resulted in as odd a brew as *Carmen Jones* can now be expected to produce something which will be more bitter on the tongue but sweeter in the stomach.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

GERMANY'S POST-NAZI INTELLECTUAL CLIMATE

As Reflected in a Current Symposium

G. L. ARNOLD

WE ARE becoming familiar with the political contours of postwar Germany, or at any rate with the dominant outlook of the Federal Republic. Are we equally attentive to what goes on under the surface? Germany is once more becoming important to the remainder of Europe, and a glance at the scene requires no apology. Fortunately our own task has been eased by recent attempts on the part of representative German writers to strike a balance of their country's recovery from the zero point of 1945. A number of such essays have been specially commissioned, grouped together, and published, under the title *The German Spirit Between Yesterday and Today,** by the editors of the *Merkur,* the latter being not merely a distinguished periodical, but itself a sort of prism reflecting the often idiosyncratic tendencies of German philosophers, writers, and critics. Here if anywhere, then, is the proper starting point for analysis.

The contributors to this important symposium have been given a difficult task. Nine years after the end of the Second World War it is still not clear what shape the Germany of tomorrow is going to take. Least of all is it clear to the Germans. The Federal Republic in some respects resembles its ill-fated predecessor, the Weimar Republic, but the after-effects of the 1945 catastrophe have been such as to render questionable the very conception of a German nation. Not only has the country been split in two, but its eastern part has been incorporated—temporarily at any rate—in the Soviet bloc. In 1918 the Reich was left intact—so much so that by 1933 it could afford to dispense with the democratic institutions hastily extemporized after the fall of the Empire. In 1945 not only had the Reich disappeared, but many people doubted whether Germany as a nation could be reconstituted. Hence the sudden growth of interest in Europeanism; hence also the intellectual ferment described in the first of the thirty-one essays included in this volume: "People who hardly knew each other read political manifestos to one another over the peppermint tea they had themselves gathered in." That was before the currency reform of 1948, which ushered in the great economic boom. Since then the Germans have gone back to taking their tea without notable political emotion. The Federal Republic is today one of the stablest countries in Western Europe, and the living standard of its population—unemployed, old-age pensioners, and some expellees excepted—is fast approaching that of Switzerland. It is less certain that the old pre-1914 in-

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RELIABLE reports on the present state of West Germany have been difficult to come by lately, but the recent publication of an important collection of essays under the sponsorship of a leading West German cultural magazine provides G. L. ARNOLD with an opportunity to glimpse something of what is going on in the minds of at least the German intellectual elite. Mr. Arnold, born in Germany and long resident in Palestine, now lives in London, where he is the editor of the British monthly *Twentieth Century.* In the past he has been foreign correspondent for the *Palestine Post* as well as *Davar,* and has contributed to numerous other periodicals. A book by him on European politics is soon to be published in this country.

**Deutscher Geist Zwischen Gestern Und Morgen,* edited by Joachim Moras, Hans Paeschke, and Wolfgang von Einsiedel. Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, Stuttgart. 470 pp.

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tellectual eminence is being recovered. Even the somewhat hectic and brittle atmosphere of the Weimar period held greater promise in some respects than the curiously complacent mood which seems to have descended on the citizens of the Bonn republic.

Most of the contributors to this volume are aware of the ground that has been lost, not only since 1933 but also since 1945, when the conflict between reform and restoration had not yet been decided in favor of the latter. There is some evidence that they are critical of the prevailing trend and, by implication, of the social milieu which has become its principal focus: the new class of property-owners, too busy making money to worry about cultural values. At the same time they are acutely conscious that Western Germany has come a long way since 1945, and that achievements such as the absorption of ten million refugees and the rebuilding of the shattered cities had to be bought by single-minded concentration on material problems. The family and the neighborhood community were the basis of reconstruction during the first hungry postwar years, and within the home it was the women—mothers and grandmothers—who for a time carried the main burden, while the men returned from war or captivity—or failed to return. The immediate result was an inevitable narrowing of perspective, but also greater realism and practicality. Germany after the war was very largely held together by its womenfolk; inevitably their social status changed. It is illuminating to read that the patriarchal family has largely collapsed, and that the majority of German households are today run on a partnership basis: a change also reflected in the legal sphere. As against this advance towards full democracy, the majority of women, to judge from election results, seem to prefer the conservative parties which retain a certain bias towards authoritarianism. Still, the change this time has been far more radical than after 1918, and to that extent German democracy may be said to have acquired a stabler basis.

Revelations of this kind are scattered through a good many of the essays composing this symposium. They might perhaps have been brought into clearer focus if the editors had allowed themselves to be guided by a single principle of selection, e.g., evidence bearing upon the democratization of German society after the Second World War, compared to the failure of this process after 1918. The aim of the symposium, however, is to paint a broad picture of the cultural scene, including such recondite aspects as the introduction of mathematical models into the social sciences, or the recent development of Heidegger's philosophy. A certain eclecticism is the inevitable result. It is not always clear why a particular subject has been given emphasis, or in what relation it stands to the rest. The very valuable section on theology and philosophy, for example, is wedged in among a miscellany of papers dealing with various important but unrelated aspects of scientific progress and scholarly reconstruction after 1945.

A more important limitation arises from a circumstance over which the editors have no control: the partition of the country. The symposium resolutely confines itself to the Federal Republic, with barely a side-glance now and then at the part of Germany which is under Communist rule. For the time being this may be appropriate, but one fancies that any companion volume which may issue from the same quarter in future will be thought wanting if it fails to meet this particular challenge. Lastly, there is the question how far anti-liberal tendencies should be ignored in this kind of provisional stock-taking. The *Merkur* is both a liberal and a self-consciously "European" publication, and a symposium organized by its editors could hardly fail to breathe the air of Goethean humanism, post-Kantian rationalism, and post-Nietzschean return to liberal-democratic values. But there are alternative ways of perceiving the world, and it is arguable that a collection of essays entitled *The German Spirit Between Yesterday and Tomorrow* could have found room for a critical estimate of such non-liberal philosophies as Thomism, Marxism, and whatever is beginning to take the place of romantic Spenglerian irrationalism and/or fascism. Surely such a discussion would have been of value. One misses it all the more because of the promising nature of certain contributions which just manage to skirt these issues without really coming to grips with them.

These remarks are inevitably rather general. It is not easy to convey to the American reader something of the spiritual ambience of the halfway-house which is the Federal Republic. Most of the essays "situate themselves," as the French say, in a context wholly different from anything the West has experienced. The

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nearest analogy is France during the Vichy period, when half the country was occupied by the invader while the remainder carried on a precarious hand-to-mouth existence. But the Federal Republic is stable and prosperous, and is about to obtain its own armed forces, while on the other hand the partition of the country looks like becoming permanent. Of course, no German is reconciled to this state of affairs, but for the time being (which probably means for some years to come) the emphasis is on reconstruction—in West *and* East—rather than on unification. And if and when unification does come one day, what are the inhabitants of the Federal Republic to make of their Sovietized brethren in the East? They can hardly suppose that the missing pieces can be fitted into the German jigsaw puzzle without dislodging a good many of the others.

For the moment such questions are not fashionable. They are at any rate not raised in this volume which deliberately averts its eyes from what is happening east of the Elbe. Reconstruction has absorbed all the available energies—to good purpose: one cannot read these succinct accounts of political, legal, social, educational progress since the total collapse of 1945 without being impressed by the speed with which German society has risen from the ruins. In some respects it is a changed society: the reaction from Hitler's totalitarian despotism has, among other things, carried the traditional German hankering after legal protection against administrative abuse—the *Rechtsstaat*—to the point of near absurdity. Western Germany today proliferates in constitutional and juridical safeguards of every kind, to the point where its superior courts have arrogated to themselves a position paralleled only in the United States. While the traditional respect for the non-political civil service, the *Berufsbeamtentum*, has been shaken by the total politicization enforced by the Nazis, the law courts have stepped into the breach and virtually become a third power parallel to the legislature and the executive. This process has been aided by the immense growth in the number of people having claims upon the state—refugees and expellees of every kind, war widows, pensioners, and recipients of social insurance or benefit schemes. The need to keep the millions of refugees alive —one-fifth of the Federal Republic's population consists of displaced people—and to rebuild the bombed cities has forced the state to shoulder a multitude of major and minor responsibilities, and correspondingly turned a large part of the population into *Sozialrentner*—recipients of public assistance. While the market economy has been freed from controls and left to its own devices, other sectors of public life have been socialized to a degree not exceeded even in Britain or Scandinavia.

Not surprisingly, Germany is beginning to acquire the entire apparatus of statistics, social research, and sociology proper which the Anglo-Saxon countries have built up over the years. It appears to be a fact, however, that in the field of applied sociology the institutions of higher learning remain backward—if one regards as progress the kind of empirical research which has become so important an activity in the United States. The older disciplines are having an easier time: philology and history are about to regain their pre-1933 standing; the natural sciences were never as badly hit as the humanities and have been among the first to recover. It is significant, however, that psychology and psychosomatic medicine are lagging behind. Here the effects of racial purges, and the general obscurantism of the Nazi regime (ably abetted by the more conservative elements in the universities and elsewhere), have been particularly noticeable. The United States was the chief gainer from the catastrophe which befell this branch of studies in 1933. At present a revival seems to be in progress, but there is much ground to be regained. The paper dealing with this subject (by Th. v. Uexkuell) is particularly informative, as is H. Schelsky's account of the situation in the sociological field.

By far the longest and weightiest of the thirty-one contributions is Helmut Kuhn's essay on the present state of philosophical and theological discussion. It is one of the oddities of the symposium that this paper is squeezed in between others dealing competently enough with such subjects as modern quantum physics and the application of mathematical methods to present-day economics. Kuhn's contribution is an authoritative summing up which might have found a place along with the editors' own summary reflections towards the close of the volume. It is the kind of meta-logical analysis that establishes a perspective for the discussion of scientific and aesthetic issues such as those which the editors have grouped under the general heading *Die Schoenen Kuenste*—roughly "Arts and Letters." Unfortunately it is impossible to summarize, not merely owing to its

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conciseness but because it reports on the progress of a discussion which has no counterpart in the Anglo-Saxon world.

It is not as though the Germans were uniquely concerned with disputes over Existentialism, although Kierkegaard, and even Heidegger, do indeed occupy a more central place than they do elsewhere; what really differentiates the German situation from that in England and America is the prevalence of a cast of mind that regards philosophy as relevant to the human situation. In this context it matters little whether or not the fashion of the moment favors some species of Existentialism, Christian or otherwise: both variants exist, as do the rival schools of Thomism, Marxism, positivism, and old-fashioned idealism, whether Kantian or phenomenological. But the distinctive traits of these movements tend to merge in their common concern for the totality of human understanding. To put it differently, they clash on a plane where the layman can stop and listen. There is no pretense that philosophy is reducible to the expert manipulation of linguistic trivialities, or that its business is exhausted by logic-chopping. Hence Kuhn is able to list among his protagonists not merely philosophers like Jaspers but theologians like Barth and Bultmann—inevitably, since the latter at any rate has crossed swords with his philosophical critics, while the former is by implication challenging the Aristotelian basis of Thomism. Positivism exists, of course, but even the radical positivism of Nicolai Hartmann stems from Hegel, while a near Catholic like Scheler did not hesitate to operate with Marxian concepts (as did Max Weber). German philosophy, in short, is *alive*. No greater contrast is possible with the state of affairs in the English-speaking world, where the total sterility of what passes for philosophical "work" is reflected in neurotic apprehension over the perils of departing from scientific verifiability. It is this unbroken strength of the German tradition of responsible philosophic reflection on the problems of "this world and the other, if there is another" which arouses hope that the torpor so marked at present in so many fields will eventually be overcome.

As matters stand, a good many energies are absorbed by intellectual stock-taking. Several of these contributions, notably Professor Mirgeler's and Professor Freund's papers on the present state of history teaching and historical literature, devote some space to the primary task of acquainting the German reader with a list of important titles—some of them prohibited under the Third Reich. One has constantly to remind oneself that rubble clearance and rubbish disposal were prime national tasks after 1945, and not only in the field of urban reconstruction. Hitler's true monument is the ruins he left behind, and the most substantial of these—*aere perennius*—are to be found among the works of the Nazi spirit. It will take decades rather than years before this chapter is closed. The two historical essays in this volume occupy a central position in more than one sense, for unless German history teaching becomes radically self-critical there is little prospect of a permanent change for the better in the domain of academic life.

On the evidence of these contributions, a certain degree of optimism appears justified. The authors would be the last to claim that their own commitment to liberal democracy is generally shared by their colleagues, but it does seem that the 1945 catastrophe has discredited not only its visible engineers but also the more deep-rooted anti-Western and anti-democratic tradition which after 1933 amalgamated with the straightforward racialism of the Nazis. What one chiefly misses in these very soberly worded observations on Germany's recent past is a clear recognition that National Socialism had its roots in a tradition of which many Germans are still uncritical. Other historians have shown* that virtually everything the world has come to regard as typically Hitlerian was already present in the teachings and the style of some of the most influential publicists of early 19th-century nationalism—long before Treitschke and Nietzsche had begun to inflame a middle class bored with the material achievements of the Bismarckian epoch. German liberalism, from the Romantic period onward, was confronted not merely with the frozen core of the Prussian state, but with traitors in its own ranks. The *mystique* of what subsequently became the cult of "heroic" anti-Westernism had been worked out already at the time of the so-called national rising against Napoleon—a movement which Goethe deliberately boycotted. No doubt similar tendencies existed elsewhere. It was Germany's misfor-

*Compare Erwin Schuppe, *Der Burschenschafter Wolfgang Menzel: eine Quelle zum Verstaendnis des Nationalsozialismus*, Frankfort on the Main, 1952.

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tune that her national unification was delayed by centuries, hence accompanied when it came by a virulent nationalist inflammation of the body politic which lent force to movements that in their turn capitalized on the emotions of an uncivilized sub-stratum. History consists largely of such accidental constellations which retrospectively acquire an entirely spurious aura of inevitability. The outcome is those race theories in reverse which break down on the simplest investigation of the evidence, e.g., the "Black Record" view of German history whose advocates are hopelessly stumped when invited to account for the different development of countries like Sweden, Holland, or Switzerland, the inhabitants of which display most of the German "racial" traits. (A case could be made out for the view that the individual Swiss differs from the typical South German chiefly to the latter's advantage.) These are properly subjects for the historian; if they are not really tackled in the present survey, one must suppose that reflection on the immediate past still has priority over everything else.

It is difficult to summarize the remaining section of the survey, which has been allotted to literature and the arts; difficult chiefly because so much that is genuinely internal to the German situation is bound up with imponderables of style. This applies even to architecture and painting; how much more to

Ein Wort, ein Satz—: aus Chiffren steigen
erkanntes Leben, jaeher Sinn,
die Sonne steht, die Sphaeren schweigen
und alles ballt sich zu ihm hin.

Ein Wort—, ein Glanz, ein Flug, ein Feuer,
ein Flammenwurf und Sternenstrich—,
und wieder Dunkel, ungeheuer,
im leeren Raum um Welt und Ich.

I shall not attempt any translation of these lines by Gottfried Benn, regarded by many as one of Germany's most considerable poets (he was born in 1886). Instead I shall risk my non-existent reputation with readers and critics of German poetry by stating simply that verse such as the above appears to me to be (1) not manifestly superior to the productions of such a minor pre-1914 poet as Walter Calé; (2) intrinsically belonging to a dead epoch. I am not, however, prepared to enlarge on what is ultimately a matter of personal choice. The literary essays in this volume (by Holthusen, Karl August Horst, Walter Boehlich, and others) are extremely competent and remarkably free from pretentiousness or verbiage. If they display a national peculiarity it is the absence of any sign of being influenced by the "New Criticism." Their language is at once traditional and non-technical, which is to say that it tends to be impressionist and, occasionally, a little exalted and hermetic rather than "scientific" in the modern Anglo-American manner. Whether that is an advantage or a fault need not be argued here. It is certainly one consequence of Germany's relative spiritual isolation during the Hitler period. For the rest these contributors, too, are once more concerned with what I have called stock-taking—the establishment of an intellectual balance sheet which is also meant to acquaint the German public with the foreign influences it has missed.

This preoccupation with *Selbstbesinnung*—reorientation on the basis of critical self-awareness—is even more pronounced in the concluding essays by the editors. Their titles—"Land without a Center," "The Center of Europe," and "The Janus Head"—are in themselves sufficiently eloquent of the travail through which this generation of German intellectuals is passing. There has seldom indeed been a time when other nations expected (and even feared) so much of the Germans, while the Germans themselves expected so little from their own efforts. Throughout the 470 pages of this symposium an overwhelming emphasis falls on reconstruction and critical reflection, to the point where one begins to feel that the Germans may turn their backs on "greatness" for good and all. It would be ironic if in this new-found contemplative and reflective mood they were to become a disappointment to their foreign mentors—East and West.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

"Therefore Choose Life"— An Exchange

To the Editor of Commentary:

I should like to say the following directly to the pseudonymous Mrs. Rossman:

Much as I sympathize (in the German sense of *mitfühlen*) with your plight as you describe it in "The Community and I" (November 1954), I cannot excuse you. . . . For the logical reasons of your predicament lie in the illogical, albeit ardent, wish to reconcile irreconcilables. . . .

Let us start with the rudiments of the problem. You are candid enough to admit by implication that you do not uphold the religious tenets around which the whole problem revolves, at least you do not maintain them in their outward manifestations. Why? One can understand. You (thought you) had unlearned at high school and at Hunter, in your studies of geology and physics and even psychology, your blind subservience to those dogmas your *Rebbe* had drilled into you. So far so good. But no sooner did you come to this realization than you chucked the whole business overboard.

Now you are tortured by the impossibility of making your children submit to a discipline whose object is to inculcate doctrines (you think) you yourself reject. But why, my dear lady, should you want them to submit to them? I'll tell you why. Your *innermost* self is avenging itself on that reckless self we saw above chucking the whole business overboard. *It* knows better. *It* is (dimly) animated by that compulsive, immanent truth which requires no proof, because it is all-pervading and eternal.

Have you thought about, did you know anything at all of the content of that admittedly mystifying cargo your good mother sought so unquestioningly to entrust and transmit to you? It is not very prudent or intelligent to discard so indifferently something we have learned we do not know anything about. The supreme values of life reside in objects we must *learn* to realize and appreciate.

And now you blame your rabbi for failing to "inspire" you and help you achieve that realization. Offhand, one may admit all the negative qualities you ascribe to your rabbi: Is there any solid reason why the rabbi chosen by the congregation (admittedly, a cake-eating, card-playing, bingoing, book-reviewing, and other like edifying busyness-center) should in traits and character be different from his congregants? He is merely the approved, more or less glorified, image of his congregation. But you may be right in your complaint that the rabbi and teacher are stand-offish in their response to most of their congregants' intellectual quests. The point is that intellectual understanding is not analogous to vitamin injection. The rabbi cannot be religious for you, no more than he can be pious or have faith for you. . . . The priests in some churches may seek to intoxicate you; Judaism is not out after such easy conquest, nor is, conversely, the quest for it as simple as that. *You* have to do the wrestling and ruminating, and *if* you do he can at best guide you and throw some light on your pursuits. When you studied to *understand* your geometry or Shakespeare, or James or Dewey, or Mill or Bentham, you had to ruminate and toil and drudge through an infinitude of obscure, often occluded, mental pathways to arrive at a *possible* meaning. How much more is this imperative in an endeavor to penetrate to existence's profoundest truths. You did a great deal for the cultivation of your intellect. How much more do you *owe* to the infinite quest of your soul!

Of your intellect. . . . The laws of conduct your father and mother lived by, who were much wiser than you are inclined to acknowledge, and for which and by which alone a people has gone through history fifty hundred years and endured a million incredible ordeals and *survived* peoples mightier and much more numerous than they—these laws were not good enough for you. You wanted broader vistas, and you embarked on the high road of Rationalism (not realizing that you thereby only *circumscribed* and narrowed your vista). You shut yourself off to anything above and beyond its sphere, and thus succumbed entirely to it. And now you lament when your children follow out your mute but all too manifest direction. But Judaism—and that is what you strive for and aspire after—is nothing less than total and scrupulous adherence to and observance of the Jewish Law. I want to emphasize it: noth-

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ing less and nothing more. If you wish to put it so: the ghetto Judaism of your and my Russian or Polish parents. We know of no other. Anything else is surrogate, spurious. Long ago our Torah and our prophets warned us: you live by them, or you cease, you perish. Of paramount significance in your case and for us all today is the admonition: "See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil, in that I command thee this day to love the Lord thy God, to walk in His ways, and to keep His commandments and His statutes and His ordinances; then thou shalt live and multiply. . . . But if thy heart turn away, and thou wilt not hear, but shalt be drawn away, and worship other gods, and serve them; I declare unto you this day, that ye shall surely perish. . . . I call heaven and earth to witness against thee this day, that I have set before thee life and death, the blessing and the curse; therefore choose life, that thou mayest live, thou and thy seed."

KARL REISS

New York City

DEAR KARL REISS:

I imagined that you had misread my piece, "The Community and I," when I read your letter. Perhaps I invited such a misreading. Evelyn Rossman is not a pseudonym in the usual sense. She is almost a fictitious character, invented so that I could tell about the town of Northrup without hurting the town's right to privacy. It was not intended that she should be more important than the town. Though Evelyn Rossman and the writer have shared similar experiences, they are not identical personalities. I am sorry therefore that she has caused you so much *agmas nefesh*.

The author of the article does not long for inspiration, nor does she worry about what to teach her children. If you reread the piece you will notice that these questions were not raised by Evelyn Rossman, but by her neighbors. The writer happens to live a vital Jewish life, more difficult yet possibly as satisfying to her as that of her parents was to them.

But let's think of Evelyn Rossman's parents, whom you are so eager to defend. I think that she would defend them too, though they lived their Judaism simply, without questioning, sometimes without understanding. Torah and superstition, wisdom and foolishness, and a hard narrow life made them as they are. Their daughter, however, needs to question, to weigh, and to choose where you believe there is no choice. She does not accept their faith, not out of perversity, but because she cannot. Faith, like love, cannot be forced. If it does not come spontaneously, where is it to come from?

You insist that faith and understanding come out of the observance of the Law. Or perhaps you do not ask for understanding. Is it just survival that is important? Evelyn Rossman would feel that her observance must come out of understanding. She would wonder what you mean by the Law. Do you refer to a Jewish life according to the Shulchan Aruch? Do you mean all of the Law or some of the Law? Who decides which? For whom? Do you believe that Jews should only live in ghettos where the Law can be maintained, or all go to Israel?

Evelyn Rossman's heresies are not those of a person eager to throw a valuable heritage overboard, but rather of one who is examining her heritage and trying to discover the greatest meaning it can have for her. What Judaism she accepts is truly hers, because of all the possibilities in the world she chose it uncoerced. She worries and she studies and it would be better not to have too much contempt for her if she does not trouble to salt and soak her meat, but is concerned with learning what the prophets have written and what the Law she is not yet prepared to follow actually says. Though she may yet find that she can some day follow more of the Law than she does now, the acceptance will come through her intellect that you respect so little. Her concern for her community is a Jewish one. She respects Jewish virtues and values, though she feels that the details of Orthodox ritual are the frosting on the cake, not the cake itself. Perhaps she suffers from a diet of too much frosting. She is even aware that Jewish Law concerns itself with the good of the community, more than that of the individual. In her town, however, she sees that Judaism survives or dies with individuals and it is the reactions of ordinary individuals to their Jewish heritage that interests her. The fate of the community depends on these individuals.

You caution Evelyn Rossman on the imprudence of throwing a valuable "cargo" overboard. Yet her concern for her community should make it plain that she has not thrown anything overboard. Few people who received a heritage can throw it away easily if at all. Those who live as if they were the first people in the world received no heritage or received it from parents who did not learn enough in the ghetto to explain it to their children or who were so dissatisfied with their ghetto that they urged their children to fly from it and everything in it. For this you can take the parents, America, or the time to task, but not Evelyn Rossman. She is hardly responsible.

Thank you for writing me. Try to forgive me if I believe that my intellect and soul are inseparable, each worthless without the other.

THE AUTHOR

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Jews and the Community

To the Editor of Commentary:

Evelyn N. Rossman's "The Community and I" (November 1954) describes some aspects of the small-town relations of Jews and non-Jews not dissimilar to those which exist in the larger metropolitan areas.

Both my husband and I came out of conservative homes. Both of us lost our religious beliefs before we had finished college. We are both independent liberals who think they have more in common with Gentiles interested in politics, literature, the theater, and other "intellectual" pursuits than with the average Jew in our community who plays canasta or poker and goes to Florida every winter. We have children who are fully aware of our religious attitudes, or rather our lack of them. Unlike so many of our friends, we have always tried to be honest with them. The problem some of Evelyn Rossman's friends also have, "How can I teach my child to believe things he knows I don't believe?" we have never had to face. We assume that most intelligent parents nowadays answer their children's questions honestly, be they concerned with people, sex, or anything else. Why then so often a hypocritical approach to religious matters?

Despite our lack of convictions we are sending our children to Sunday school. Despite our "universal" interests most of our friends are Jewish. As to the latter statement, we are not sure why this is so. I belong to the League of Women Voters, yet even in this organization of intelligent, progressive women it is the Jewish ones with whom I have become most friendly. At the children's public school, in an upper middle class neighborhood, about a fourth of the pupils are Jewish. Their parents are active in various school activities, mixing with those of the non-Jewish children at committee meetings and other school functions. Yet when they ask friends over to their homes, it is usually their Jewish acquaintances who are invited. One will hear the remark that "we have lots of Gentile friends," but somehow, on the many occasions of social get-togethers with people from different circles, these Gentile friends are absent. Little wonder, then, whether it be cause or effect, that many of us have joined Jewish organizations, although there may be little interest in Jewish affairs *per se*. Little wonder, also, that we send our children to Sunday school: to have them learn of their historical background, but also to help assure their social integration in the Jewish community.

Often we ask ourselves to what extent our social ghetto is self-imposed. At the present time our children accept others and are accepted by them without regard to religious or ethnic ties. Would this mutual acceptance not continue, at least among the children of "enlightened" parents, if we did not try to bequeath to ours a heritage of segregation?

Deborah Dorfman

Washington, D. C.

Grossinger's: Israel Division (Cont'd)

To the Editor of Commentary:

Permit me to make two observations in connection with Morris Freedman's articles on Grossinger's (July and August 1954) and on some letters printed in their wake.

Firstly, I find it inconsistent with your pursued selective policy, and incompatible with the high standards of Commentary, for a member of your editorial staff, under the pretense of describing the American Jewish way of life, to portray an extremely successful commercial enterprise with a healthy, say truly American, sense for publicity. In a country where business firms are so shrewd about getting publicity, an editor ought to guard his pen.

Secondly, let me say that the reaction (to use this ominous word) that came to light from some of your readers' letters (October issue) shows that, at best (or at worst—as you please), Grossinger's is only one current in the broad stream of Jewish life in the States against which many are valiantly struggling, and that there are currents running in the other direction. Thank God, Grossinger's isn't the last word.

And as a postscript, let me correct an impression possibly given by Mr. Norman Lourie's letter ("Grossinger's: Israel Division") which smacks of being a hitchhike on the publicity bandwagon. Mr. Lourie writes: "The Dolphin House Hotel and Country Club . . . operates very much in the spirit of Grossinger's, a fact which Mrs. Grossinger much appreciated when she came here." I find this statement ought to have been qualified by admission of at least one fundamental difference in spirit between both establishments. The Dolphin House of Shavei Zion (which, incidentally, means Returners to Zion), Israel (of all places), is strictly and guaranteed—*treif*. I wonder whether Mrs. Grossinger indeed appreciated, or did she, though it is most improbable, overlook *that* fact of difference in spirit?

L. Wagenaar

Jerusalem, Israel

Mrs. McCall Defended

To the Editor of Commentary:

Doctors Nunberg and Ostow, in their letter "Freudianism and Mrs. McCall" (December

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1954), are critical both of your publication and the contributions made to it by Mrs. Lillian Blumberg McCall. They feel that the subject of psychoanalysis should be discussed only in a professional journal and that it should be discussed solely by psychoanalysts; for anyone else to do so is arrant presumption.

It may well be that psychoanalysis has become too popularized by writers who know little about the subject, and once an art or so-called science is popularized, deterioration sets in. However, the contributors to COMMENTARY on this controversy have displayed a high standard in the quality of their writings, and in their knowledge of the subject matter. I would like to mention briefly that some of the best writing and interpretation on psychoanalysis have been done by such non-analysts as Bronislaw Malinowski, Morris Raphael Cohen, and Dr. Abraham Myerson.

As for Mrs. McCall, she seems to be well equipped and apparently has both a practical and scholarly knowledge of psychoanalysis. In the November 1950 issue of COMMENTARY, under the heading "Does Psychoanalysis Cure?" Mrs. McCall sets forth, in a detailed, well-documented article, the conflicting opinions on psychoanalysis. Among other things, she quotes from the 1949 *Yearbook of Psychoanalysis* concerning a questionnaire sent out by the late Dr. Clarence Oberndorf to twenty-four leading analysts, all of whom had more than twenty years' experience. Eighteen replies were received which, to quote Dr. Oberndorf, "were very disconcerting." Miss Blumberg further quotes Dr. Oberndorf: "There is nothing upon which they [the analysts] agree, not in type of case best suited for analysis, nor the method of termination, nor results, nor how many patients were helped through analysis to avoid serious mental illness." It would do credit to many well-qualified analysts if they could produce as penetrating and scholarly a piece of writing as this article by Mrs. McCall. . . .

JACOB SIMON

New York City

"St. Charles" or "Saint Catarina"?

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Dr. Handlin ("Adventure in Freedom: First Chapter," September 1954) writes that the new immigrants of September 1654 arrived on the tiny bark "St. Charles." May I draw your attention to the fact that the bark's name was "Saint Catarina." My reference: "The 250th Anniversary of the Settlement of Jews in the U.S.," addresses delivered at Carnegie Hall, New York, published by the Executive Committee of the General Celebration (1905).

Judge Mayer Sulzberger, Oscar S. Straus, Louis Marshall, Dr. Solomon Solis Cohen, Rev. Dr. M. Heller, and Rev. Dr. Joseph Krauskopf —all spoke of the ship as "Saint Catarina." May I quote from the latter's address: "Oh, that we might hold forever sacred, alongside the MAYFLOWER the name of the little ship SAINT CATARINA that landed the first Jewish colony in the harbor of New York!"

ARTHUR LEHMAN

Los Angeles, California

"Class and Opportunity"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. S. M. Lipset and Miss Natalie Rogoff express the belief that the data on social mobility which they report in their article, "Class and Opportunity in Europe and the U.S.," published in your issue of December 1954, are "exciting." I suspect that such excitement is quite unjustified. If a man's passage from a manual to a non-manual job is defined as "upward social mobility" then it is obvious that since in all societies industrialization has brought in its wake a secular trend of increase in white-collar work, only data which would show contrary evidence might be deemed "exciting." As it is, the authors have only belabored the obvious.

Nowhere in their article do Lipset and Rogoff even attempt to explain why they believe that a movement from, say, skilled manual work to routine office work is evidence of social or class mobility upward. Do they contend that if the son of a typographer becomes a sales clerk he has experienced upward social mobility? And if they so contend, what criteria of class or status do they in fact employ? Income? Power? Prestige? According to all these criteria, downward rather than upward mobility might indeed be involved.

In fact, the authors operate with a rather muddled mixture of occupational and class criteria. Thus throughout the article they equate white-collar jobs with (new) middle class status but then assert that while in America workers and middle class people can own cars, in Europe only the middle class can. I submit that an Italian clerk, a French saleslady or a German municipal employee would be astonished indeed were they to learn from Mr. Lipset and Miss Rogoff that they belong to the car-owning middle class.

William Petersen proved to the apparent satisfaction of the editors of COMMENTARY that America is the land of opportunity; now Lipset and Rogoff prove that Europe too provides mobility channels aplenty—let's have a similar study of Japan to round out the picture.

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It's the best of all possible worlds, a *perpetuum mobile* in fact.

LEWIS A. COSER
Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

MR. LIPSET *and* MISS ROGOFF *write:*

Mr. Coser's chief criticism of our article is his suggestion that a shift from manual to non-manual work does not *necessarily* constitute upward mobility. This is, of course, quite true; but it should be obvious that the simple classification of occupations into manual and non-manual was forced on us by the lack of comparability in occupational or status categories in existing research. However, even when we limit the comparison to opportunities to move into admittedly high level occupations, rather than into just non-manual work, the data still indicate that a significant minority are able to move sharply upwards in countries such as Sweden, the Netherlands, Great Britain, and the United States. The variations in the systems of classifying occupations make it impossible to come to any definitive statistical conclusions, although the data are sufficient to indicate that these and other countries probably have mobility rates comparable to that of the United States. Mr. Coser's conclusion that similarities in occupational mobility are purely a consequence of changes in the distribution of occupations is also belied by the fact that there is much downward mobility in each country.

Mr. Coser raises precisely the sort of questions which we hoped our report would stimulate. By pointing to the different criteria of class and status that one might use in judging the amount of opportunity existing in a society, he suggests the need for a much more differentiated and intensive study of comparative social structures than has heretofore been made. It was our aim to clear away one of the inappropriate and vaguely conceived notions that has *hindered* such analysis. We cannot agree that the findings are at all "obvious" to a generation nourished on the idea that if there is a land of opportunity anywhere in the world, America is it. If Mr. Coser thinks that the most important question is, opportunity for what—jobs, income, prestige, or power?—we wish nothing more than that he would take his opinion seriously enough to make or encourage others to make systematic studies of the different countries—including Japan.

We are puzzled by Mr. Coser's being disturbed by the fact that there is more mobility, both upwards and downwards, than has traditionally been thought. The facts about mobility do not make this the best of all possible worlds; but they do suggest that the world is a lot different from what some of us thought it was. If Mr. Coser objects to the evidence we have assembled, he will have to take the trouble to find evidence sustaining his own view.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I am very glad to have S. M. Lipset's and Natalie Rogoff's "Class and Opportunity in Europe and the U.S." (December 1954) at my disposal, because I plan to revise and bring up to date my volume on *Social Mobility*, and their study is a valuable contribution in this field. . . .

PITIRIM A. SOROKIN
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

American Policy and Israel

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Hal Lehrman's article "American Policy and Arab-Israeli Peace" (June 1954) contains much revealing information on the attitudes of the government and army of Israel, as well as on the disunity which, until recent months, has reigned in the Arab League nations. In evaluating U.S. strategic interests in the area, however, the article creates some impressions quite contrary to the facts. . . .

In claiming that Israel is "the one element of stability" in the Near East and the most useful ally of the U.S., Mr. Lehrman disregards the following facts painfully apparent to Americans living in the area.

1. Israel and Syria are the only Near East nations in which the Communist party operates legally and holds seats in parliament.

2. Though founded with U.S. aid and supposed to be an ally, Israel sent not even a platoon to Korea, permits no Western military or air base on its soil, as do Arab Jordan, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and Libya. Israel recently concluded an agreement with the USSR promising never to join any anti-Russian bloc! If an Arab nation did this, what a howl would go up in our press!

3. As Mr. Lehrman admits, Israel is not viable and the Arab states are viable. He may deplore the Arab standard of living, but that surely is for the Arabs to accept, if they so wish, as a price for independence. With current moves to unify their economy and to invest locally their vast income from oil, the Arab states will soon be strong through their own resources, without calling on the U.S. taxpayer. An American would suppose that this is a consummation devoutly wished by all friends of the U.S.A.

4. Israel continues to flout the UN by trying to move her capital to Jerusalem. Jerusalem is not in Israel at all; it is UN territory. Every act of the UN has reaffirmed that "nothing

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shall be done to prejudice the international character of greater Jerusalem," whose future status the UN is charged with determining. In the meantime, under the Armistice, the armies of Israel and Jordan quite properly police the respective zones of the city.

5. Israel's denunciations of the Suez settlement are astonishing from a nation described by Mr. Lehrman as a firm ally of the U.S.A.

6. We read much of Israel's protest against Egypt's seizure of the "Bat Galim"; but Zionists fail to mention that Israel seizes every Arab ship in its territorial waters and shoots down every civilian Arab plane which strays over its land.

7. Mr. Lehrman alternately stresses Israel's might, and her vulnerability. On one page we read that she could take Old Jerusalem, the Triangle, the Litani Waters, and Damascus whenever she wishes; on the next page we read that without the shield of British troops in Egypt, and the denial of arms to Iraq, Israel is pitiable and helpless. He should make up his mind. Keeping 40 million Arabs, who live between Israel and our potential enemy, poor, fragmented, and unarmed, is quite a price to ask the U.S.A. to pay for Israel's gratitude. A glance at the map will show any child how useless Israel alone would be to us in another war, if the Arabs are neutral or on the enemy's side.

I have no doubt that (barring Three Power intervention) Israel's army could tomorrow occupy Amman, Beirut, and Damascus, and triple the perimeter of hate on her borders as well as the number of refugees to be fed. Let us all concede at once that Israel has a tough fighting force, but Israel is so situated that it can strike only against potential Arab friends, not at our chief enemy.

Does a look at these facts permit Mr. Lehrman really to believe that Israel is "our one element of stability" either in the Near East or in the U.S.A. itself?

WILLIAM A. EDDY
Colonel, U.S.M.C. (Ret.)
Beirut, Lebanon

MR. LEHRMAN *writes:*

Colonel Eddy's arguments are based on "facts" that call for some correction:

—Israel indeed has Communists in its parliament—seven out of 120 members (less than 6 per cent)—and it also has a democratic parliament, the only one in the Near East. A main strength of the illegal Communist movements in the Arab states lies in the fact that virtually no democratic parties exist there to express the aspirations of their people. . . .

—Israel sent food and medical supplies to the UN forces in Korea; she kept her troops home because of the Arab threat. Israel voted with the U.S. against the Communist aggression; the Arabs sent neither platoons nor anything else, and straddled on the vote.

—Has the West ever *asked* Israel for bases? Has Israel ever refused? No. Shall we blame Israel for not *compelling* the West to march in?

—Israel has *no* agreement with the USSR about "never joining any anti-Russian bloc." Israel has pledged herself not to commit aggression against *anybody*. So has the U.S. Israel has signed multi-national pacts, such as the UN Charter, to which the USSR also is a signatory. So is the U.S. Israel does have a major pact of mutual friendship—with the U.S. . . .

—Is there anything to support Colonel Eddy's easy assurances that "current moves" will "soon" render Arab society healthy? Does he seriously think the poverty and disease of the Arab peoples are proofs of "independence"?

—There is no active UN policy in Jerusalem, and certainly none which puts Jerusalem in "UN territory." If Israel is now "flouting" an old UN ruling, it is because that ruling, flouted by others from the start, has been judged archaic and meaningless by all—except several of the Arab governments.

—The U.S. is not a party to the Suez settlement. Nor has Israel denounced the settlement. . . . Israel has urged that the Canal's passage into Egyptian control should not lead to a diminution in its character as an international waterway.

—Israel does not shoot down Arab planes. When they infringe her borders they are sometimes required to land, they are inspected—and released. As for ships, Israel operates under Armistice regulations concerning vessels in Israeli or Arab waters. The conduct of both sides under these regulations has occasionally been disputed. But Israel has not detained ships and cargoes indefinitely, or kept crews in jail, as has Egypt. Moreover, the "Bat Galim" was passing through international waters.

—Perhaps Colonel Eddy should "make up his mind." If Israel is so formidable, and the Arabs "poor, fragmented, and unarmed" (certainly not because the U.S. "keeps" them so), where should the U.S. look for a center of stability? In the opinion of this writer, the proper safeguarding of the American national interest requires peace in the Near East. No reasonable observer will insist that the Arab case is all black, the Israeli case all white—or vice versa. But peace can scarcely be achieved by granting weapons to one side and setting off an arms race. Peace may be brought nearer by economic and technical assistance to all, in the degree and amount which each is capable of usefully absorbing for peaceful purposes.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Great Unsolved Crime

HARVEST OF HATE: THE NAZI PROGRAM FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE JEWS OF EUROPE. By LEON POLIAKOV. Syracuse University Press. 338 pp. $3.75.

THE FINAL SOLUTION: THE ATTEMPT TO EXTERMINATE THE JEWS OF EUROPE, 1939-1945. By GERALD REITLINGER. Beechhurst Press. 622 pp. $6.00.

TYRANNY ON TRIAL: THE EVIDENCE AT NUREMBERG. By WHITNEY R. HARRIS. Southern Methodist University Press. 608 pp. $6.00.

THE SCOURGE OF THE SWASTIKA: A Short History of Nazi War Crimes. By Lord Russell. Philosophical Library. 259 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by SOLOMON F. BLOOM

IT IS the Jewish tradition to treat death soberly. The quick burial—usually the day following death—the participation of women and children in the funeral service, the plain wooden casket, the throwing in of the first sod by the closest relatives—such rituals underline the view that death must be faced, and out-faced.

It is now a decade since the Second World War ended, with the destruction of nearly all European Jews, and American Jewry has yet to square itself with that event. The Hebrew and Yiddish presses have been pouring out scores of histories, memoirs, and documentary works, in New York, in Israel, and in Latin America. Not a single general work in English by an American has yet appeared. The Jewish community in the United States promotes a plethora of social researches. It is obsessed by scientific projects and investigations but has yet to discover the most fateful subject in the modern history of the Jews, and perhaps in their whole long history.

France and England have done better, and what has been the American experience of their products? Four years ago Léon Poliakov published in Paris *Bréviaire de la haine,* the first scholarly treatment of the Jewish catastrophe as a whole. He was in a strategic position to write such a book, since he headed the Centre de Documentation Juive Contemporaine in Paris, an organization that collects and publishes material in this field. In reviewing his book for COMMENTARY (March 1952), Hannah Arendt wrote that "anyone who wants to know 'what really happened' and 'how it really happened' —the 'what' and the 'how' being not only the most terrible experience of our generation, but probably the most significant too—cannot afford to overlook this study, and would perhaps do best to begin with it. (Unhappily, it has not yet interested any American publisher.)"

Unhappily, this last has remained true until recently. Finally, under the sponsorship of the American Jewish Committee, and through the subvention of one of its "friends," the book was translated and brought out in October 1954. It does not bear the imprint of a commercial publisher but that of the modest and dignified Syracuse University Press. The American title is *Harvest of Hate: The Nazi Program for the Destruction of the Jews of Europe.*

A similar experience befell the only book to attempt a comprehensive account of the Jewish tragedy, Gerald Reitlinger's *The Final Solution: The Attempt to Exterminate the Jews of Europe, 1939-1945.* (The title refers to the Nazi euphemism for destruction, *Endlösung.*) The book was published in England in 1952 and, again, the American publisher was a small house, the Beechhurst Press. It was so little publicized, advertised, or reviewed that few people are even yet aware of its existence. In England, Reitlinger's book was not only noticed but discussed at length.

It is true that the literature of extermination may acquire, in the reader's mind, a touch of morbidity. It is true also that in the United States death is—how shall we put it?—unpopu-

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lar. Who has not noticed the elaborate attempts to gloss over or even to prettify the stark and impenetrable fact? There are rituals in which the distinction between death and life is lost, and with it a large slice of the sense of reality. Must we say that American Jewry has applied the Hollywood treatment to the great catastrophe? One begins to understand the psychological phenomenon of rejection exemplified in the attitude of so many decent Germans during the war. Dimly aware of the Eastern "death camps," they were yet able to close their minds to them.

AT ANY rate, it will be impossible to say henceforth that there are no objective books on the subject. Messrs. Poliakov and Reitlinger have not produced—even between them—a definitive work. But they are pioneers who have made a substantial beginning in assembling, arranging, and analyzing much of the essential material now available. Their books are carefully documented and their approach is consciously scientific. They have allowed the eyewitnesses and the deafening facts to speak largely for themselves. They have made it impossible for any responsible person to remain in ignorance or in doubt about the outlines and structure of the conspiracy against the European Jews and its effective accomplishment.

When M. Poliakov's book was published in 1951, Mr. Reitlinger's was three-quarters done. The effect of the two works is therefore parallel and complementary rather than cumulative. *Harvest of Hate* is shorter and more tightly organized than *The Final Solution*. It concerns itself primarily with official policy, decisions at a high political level, and diplomatic negotiations. Tracing carefully the steps in the evolution of Nazi policy towards the Jews, M. Poliakov discusses the attitude of the German people, of their military chiefs, and of the non-German peoples and governments of Europe. Although he sticks close to the record, he does not hesitate to deliver the judgment of an informed and restrained observer and student.

The Final Solution concerns itself far more with the process of extermination, the techniques and instrumentalities of the murderers, their bureaucratic intrigues and devious maneuvers, and the play of character and personality. Mr. Reitlinger (who is not Jewish) has curiosity, and a good journalistic eye for color, circumstance, and incident. His style is direct and unrhetorical—an important consideration in dealing with a subject of high emotional tension. It is characteristic of him that he rejects the new term "genocide," regarding it as "a hybrid combination of a Greek and a Roman word" that is "no asset to the English language as it says nothing which cannot be conveyed in plain speech." Although he allows himself occasionally to be overwhelmed by the riches of his material, and scatters his effects, the total impression he creates is coherent and powerful.

In the first part of his book, "The Search for the Final Solution," Mr. Reitlinger guides the reader from the pogroms of 1939 through the deportations, the establishment of ghettos in the East, the decision to get rid of the Jews by exterminating them, the experiments with the most economical and convenient methods of doing so, and the evolution of mass homicide by gas. In the second part of his book, "The Final Solution in Practice," he proceeds systematically from country to country, beginning with the Soviet Union and Poland, and ending with Hungary and the Third Reich itself. He tells us what fate the Jews of each country met, and how. Such an organization involves repetition, and cross-reference, but it has the virtue of preventing any significant event from slipping through the mesh.

PERHAPS Mr. Reitlinger's most notable contribution is his painstaking account of the operations of the four *Einsatzgruppen*—plainly, extermination squads—which followed the Nazi armies into Russian Poland and Russia proper in the fall of 1941, and in the brief space of four months slaughtered 350,000 persons of every age and both sexes. These mass shootings and burials form the most gruesome chapter of the whole drama. The statistics of the *Einsatzgruppen* were surpassed "in Poland and at Auschwitz in the summers of 1942 and 1944, but not the naked savagery of the methods."

Another contribution is a veritable gallery of the principal criminals from Heinrich Himmler and Reinhardt Heydrich—"the real engineer of the Final Solution"—who pushed the buttons from the remote elevation of their exalted offices, to the gang chiefs who organized and supervised the work in the field. There are pen sketches which confront the reader with the varied functions and initiatives, the degrees of activity and involvement of the leading participants.

There is Karl Adolf Eichmann, head of the Jewish Office of the Gestapo throughout the

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war, who boasted that "he would leap into his grave laughing because the feeling that he had five million people on his conscience would be for him a source of extraordinary satisfaction." Eichmann's responsibility was actually linked to the fate of a fifth of that number, but it is characteristic of these creatures that they were more inclined to boastfulness and exaggeration than to caution and reserve. Eichmann disappeared in the final months of the war, somewhere in Hungary, and his whereabouts is still unknown.

There is Odilo Globocnik (or Globocnek), an Austrian like Adolf Hitler and, like him again, "probably as much Slav as German." Globocnik was in charge of "the entire massacre program" in the "General Government" of Poland. He amassed a fortune from the belongings of his victims, and thus aroused the envy of other Nazi commanders. He is said—though this has not been authenticated—to have delighted Hitler, when an official called attention to "the danger of future discoveries of the mass burials," by assuring him that he would like "to bury bronze tablets proclaiming . . . his authorship of the deed." This wretch is said to have met his end by suicide.

There is SS Major General Otto Ohlendorf, who boasted before the International Tribunal at Nuremberg that he had ordered the murder of 90,000 persons behind the Russian front. He justified himself by citing historical and literary evidence of "precedents," on Jonathan Swift's ironical theory that whatever had been done before could with impunity be done again. But none of the predecessors in crime cited by Ohlendorf could match his own success in organized destruction.

At Nuremberg the following were among the questions that were put to Ohlendorf by the prosecution:

Q: In your testimony you said that the *Einsatz* group had the object of annihilating the Jews and the commissars, is that correct?

A: Yes.

Q: And in what category did you consider the children? For what reasons were the children massacred?

A: The order was that the Jewish population should be totally exterminated.

Q: Including the children?

A: Yes.

Q: Were all the children murdered?

A: Yes.

Ohlendorf was condemned to death and hanged in Landsberg prison in 1951. There is, finally—for our space is limited—SS Major General Artur Nebe, whose heart was divided between mass murder and sympathy for the anti-Hitler underground. Between his nervous breakdowns and pains of shock at his own deeds, he managed bravely to consign thousands of Jews and Gypsies to immediate death or fatal "scientific" experiments. His friends among the anti-Hitler political conspirators were embarrassed when a film showing the operation of a gas chamber was found in Nebe's former apartment in Berlin. Nebe himself is reported to have been executed by Hitler for his complicity in the July 20, 1944 plot, but there is no independent confirmation of this.

In an elaborate statistical appendix, Mr. Reitlinger attempts a revision of the estimate of the victims. He hovers between a low number of 4,194,200 and a high one of 4,581,200 persons. To this inconceivable hecatomb, Polish Jewry contributed two and a half million victims.

Reitlinger's figures are considerably below the estimate of 5,721,800 victims made just after the war by the Anglo-American Committee. But the author notes that his own estimates are conjectural "owing to the lack of reliable information at the time of writing."

Most of the important evidence used by Messrs. Reitlinger and Poliakov is quarried from the mass of documents and depositions assembled by the prosecution staffs of the various trials of war criminals conducted after the war. The Department of State alone has published sixty-odd large volumes of materials. One has the impression that this huge mine conceals even more ore than has been extracted so far. The attempts to survey it have been feeble up to now.

Whitney R. Harris, who was a member of the American prosecution staff, has assembled copious extracts in his bulky *Tyranny on Trial: The Evidence at Nuremberg*. In the section of the book entitled "Crimes Against Humanity," several chapters deal with crimes against Jews. Mr. Harris quotes at length from affidavits and testimony at the trial. His material is presented, however, in "raw" form, and there is no attempt to write a connected history. He has summarized essentially a lawyer's brief.

Another, and different, product of the trials is *The Scourge of the Swastika: A Short History*

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of Nazi War Crimes, by Lord Russell of Liverpool. As Deputy General of the British Army of the Rhine in 1945, Lord Russell was legal adviser at the trial of criminals in the British Zone of occupation. He has written a concise and concentrated account that forms perhaps the best introduction to the subject in print.

Although *The Scourge of the Swastika* is a responsible and sober account, Lord Russell was compelled to resign his postwar legal position in the British army when he refused to drop its publication. So the jacket of the book reports. Its last chapter deals with "the final solution," and closes with these words: "The murder by the Germans of over five million European Jews constitutes the greatest crime in world history. That the total Jewish population of Europe was not exterminated was due solely to the fact that the Nazis lost the war before they could bring their 'final solution of the Jewish question' to its conclusion."

One reads, and rereads, these melancholy books with a growing sense of incredulity. The facts are incontrovertible. Yet it is easier to believe that these things have happened than that they *could* have happened. The senses cry truth, but the mind hesitates, for it can see only through understanding. The key that would unlock this tremendous freight has not been found. That is perhaps why the American mind—and the Jewish American mind—which rise to every challenge of concrete and palpable problems, would rather not dwell on this matter. But no mind will in the end evade the mandate to penetrate, and to account for, this extraordinary crime. The figures, the documents, the eyewitness accounts are only the elements of the history of the tragedy. The history itself has yet to be written.

The Bronx Without Cliches

Grand Concourse. By Eliot Wagner. Bobbs-Merrill. 352 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by Isa Kapp

If one judged by the once rambunctious voice of the radical movement, or the dry wrenching tone of a writer like Delmore Schwartz, one would imagine that the children of first-generation immigrants to New York City had, on the whole, taken extreme stands against family, poverty, and Orthodoxy. But from Eliot Wagner's vivid, abrasive novel about lower-middle-class life in the Bronx, we get a much steadier view of the partly educated young people who reached voting age in the mid-30's. The dominant note was not of rebellion but of automatic maneuvering for security. They moved less in new directions than toward old crannies in the wall; and despite the variety of their talents and interests, schools of them swam into the harbor of civil service.

Such moderate in-between personalities on the American social scene as hospital clerks, social investigators, movie ushers, and minor officials in the city health department are, except as incidental figures, quite new to our literature. Eliot Wagner takes a simple interest in the way they get along, with a modicum of success, failure, or resistance, and *Grand Concourse* is the story of their reluctant allegiance to restrictive jobs and families. Gerald and Julie Margulies dream of lives of artistic productiveness or pure affection, but hand their earnings over to their father's failing grocery store. Bald, middle-aged Sam Friedman plaintively hunts for love and adventure, but comes home to

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nurse his forlorn, hypochondriacal wife. Leon Eisler forgets his calculus and his hopes of becoming an engineer while he manages his father's restaurant. All of them suffer continual assaults on their privacy. One member of the family always wants to sleep when another plays the piano. Brothers barge in while their sisters are undressing. When Julie is tired, her sister lies wide awake in their bed asking how far she has "gone" with boys. "Hey, Bunny, leave me my sex life," she whispers, and this is about the maximum demand one can make on Tiffany Street. Mr. Wagner is very good at conveying the constant physical and emotional jostling that goes on in these weedy, knotted familial gardens.

Though the world of the *Grand Concourse* functions without much change or ingenuity, a number of well-drawn surprising types turn up, like Bernice, a sixteen-year-old Narcissa, voluptuous in the shimmering pool of her bedroom mirror but metal to a boy's touch; and Joe Weiss, loose-talking, clownish, self-deprecating, fated for the brush-off. There is a lot of color in the coarse banter of these two, as well as in most of the book's casual conversation. Gerald urges his sister to come to Orchard Beach: "Just get into that Sound and stand, like a dirty dish in the sink." The fruit store proprietor says to a woman fingering his tomatoes with long fingernails, "Lady, you want tomato juice, go next door by the grocery." News reports—a speech of Lindbergh's, the attack on Pearl Harbor—are introduced very naturally, in the worrying, habitual, absent-minded way in which people do revert to them.

YET despite many such excellent touches, *Grand Concourse* is a rather gray novel. This effect is produced in part by Mr. Wagner's understandable scruples against stooping to the clichés of picturesqueness. He wants to represent his old neighborhood accurately and has no illusions about its poverty having been intolerably distressing or unhealthy. Food and clothing were always available, and the basic problem was not one of survival but of squeezing out a certain amount of self-respect and relieving the monotony. Nor does Mr. Wagner glamorize the successful family that has gone beyond the Grand Concourse to the mansions of Riverdale. They may possess one serene room of Oriental Art objects, but, on the whole, material wealth hangs heavily around their necks.

The mild and moderate tone extends to the emotional scenes, and with one exception love, rage, jealousy, and damaged romance all have a compromising, unabsolute character. Though the story begins in high gear, with tense relations and strong conflicts, the final solutions are soft and agreeable. Sam gives himself up to his helpless wife, Gerald to his pliant cowy girl friend, Julie to her plodding restaurant manager. The once outraged Riverdale mother pays a conciliatory limousine visit to her daughter's cold water flat in Greenwich Village. Everyone comes to terms with reality and makes, in each case, a modest settlement for the lesser evil.

It seems to me that Mr. Wagner has sponged a certain nervous drive out of his memory of Jewish city life. Though the title of the book is a rhetorical hint of those undercurrents of ambition and accident that chart a possible road from Tiffany Street to Riverdale on the Hudson, the characters actually hover in their old apartments in or near the slums, their only risks small routine gambles at the Jamaica race track. The one touch of economic enterprise in the book falls to the snarling Mr. Margulies who eats up the earnings of his children to

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satisfy his lust for a shabby unprofitable grocery store.

The garbage pails in the courtyard, the crowded apartments, recall the Michael Gold-Clifford Odets tradition of American urban Jewish literature, but the similarity of Eliot Wagner's material to that of these older writers only serves to make us very conscious that he is writing in the 50's, a decade after World War II. It is personal morality that counts in this novel, not the employment situation, and family quarrels hurt more than government policy. If Mr. Wagner wisely avoids the black-and-white simplifications of the earlier fiction about lower-class Jewish life, he cannot so easily spare its vigor, its humor, and its cosmic pity. He is content to take on the coloration of his subjects, to set things down and accept them. This modest ambition serves well enough for a first novel. I hope that in his next he will yield to some excess of feeling, some extremity of vision, even if it is only with respect to novel-writing as a craft. His honest pockmarked figures deserve a richer clay and a firmer mold.

The American Mind

AMERICAN THOUGHT: A CRITICAL SKETCH. By MORRIS R. COHEN. The Free Press. 360 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

MORRIS COHEN was working intermittently during the later years of his life on a general history of American thought, but did not complete more than a disjointed series of notes. These have now been edited and seen through the press by members of his family. Admirers of his philosophy will be grateful for the piety which has been displayed by his executors in giving his literary remains to the public. General readers should, however, be warned that this book is by no means a comprehensive history, since it omits a number of important figures and does not present any unifying theme or mode of interpretation. Probably the most interesting section is the general introduction, which analyzes in gloomy terms the obstacles to intellectual speculation in the American environment. The remainder of the book contains some discerning insights but is too sketchy and disorganized to be of much value to students of intellectual history and is marred by a few

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startling factual errors (Douglas Southall Freeman, for example, being confused with his Victorian namesake, is cited as the main author of the racist approach to history).

After surveying these *disjecta membra* and contemplating the fact that Morris Cohen worked on them for nearly a quarter of a century without being able to complete them, one is, indeed, impelled to wonder whether the whole project may not have been destined from its inception to an unsatisfactory outcome. Cohen was mainly concerned, not with the social interpretation of American thought, but with those American reflective and speculative thinkers in different philosophical and sociological fields whose work had some intrinsic intellectual value. Such an approach inevitably leaves the impression that American academic thought has been fragmentary, chaotic, meager, and (with the solitary exceptions of James and Dewey) lacking in figures of first-rate importance.

It is, in fact, impossible to find any logical lines of development if one considers American thought in isolation from its European matrix; it becomes coherent only if it is viewed as part of the general development of Western civilization as a whole. There is no continuous native American intellectual tradition. The mental history of the United States, like its ethnic composition, has been the product of a long series of migrations from Europe, and has consisted mainly of the reception of a sequence of European ideas and their adaptation to the American environment. The major influences on the American mind have been such European figures as Calvin, Locke, Hegel, Darwin, Marx, and Freud. American economic theory, for example, must be analyzed in terms of American

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reactions to Adam Smith, the German historical school, and John Maynard Keynes; American religious thinking began with the Protestant Reformation and is today being reshaped by the influence of Kierkegaard, Barth, and the existentialists; American philosophy has been mainly a series of reinterpretations of British empiricism, German romanticism, and Austrian logical positivism. Even today genetic ideas and comprehensive syntheses are mostly of European origin, what is distinctively American being a certain distrust of generalizations and an emphasis on practical applications.

For the philosopher the paucity of first-rate speculative thinking in America can be regarded as a deplorable indication of an anti-intellectual bias in American society. But the empirical and practical bias of the American mind can be justified in terms of results. The United States has not produced, for example, a single thinker of major importance in the fields of political and economic theory: as Cohen points out, "American political thought has not been related to any broad philosophic vision but has rather tended to concentrate on specific institutions (such as slavery or revolution) or particular subjects of immediate controversy (such as tariffs or foreign affairs)." Nevertheless, the major achievements of American civilization have been its political and its economic institutions. One cannot do justice to the American mind unless one emphasizes chiefly the practical problems which it has faced and solved. As the principal author of the constitution, James Madison is unquestionably of greater intellectual stature than most of the men to whom Cohen gives extended treatment; yet since he was primarily a practical politician rather than a reflective thinker, he is not discussed in this book and is mentioned briefly only five times.

Apostle of Impulse

SELECTED ESSAYS. By WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. Random House. 432 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY ALEXANDER

"I'LL write whatever I damn please, whenever I damn please and as I damn please and it'll be good if the authentic spirit of change is in it."

So William Carlos Williams announced with a whoop at the beginning of his long career and he's kept at it ever since. For almost fifty years this good doctor has been delivering babies, poems, pronunciamentos, prose sketches, and they're all bawling and kicking and very much alive. His work certainly expresses the spirit of change, but how authentic and how good is another question.

Williams' equation: *New* equals *Good* is, in bulldozer terms, the key U.S. formula. The whole house of words, Williams says, has got to come down. "And it's got to come down because it has to be rebuilt. And it has to be rebuilt by unbound thinking. And unbound thinking has to be done with straight, sharp words. Call them nails to hold together the joints of the new architecture."

One reads this lifetime span of essays with gratitude and impatience. One wonders what kind of physician can this be who has so little conception of the art work as an *organism,* though he makes a great to-do about it as a "construction." For an organism cannot exist without connective tissue and there is no connective tissue in Williams' thought. Indeed, "thought" is hardly the word for this mishmash of dazzling epigram and arrant nonsense, these sparkling insights embedded in a marshmallow-minded heap of hunch, this broad openness to "new" writing—"experimentation," Joyce, Stein, Ezra Pound, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens—combined with half- and quarter-baked notions, mannered and self-conscious slanginess, and a small-town suspicion of Europe and anything that has grown out of the Graeco-Roman, Hebrew-Christian matrix.

So, having written a fine essay on Garcia Lorca or struck off a lightning-sheaf of flashes on the art of the short story, the good doctor suddenly has to remember that he's an Amurrrican and reach into the cracker barrel and spit on the stove as he swaps opinions with ole Ezra:

"A curious anomaly is the suppression of the Jew for practical reasons—on borrowed ethical grounds—today in Germany as throughout past history. But a Jew as a Jew does not exist. He is a man, an Oriental somewhat characterized by certain manners and physiologic peculiarities perhaps, but no different from any others in that. But a Jew as party to a tribal-religious cult is something else again. Judaism in *that* sense, he must not forget, is precisely the equivalent of *that* aspect of Fascism today" (*Against the Weather,* 1933).

Well, that at least merits an argument. But this? ". . . A Jew has a clothing store and looks to you wondering what he can sell. And you

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feel he has these people sized up. A nasty feeling. Unattached. When he gets his he'll burn it up and clear out in a day. And they do not suspect how nicely he has measured them. They need stuff. He sells it. . . ."

Jews, of course, puzzle the Doctor because they seem capable of "unattached intelligence." They "have a taste for words and ideas" and "are able to appraise them, themselves remaining wholly detached from the affair." Notice that to Williams, "Jew" always summons up the association of "unattached." Whether he vends drygoods or ideas, the Jew seems not rooted. If this be true (and frequently it is), I should say it is something to be grateful for. Rootedness is a condition more pertinent to trees than to human beings. "Unattached intelligence" is possessed only by Spinoza's God, but surely it is a state of consciousness to be striven for rather than sniffed at.

But of course all this runs counter to the dicta Williams has been belligerently drumbeating all his life: intense localism, the object seen without "sentimental" associations, seen nakedly, stripped of ideas. For with all his noisy slushing around in the pool of modern sensibility, Williams really hates ideas. He is one of our prime literary apostles of impulse, one of those creative anti-intellectuals. Williams is simply incapable of coherent thought. He recognizes that there is no new poem without a new structure, but he succeeds in structuring the line and not the poem, the paragraph and not the essay. He is the master of hot flashes: "You do not *copy* nature, you make something which is an *imitation* of nature. . . . It is what the imagination *adds* to the woman that makes the statue great. . . . The objective of writing is, to reveal. It is not to teach, not to advertise, not to sell, not even to communicate (for that needs two) but to reveal, which needs no other than the man himself. . . . Forward is the new. It will not be blamed. It will not force itself into what amounts to paralyzing restrictions. It cannot be correct. It hasn't time."

Nor has the Doctor time. He hasn't the time to proof-read this book, and so he dashes in a fine essay on "The Poem as a Field of Action" in which one finds confusing parenthetical remarks that turn out to be private notes to the Doctor himself as he read the talk at the University of Washington. And he hasn't the time to find out that the dome of the cathedral in Florence was not built by Bramante but by Brunelleschi.

In the foreword to his autobiography, Williams describes how he managed to write more than thirty books while practicing medicine. "Five minutes, ten minutes, can always be found. I had my typewriter in my office desk. All I needed to do was to pull up the leaf to which it was fastened and I was ready to go. I worked at top speed. If a patient came in at the door while I was in the middle of a sentence, bang would go up the machine—I was a physician. When the patient left, up would come the machine. . . . Finally, after eleven at night . . . I could always find the time to bang out ten or twelve pages. . . ."

Now all this banging leads to strange results. This mind leaping like a gazelle sometimes lands on the snowiest sunshiniest peaks and sees dazzlingly. But just as frequently the gazelle falls flat on his face in a dark wet crevice. And when Williams strays outside the literary reservation into the field of economics, we get baloney by the Pound: "Usury—the work of double-crossing intellectual bastards. . . ." etc.

This is what comes of the open-the-spigot theory of literature. Accident is not inevitably Art. Slovenliness is not the sublime. You don't

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have to let the paint run to impress with your spontaneity. And you cannot—as Williams imagines—"strip the mind" to the unconceptualized thing. This poet, whose prescription for literature is the Object uncontaminated by the "idea-mongers," falls into the trap that always awaits those who would reduce the complex percept-concept experience to either of its terms. Writers don't write just words and painters don't paint just paint. Even if they think they do.

Periodically we need the Williamses to rid us of accumulated rhetoric, to make us see with Adamic naivety the redness of red all over again, to refreshen our interest in the material we are working in. Some abstract painters are performing that task today. But it is a small-boy illusion to believe that dripping paint and flung words are automatically more profound. It is a loafer's conviction that spontaneous disorder, so long as it is vivid, intense, fresh, is more "true" than reflected-upon order.

Boston's World-Improvers

YANKEE REFORMERS IN THE URBAN AGE. By ARTHUR MANN. The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. 314 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS

IN THE agitation for social change that sprang up in America between 1830 and 1850, New England was one of the principal centers, the site of some of the best-known utopian experiments, the home of some of the most respected spokesmen for the movement and also of some of its wildest visionaries. Later, abolitionism seemed to absorb most of the energies of unconventional New Englanders, and after the Civil War the storm center moved westward. In the second period of agitation, which began in the 1880's and continued down to 1916, the only New England reformer of national repute was Edward Bellamy.

Yet, as Arthur Mann shows in *Yankee Reformers in the Urban Age*, the reform spirit did not die in New England. Professor Mann limits himself to Bostonian reformers between 1880 and 1900, but he makes it clear that there was no break between the earlier reform movement and that which he describes. Such persons as Wendell Phillips, Edward Everett Hale, Franklin B. Sanborn, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and Julia Ward Howe, all of whom had participated in reform movements before the Civil War, lived on into the later decades of the century and not only gave their blessings to the younger men and women but joined their organizations and espoused their causes. Furthermore, as Mann points out, the younger reformers who were not native Bostonians—a majority—were attracted to the city by the reputation it had won in the days of Emerson and Margaret Fuller and Theodore Parker.

PROFESSOR Mann presents his reformers in set categories: first religious leaders, Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant; then educators, literary people, labor leaders, and women. Although no one he mentions can be compared with the giants of the Golden Day, there are some interesting figures: John Boyle O'Reilly, the former Irish revolutionary, who steered a difficult course between his own romantic and rebellious impulses and the dogmas of his church; Rabbi Solomon Schindler, a pioneer in Reform Judaism, who eventually lost his job because the members of his temple were more completely assimilated than he and, being assimilated to the middle class, were not in sympathy with his radicalism; Frank Parsons, who wrote on law and literature as well as economics and government, and preached what he called Mutualism; Benjamin Orange Flower, who was editing a muckraking journal, the *Arena*, more than a decade before *McClure's* discovered the circulation value of the social exposé; Vida Scudder, a gentle professor of literature at Wellesley

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This *I Believe*

By John Jay Hopkins*

"Cooperation by American private enterprise groups with their opposites in friendly foreign nations on creative uses of the atom must eventually erase economic inequalities and political uncertainties. I look for the rapid development and export of industrial atomic equipment and techniques for implantation in 'have not' nations.

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"Such a program of private atomic assistance would be of necessity a gradual one. For experience teaches us that nationalism, coupled with poverty, is an impatient and brutally aggressive force. We must, therefore, maintain a formidable defense with one hand while with the other we assist those less fortunate."

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*From "A Philosophy for the Atomic Age" by John Jay Hopkins, Chairman and President, General Dynamics Corporation, New York, N. Y.

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College and an intransigent Christian Socialist.

It would be pleasant to report that Professor Mann presents these persons with some vividness. Indeed, one would like to be able to say that the book does not sound like the Ph.D. thesis that it is. But it is in fact academic and heavy-handed, and one gets from it only a vague impression of what the reformers were like. On the other hand, it gives a perfectly clear, if somewhat formal, account of what they wrote and what they did.

THE Boston reformers, according to this account, were mostly educated persons of the upper middle class, if not actually of the Back Bay aristocracy. That they were motivated by the concept of *noblesse oblige* need not be held against them; surely that is a finer concept than the thesis of the bestiality of the masses or the *nouveau riche* willingness to see the public damned. But except for Frank K. Foster, a tough-minded battler for the American Federation of Labor, the people Professor Mann talks about seem remote from one aspect or another of late 19th-century urban reality. By and large, they were either impractical theoreticians or worthy, but not very resourceful, doers of good.

There was a great diversity of views, as there had been in the 30's and 40's, but many of the reformers considered themselves socialists—though with a very small "s" indeed. Several claimed, with fair consistency, to be Christian Socialists; others embraced the Nationalism of Edward Bellamy, not because they wholly agreed with it but because at the moment it presented the only considerable non-Marxist alternative to the status quo. Marxism they distrusted, as of course they had reason to do, but a few of them learned from it a little of what it had to teach.

In the Boston of the early 1920's some of the reformers Mann talks about were still alive and active, and their heirs were numerous. The reform movement had no mass support in that decade, but there were still plenty of crusaders who, if they did not insist that they knew exactly how to transform the world into a utopia, had no doubt that they could quickly eliminate some significant evil. The species, indeed, had a notable vitality until the Great Depression. The 30's did produce, in the Technocrats, one last variety of universal reformer, but most people who wanted to change society had ceased to believe in the efficacy of ideas. Some of them, surrendering to the Marxist dialectic, learned to depend on the proletariat to change the world, and a few clung to that faith even when it was transformed into reliance on the Red Army and the agents of the Soviet secret police. Others backed the gambles of the New Deal, playing along with corrupt political machines and not incorruptible trade unions for high but limited stakes.

TODAY, as Mann says, the spirit of reform is quiescent. Many of the little problems have been solved—so many that a person who was blind in one eye could think that utopia was at hand—but the big problems are bigger than ever. Perhaps the only crusaders today are the enthusiasts for world government—and they are blind in the other eye. Dr. Mann recognizes this situation and, at least by implication, deplores it. He is right to pay tribute to the generosity of spirit of the Bostonians who refused to be proper, but if they were more humane than other people, they were not a great deal wiser. Living in their future, we can only marvel at the imperfectness of their foresight, and the chief lesson we can learn from them is humility.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

SOLOMON F. BLOOM is professor of history at Brooklyn College. His article "The Myth of the German General Staff" appeared in our pages in September 1954.

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GRANVILLE HICKS's latest book is *Where We Come Out,* a discussion of the political and social currents of recent decades.

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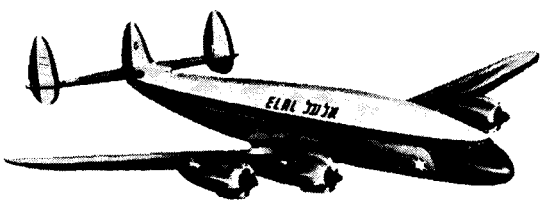

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